The FOUNDING of A NATION

FRANK M. GREGG

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THE STORY OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS THEIR VOYAGE ON THE MAYFLOWER THEIR EARLY STRUGGLES, HARDSHIPS AND DANGERS, AND THE BEGINNINGS OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY

BY

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FOREWORD

THIS story is a narrative-history of the Pilgrims of Plymouth. Though not entirely in accordance with popular traditions, which in many instances are erroneous, it is in accordance with historical facts.

To thoroughly understand the historical setting, it is essential that one discriminates between the Pilgrims and the Puritans, often confounded in the popular mind as being one and the same, when as a matter of fact they were entirely different. To properly interpret these differences one must understand that the colonists of the Mayflower were Englishmen of the period of 1608; whilst the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay colony (Salem and Boston) were Englishmen of the period of 1628. The name "Pilgrims" was given to the Plymouth colonists by Governor William Bradford, who was a passenger on the Mayflower. The name "Puritans" was applied to reformers of all classes in England in the early part of the seventeenth century by the supporters of the court and king.

When the Pilgrims fled from England to Holland in 1608, the Stuart dynasty had not fully developed its despotic theory of the divine right of kings. The commoners at this period were still loyal. The Pilgrims, themselves, attributed their persecutions to the bishops of the established church and not to the king. But in 1628 Kings James I and Charles I had denied many of the ancient rights of the English parliament and people; and disloyalty was rife throughout the nation.

It is evident, therefore, that the men of these two periods were not impelled by the same motives. The Pilgrims came to America to enjoy religious freedom. The Puritans came to America to enjoy political as well as religious freedom. Considering the conduct of the two colonies in after years toward the mother country, it is reasonable to assume that at no time during the life of the Plymouth colony could the Pilgrims have written the Declaration of Independence. On the

other hand, at almost any time between 1628 and 1776 the Puritans could have framed that document of political freedom.

One fundamental difference between the Puritans and the Pilgrims was their attitude toward the Church of England. While the Puritan did not agree with all the forms and rituals of the established church, he steadfastly refused to leave it. His attitude was that the church could be reformed more quickly from within than from without. Even that sturdy old Master Puritan, John Winthrop, on the eve of sailing for America issued the Yarmouth Declaration, swearing his lasting allegiance to the "dear mother church." The Pilgrim on the other hand first separated himself from the established church and then, rather than worship contrary to his conscience, was compelled to leave his native land.

The term "Separatists," which was so contemptuously applied to the Pilgrims was literally true. It is also true that his first thoughts of democracy grew out of this church dissension. While still living in England, the Pilgrims gave expression to the broad principle that the people did not require a bishop of the established church to select their preacher, but on the other hand they were perfectly capable of choosing their own. This doctrine so startled King James I, that he exclaimed, "No bishop would soon mean no king!"

Not only did the Pilgrims and Puritans differ in the fundamentals of church, but in matters of state as well; for the Pilgrims held that church and state should be separated. Any respectable man in Plymouth could be a free man and vote whether he was a member of the congregation or not. Captain Miles Standish, one of the most prominent men of the colony, was never a member of the church. The Puritans of Salem and Boston, however, vigorously held that only members of the church had the rights of free men and the power to vote. In their minds the church and state were one. The result was that the Pilgrims had a liberal form of government, whilst the Puritan developed a theocracy sternly despotic.

The liberal spirit of Plymouth was never better demonstrated than during the witchcraft frenzy which for a time completely prostrated its more powerful neighbor. While Salem and

Boston were hanging witches, Plymouth would have none of it. When Dinah Sylvester told her story in the court at Plymouth, of how she saw her neighbor, Mrs. Holmes, in conversation with the devil in the form of a bear, she was promptly found guilty of slander and was ordered to be publicly whipped or pay Mrs. Holmes five English pounds. Some years afterward a second case was tried in Plymouth but the accuser was laughed out of court. These were the only two cases of witchcraft in this colony.

The Pilgrims were a simple country folk. Governor Bradford, the one great authority of these people, says of them, "They were not acquainted with trades, nor traffic, but had been used to a plain country life and the innocent trade of husbandry." For twelve long years they had labored together in Holland. Without means to carry forward their exodus into the American wilderness, they turned to a company of London merchants for aid. Their only collateral was the pledge of the labor of their hands for seven years in the forests. After many grievous disappointments they sailed on one ship. Most of them were without arms, and their poverty was so pressing they did not even have extra leather soles for their shoes. Yet it fell to the lot of these men, who lived in log huts and fed upon the bread of corn, to found a nation.

On the other hand the Puritans included many of the gentry. Some even were personages of wealth and influence. When Governor John Winthrop and his Puritan associates sailed for Massachusetts Bay from Yarmouth, April, 1630, there were ten vessels in the fleet. Ample food was aboard. There were numerous sheep, swine, cattle, and horses. Everything had been provided to make the colonists comfortable and contented in the new country. If John Josselyn, who was in the colony in 1635, is to be believed, the total value of the cargoes of this Puritan fleet was upward of one million dollars – immeasurable wealth compared with the bankrupt voyagers of the Mayflower.

That the Pilgrims and Puritans were not one and the same has long been recognized by students of American history. But the average person still thinks of them as one people. The Pilgrims and the Puritans had many points of similarity: both

were men of the Bible; both were men of exacting consciences; both wished reforms within the established church. Failing in this the one party, weak and friendless, fled to Holland and thence to America, where for eight years it strove in the wilderness to perfect its state and church. When all was in readiness for the opening of the second chapter in the struggle for democracy, the Puritans strong and self-reliant, sailed into the quiet waters of Massachusetts Bay, prepared to carry on the work. Though laboring under different conditions and harboring other ideas, both were Englishmen striving for freedom.

It has been necessary to go into details of the variances and similitudes of these two peoples, since it is essential that the reader put aside many erroneous traditions and prejudices to intelligently interpret this story. It is only necessary now to remember that the Pilgrims were Englishmen. They feasted and fasted, they laughed and cried, they played at games, they loved, they sang, they hated, they committed crimes – in fact they were human. But being ruled by their conscience, they were fearless in the right and sternly set against the wrong.

Much of the history, romance, and tradition now existing in the minds of the American people is founded upon Longfellow's beautiful poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish." Unfortunately this poem was written several years before the discovery of the lost manuscript of Governor William Bradford entitled *History of the Plimoth Plantation.* In the light of the material extant at the time, no doubt the historical facts of this poem were accurate. In the light of the Bradford manuscript it is far from being so. Longfellow had no means of knowing that his hero, John Alden, was not a member of the colony, but was a cooper by trade, who was picked up on the docks of Southampton and went on the voyage to America under a year's contract. Priscilla Mullins was the daughter of Master William Mullins, a London merchant, who was an adventurer in the voyage. Her father, mother, brother, and servants all died in the "great sickness," leaving her alone. The bridal journey on the bull's back, so graphically described, historically was impossible as there were no cattle in the colony until several years later.

The Mayflower brought over some of the noblest of men and women, and likewise some whose characters were not above reproach. It is now fully established that there was a family aboard whose subsequent history might cause sociologists to classify them as degenerates. The father, a quarrelsome man, was hung for murder. The son had a large family which he was unable to support. One grandson was a worthless character and a constant expense to the community. The treasurer of the colonists, who purchased the supplies for the voyage, refused to make an accounting of the funds and died leaving his records in chaos. One of the men betrayed his associates, became an embezzler, and was driven from the colony. Thus was humanity both at its worst and best on this momentous voyage of the ship Mayflower.

There were two separate factions on the vessel. One contingent came from London. Governor Bradford speaks of this group as "strangers thrust upon them," the inference being that as the London merchants supplied most of the funds, they also insisted on sending some of their own choosing as colonists. The other contingent was the party of Englishmen from Leyden in Holland. These were the real founders of the colony. They were the strong and trustworthy men. Living under the leadership of Reverend John Robinson in Holland for twelve years, they were thoroughly embued with a democracy of church government, unknown to any other body of Englishmen. The records of Leyden bear evidence to the excellent character of this group. I refer to the remarks of the Dutch burghers of Leyden on the quarrelsomeness of the French protestants, at the same time pointing out that their English brethren were never in court and were law abiding citizens. The best evidence extant, that government of the people and by the people came out of Leyden, is the letter of Reverend John Robinson read to the colonists on shipboard just before sailing from Southampton. If every other scrap of testimony on this fact were lost, this letter suggesting and advising the purest democracy is sufficient to identify the founders of this commonwealth. "The Compact," signed in the cabin of the

Mayflower, which is the foundation of our democracy, undoubtedly originated in Leyden and not in London.

From this historical statement, we turn to the romance of the narrative: Francis Beaumont, the narrator, is a literary character. There was a real Lora Standish, but not a Lora Brewster. Wherever Beaumont speaks of himself and events that affect him alone, that part of the story is fiction; but whenever he associates himself with the acts of the colonists that part is in the main recorded history: for instance, the breaking of the ship's beams, the signing of "the Compact," the three voyages of discovery, the planting of the colony in the great clearing, the building of houses, the burning of the common-house, the discovery of the columns of smoke from the fires of the savages, the various meetings at the common-house, the great sickness, the deaths, the coming of Samoset, the visits of Massassoit, the dread of the savages, the first harvest festival, the coming of the ship Fortune, the great famine, and other incidents of a similar character.

These events are all told chronologically with one exception, i.e., the entrance of the Mayflower into Plymouth Harbor. The date of the first attempt of the ship to gain the harbor was the fifteenth of December, old style. In the story this event has been placed on Christmas Day. With this exception the story follows the history almost day by day.

The motif of the narrative is to have some one else besides the interested parties tell the story of the courage and hardships of these enduring people: an epic of tragedy, self-denial, romance, famine, pestilence, death, and heroism unsurpassed in the annals of man. This great story belongs to the people and not alone to the student. It was impossible to have one of the Pilgrims tell his own story without creating standards which the average person would not follow, or, if he did he would put them aside immediately as being false and artificial. A liberal cavalier seems to be the plausible character to relate the narrative. Creating his own atmosphere and color, no one dare say nay to his statements, nor does he grate upon the mind of the hero worshipers of the Pilgrims.

THE FOUNDING OF A NATION

LEAVING MY ANCESTRAL HALL

IT was a summer day with the sun filtering through the leaden panes of the mullion lattice windows, filling the hall with light and gray shadows. The rays from the outside world touched my crimson velvet cape which I wore loosely around my shoulders, making its color grow warm and brave. This was my natal day, likewise the day I entered into manhood.

I was kneeling before a shield, which, somewhere in the dim past, had been hung upon the walls of our ancient castle by a bold and worthy ancestor to inspire those who came after to ever keep the name Beaumont unsullied in the purple of the court or in the din of battle. Beside me was my French hat, with curling feather showing white upon the floor worn smooth by the feet of ancient and honorable men. I looked up at the shield, its field emblazoned with lilies and lion rampant. On all sides of me were pictures of stern and grim faced men, bidding me take my vows properly and maintain them as a Beaumont should, even unto death.

With the pride of my people stirring within me I arose and placing my hand upon the lion, that I might be embued with its courage, I leaned over and kissed the lilies that I might be instilled by their gentleness. Drawing my sword as my ancestors had done before me, since the time that King Edward crowned a De Beaumont, king of the Isle of Man, I made a vow that I would play the part of a true and courageous man, wherever my lot should fall. I was alone, for no one was ever with a Beaumont, at this sacred devotion. I looked up to the ceiling where the oak timbers, carved and enriched with many strange and curious figures, had grown dark and soft with age. My eyes swept down the great hall with its fluted shafts of oak, its cedar panels with armorial bearings, and the great fireplace flanked by brass fire dogs and other trappings.

On the drive outside the door I could hear my horse stamping nervously. With sword dangling at my side I walked slowly around the room, bowing low to a determined faced ancestor looking out of the shadows of another century. Being my favorite Beaumont, I bent my knee to him, a favor which I would grant no man alive unless it be King James; then walked quickly across the room, out onto the lawn where my father and brothers were waiting to give me a willing God-speed. Though my home ties were endearing, they were more easily broken than if I had had to say farewell to a loving mother, whose tender graces I had not known for some years. Throwing my leg across the saddle I mounted and with a low sweep of my hat, bade adieu to my kinsmen and likewise to my youthful fancies.

My lot was that of a youngest son of one of the proudest families in Leicestershire, counting its relatives amongst royalty and its age by centuries. Since I was shut out of hopes of becoming heir to the family estates, the church and the army were left me as fields of action. Being one and twenty, with a strong body and a long arm, I promptly turned my back on the peaceful walk of the clergy and chose the career of a soldier. The ancient roof, to be sure, offered me a covering, but I fancied something besides eating, sleeping, drinking, and dancing was to be my lot.

With youthful dreams engaging my mind, I rode across England, coming to the shores of the sea. For the first time looking upon the expanse of waters in my innocence, I grew fearful for our fields in Leicestershire as I conceived that the low shores would sooner or later waste before the waves letting the flood loose upon our island.

These fancies I forgot as the Dutch lugger carried me across to Flushing, where I was to serve my apprenticeship in arms. This was one of the cities which the good and thrifty Queen Elizabeth had exacted from her Dutch allies for certain loans of money made when they were hard pushed in the war against Spanish control. Being, in a sense, an English city, it was necessary for English soldiers to guard it and I held the commission of an officer.

Landing within the city walls, I was hailed as a recruit from home, who was to be plucked of his effects. This my fellow officers promptly did until I was as poor as the poorest of them. In exchange for my property, I was shown the ways and habits of a soldier in a rough but perfect manner.

There was barely a handful of English soldiers in the town under the command of Charles Blount, Baron Mountjoy, a nobleman from Devonshire a few years older than myself. By the grace of our ancient families he was captain of the company, while I was a lieutenant. The rank and file, however made up for what the commissioned officers lacked in age and experience. For of all the bold and untrammeled vagabonds, that I had ever seen, this band was the worst. They were a hardy and seasoned lot, who fought for the Dutch one month and the Spanish the following; changing masters so often, they frequently forgot whether to shout their battle cry in Dutch, or in the language of the Dons. They would sack a town, storm a citadel, or clamber over an embankment onto the pikes of an enemy with easy indifference, just so long as they were assured that their pay was forthcoming. Such grisly adventurers made me proud of my command and I loved them for their audacity and hardihood.

While we had not serious warfare to carry on, still we were compelled to maintain strict military discipline to keep the leash securely on our dogs of war. Our main diversion was an occasional Englishman of wealth or birth happening our way whom we would immediately make an officer of our company. This honor was celebrated by festivities at the charge of the new recruit in which men and officers joined alike. Sometimes the quondam soldier was made to do guard duty, and so long as he stayed with us we kept him busy until he tired or his funds were exhausted. Stripped of his easy honors, he was sent on his way, while we looked across the sea and waited impatiently for a new arrival to break the monotony of the daily routine.

As I have said, Baron Mountjoy, or Charles Blount, was captain of this company in Holland, because he was a young scion of an ancient family of Devonshire.

Besides having natal misadventures in common, we were of one mind on many other things, so we soon grew into each other's likings. In the midst of foreign people we were forced to amuse ourselves, driving us to form cliques within our command, Blount and I pairing off together. The blood of youth soon cemented our relations into a friendship of more than passing nature.

Time hanging heavily on our hands, Blount and I made excursions to the surrounding towns. I must confess our object was one of diversion; pleasing our vanities, rather than absorbing the more stable embellishments of manners and mind.

On these excursions, we frequently met in the streets of Amsterdam runaway Englishmen, who, not content with the king's church, separated themselves from their native land and came to this country to establish a religion of their own. With their gray clothes and grayer looks, I soon came to know them and would promptly cross the street rather than meet them face to face.

We had several of these Separatists around Beaumont Hall; but they were soon driven out of the country, having designs upon the church established by the king. These Separatists were a stubborn lot, for no sooner were they established in Holland, than they began sending pamphlets of a seditious nature secretly into England, preaching their doctrine of the rights of the individual against the divine rights of the king. This audacity brought them into trouble in England and Holland, as it should; for I was well drilled in the doctrine that the commonality had no rights except those granted them by their king and his nobles.

In the spring of 1619, Captain Blount and I rode through the green valleys and flowering lowlands of this half sunken country into the city of Leyden. Set in the midst of a low plain which had been rescued from the bottom of the sea through the great patience of the people, the green pastures like running waters lapped the walls of the city, overflowing into the streets beyond. The River Rhine which both of us looked upon with admiration, we were told, found its beginning in the mountains of Switzerland, where it flowed with dash and

vigor among the high cliffs and wild deserts of that distant country.

At Leyden the Rhine River entered into a more slothful existence, divided into many branches it flowed slowly through the city, making many waterways which these thrifty people used for floating their commerce. Our dirty kennel in the center of the street with its mud and sickening odor was unknown in this country; moreover, there were walks of brick and stone close to the houses. Hammered stone bridges were over the waterways, giving a sense of security, which we did not possess when trusting ourselves to the wooden structures in our own country.

Then the houses of Leyden were past our belief. We looked upon the rows of brick houses with dooryards of growing grass in amazement, having never seen such a number of clean and wholesome homes in all our travels. As an Englishman I would not confess it to another, but within me I felt that Leyden had no equal in all of the shires of England.

We could not understand how this great wealth could grow out of the making and bartering of goods. The multitude of people who thrived upon this exchange of things, however, left us no opportunity to even argue that sooner or later the commoners must go back to the halls of the nobleman and again seek his protection. This wealth from trading, I am sure never occurred to Blount, and I am free to confess, never entered my mind before.

For several days we wandered through the streets of the city envious in our hearts, that it was not in England instead of in Holland. Coming into a little square, in the cool of a May evening, we stood in the presence of a cathedral. Barbarians as we were, we were struck by its beauty. As I stood in wonderment a strange feeling came over me, as with a flash my mind was illumined and I saw the graceful lines and symmetry of form of the building as a living thing. From whence came this strange power stirring me so deeply? My own thoughts are that it was direct from the soul of the man who, in years gone by, dreamed out this creation of mortar and stone. Into this man's mind there came a message from

his soul, a spark from the infinite; then he dreamed a dream in which he saw a beautiful inanimate thing. As his heart beat strong, his fingers traced out his conception stroke by stroke in a great arched window flanked by towers with tapered roofs. With artful grace he piled stones on each other, straight and turned, plain and curved, narrow and broad, with such order and profusion, that the massive structure became as the delicacy of a piece of lace. I am loth to admit however that the only points in common between this ancient master dreamer and myself were our soul sparks. Though he had long since gone his way, I fancied his spirit lingered in his work and for a moment lighted mine, so that I, too, caught a glimpse of his conception and stood looking on the dull stones in admiration.

While we were gazing at the cathedral an elderly man with gray hair and dignified mien, accompanied by a maiden dressed in gray and white, came around the turn of the street into the square. At my first glance I saw he was a renegade Englishman of that hateful class called Separatists. Not having the least sympathy for them, in fact the greatest contempt, I started across the street. Perhaps the influence of the cathedral was still upon me, for happening to glance at the face of the girl, I hesitated. In her dress of gray with a white shawl thrown around her shoulders and a hood of light texture hiding circles of brown hair within its folds, she was indeed a comely figure. Stopping, again I stole a glance at her, forgetting my anger against her people.

Surely my heart must have been mellowed beyond belief, for I not only waited for the two to come up to us, but turning, watched them until they passed out of sight.

Blount too was fascinated, exclaiming, "An English beauty."

"More than that, a gentlewoman," was my reply.

EVENTS WHICH DECIDE ME TO LEAVE ENGLAND

WAR times were pressing hard upon us. The great truce of many years between the Dutchmen and the Spaniards was drawing to an end. Since I fancied the profession, my time was wholly given over to drilling my company and watching the repairs on the fortifications. With pleasurable pride I walked around the walls, examining the water ditches and gates and planned ways of defense when we were at blows with the enemy.

Our amunition was in store and the men were tugging at their leashes, when my career in Holland was abruptly ended. The change came through Blount and was not of my own making, for as we were walking upon the walls one November day in 1619, a messenger from England came to us, handing my comrade an envelope laden with many red seals.

With anxiety I stood and watched my companion as he tore open and read the contents. I saw the lines of his face soften and his eyes fill with tears as he turned to me and said, "Beaumont, I must be away for England; my brother has been accidentally killed."

Without thinking, I heartlessly replied, "Then Blount, you are the Earl of Devonshire."

Bowing his head without further reply, he bade the messenger to await him in our quarters while we walked on in the cool air to give the new earl time to think.

It was during this walk that the earl suggested that I return with him to England, which of course did not meet with my approval, the fever of war being loose in my veins. At our quarters he pressed me harder than ever, saying there would not be an outbreak between the Dutch and Spaniards. I resolutely held my ground until he pleaded that it would be a kindness to him for me to go. When he promised to return to Holland in case of war, I gave in. Packing my chests, I shortly

accompanied him aboard an English coaster on the way to Devonshire.

Landing at Harwich, we took horses to far-away Plymouth, where we came in due time spattered with mud and wet with autumn rains. It was a short journey thence to Devonshire Hall where we arrived unannounced. Having been so long on the journey, the earl could only go alone to the manor church and pay his last respects to his brother over a newly laid stone.

Devonshire Hall was not as ancient as Beaumont Hall. It was patterned after the letter H, in honor of King Henry. This was the custom in the times of the Henries, so that a nobleman could go to court and bowing low would say, "Your Majesty, I have builded my house after thee."

It was a rambling house with thick walls, half timber, half brick, seated in the midst of a forest of oaks and elms, which stretched away for miles with only a clearing now and then around a great house or mayhap a few fields of a country gentleman's estate. In my fancy I thought it a gentle spot, where the grass carpeted the earth with softness in the spring time and the song of the winds played upon the leaves in midsummer with infinite sweetness. Truly it was a pleasing and noble habitation in the midst of all these growing things.

If the enviroment without was goodly, the life within the hall was also a merry one. The young earl was not burdened with the cares of this world, nor did he fancy those around him who were. So while the common people labored about us, we ate, drank, played with dice wildly, and slept as little as we could. In a word, we lived the life of gentlemen of the time, leaving nothing undone in our fierce pleasures, which could be accounted as unsociable by the other members of our noble class.

Some of the retinue would abide indoors and so besot their stomachs with ale that they knew little of the outside world. Though I admit I played my part in this riotous living, still I loved to mount my horse on mornings, when hoar frost was on the grass, and follow the dogs until the freshness of the forest air set me in a quiver with its life. The sound of the

hunter's horn to this day makes me prick up my ears, like an old dog, and sends my fancy back to the valleys of Devonshire.

Now and then on a wet day I would explore the village of workers who toiled to produce what we in the hall used so extravagantly. Since there were no markets at which the earl could buy food, clothes, and the necessities, he must of certainty have them made and provided in his own village. This consisted of low thatched roofed cottages not far removed, in which dwelt the hardy men and women of toil.

Tom Scott was the smithy. Childlike I was interested by the flying fire and thought him a salamander until I stood in the sparks and found them harmless. Tom put irons on the hind feet of my horse and renewed them from time to time so that I came to know him particularly.

Beyond the smith shop was the saw pit where men ripped off planks for mending and building, while the wood yard was close by with beams and fire-wood piled in orderly fashion. Entering the village of low thatched houses, I found the baker, the brewer, the miller, the dairy man, and all the other people hard at work.

Frequently I stopped at the dairy, for the splashing of the great churn was heard six days of the week and the seventh if needs be. Beyond were the sheep pens and sties for pigs, and overhead cots for pigeons. For you must understand that squabs for the pan and birds for pies were delicacies which everyone desired, if set down piping hot before him. The slaughter pen was nearby where the neat cattle were killed in the fall.

The work in the still-room was always pressing, to meet the constant drain on the wine-cellar, where were stored barrels of home-brewn ales. A portly man was the brewer, also a wise one, as he went amongst his copper vats testing and tasting his products. We counted him an important man too, and happy was the nobleman whose brewer was the best.

It was to this establishment that the earl and I came fresh from Holland. Following the practice of the times, my comrade accepted his household as he found it. Among the gentlemen, who came by inheritance to my old companion, was

Louis la Valle, a slender, fanciful youth, whose style and tongue I disliked from the first. He occupied the brown lodgings next to the earl's from whence he was compelled to move, to make place for me. This of course was distasteful to him, and he made no effort to conceal his ill temper. As I was big and strong and he was not of my weight, I pretended not to see his slights.

Our community being small, I did not have the opportunity of keeping away from La Valle, both of us being deep in the hunting, shooting, drinking, and gaming. Unless he was winning with dice, he was ill tempered and once or twice we had words, which were soon forgotten on my part, but still lingered with him.

On Christmas eve when the great yule log was being drawn in by the people, amidst cheering and hilarity I happened to tread upon La Valle's foot. In an instant he was aflame and would have drawn his sword, but for the interference of mutual friends. The earl gave La Valle notice he must withdraw from the Hall, but I begged Blount to let him stay.

The earl being young and unmarried naturally was the center of many social festivities. There were noble ladies in plenty in Devonshire, who would have been proud to have come under the shelter of the Hall as its mistress. Among the ancient families where there were such aspirations was that of the Stuarts. Being the earl's companion in heart as well as in arms, I accompanied him on his visits to the fair ladies. In the Stuart household was one Arabella, a young lady of particular grace and peculiar fascination.

The earl having his fancy set on another sister, the Lady Arabella and myself were left to spend our evenings together. As a matter of fact I became very much attached to her, as she was both gracious and beautiful; singly these graces were confusing enough to any youth, but together were irresistible.

The fates seemed to be against my peace of mind as well as body, for this gentle Lady Arabella was one on whom Le Valle was disposed to lavish his attentions. This did not deter me in the least, however, from going with the earl frequently and many times alone to Stuart Hall. During the spring and

summer of this year of our Lord, sixteen hundred and twenty, the fair Lady Arabella and I were much together; and I aver with quickened pulse that it was a great pleasure for me to be with her. In fact our attachment was fast growing into an affection. I can best explain an unexpected change in my life by giving certain details, as I remember them, which I truthfully set down as they occurred.

One evening in September, 1620, the earl and I rode up to Stuart Hall to visit our lady loves. Lady Arabella was particularly fair in the candle light in her colored silks. The wind being from the warm earth, we walked upon the terrace until she suggested we try a dance which had just arrived from Paris.

In her laughing mood she declared, "Sir Francis, since you have been to Holland you must know the new step."

"Nay, nay, Lady Arabella," I answered, "it is a long journey from Holland to Paris, so this new dance did not reach me ere I left Flushing."

"Then you must admit, it should have reached you." With this bit of feminine philosophy I was dragged to the center of the floor.

I shook my head and again protested, "Lady Arabella, I am ignorant of it."

"Then I will teach you," she said laughingly.

My awkwardness fulfilled my statement of a lack of knowledge of the new dance; for in my confusion I stepped on her slipper tearing a diamond shoe rose from its fastening. Picking up the jeweled trifle I offered it to her. Instead of taking it she bade me drop it in my pocket and give it to her after our dancing lesson. The exercise making it uncomfortably warm indoors, we again took refuge in the open air. It was one of those delightful nights with a golden moon flooding the hilltops and forest with its seductive light. The gentle air stirred the leaves of the elm and oaks into song. Lady Arabella and I walked upon the terrace in this entrancing world until the earl announced he was departing. With a kindly pressure of her hand I bade her "Good night" and rode away.

Turning into the drive at Devonshire Hall, I happened to

put my hand in my pocket. With an exclamation of surprise I drew forth the diamond shoe rose. As the earl did not hear me, I dropped the bauble back into my pocket, determining to return it to its fair owner on my next visit.

The narration of this incident brings me to Monday evening, September fourteenth; the day and the date are so firmly impressed upon me, that I have no hesitancy in giving them as being accurate, without resorting to further proof than my own memory. We were seated at the table in the feasting hall. The great white candles flickering in their sockets were shedding a dim light over a row of red-faced men. Flushed with good food and much drink we were indifferent to everything except our own pleasure. Someone suggested playing dice. Instantly we were alive. It was like throwing a lighted match into gunpowder to suggest gambling to this crowd of roysterers.

The palm of my hand burned with desire to shake the illusive pieces and send them rattling along the boards, so beset was I with gaming. For a few moments we played furiously until the first excitement gave way to the stolid indifference, which comes to a man who plays with chance.

Mugs of ale were drunk to steady our nerves, and now and then an oath came from a loser. La Valle was playing badly and was losing steadily. To quiet his nerves he drank freely until the fumes of the liquor made him quarrelsome. Whilst Dame Fortune frowned on La Valle, for some reason this night she smiled upon me, so that from time to time I dropped my winnings into the pocket of my coat.

One of the players, being filled with pride at his own skill, ventured a handsome sum upon his cast; reaching into my pocket I threw a handful of coins carelessly upon the table. There was a sparkle in the midst of the silver. La Valle's eye caught the unusual light, and before I could prevent him, he reached across the table and picked up Lady Arabella's shoe rose.

Seizing a candlestick he held the precious bauble up to the light. Recognizing it he turned and threw it into my face saying, "I gave it to Lady Arabella, she gave it to you; now you take it back to her with my compliments."

Dazed by the sudden attack, I sat undecided whether to push the matter or wait until morning. La Valle did not give me an opportunity to decide but instantly sprang to his feet drawing his sword. The other players rushed between us. As the quarrel was not of my seeking, I could do no less than await the attack.

La Valle who was an expert swordsman was for fighting at once in the hall. I had no objections to trying the issue with swords, but preferred good light for the work. My antagonist, however, would brook no delay. He stormed and threatened me until I bade the men clear away the table.

This obstruction being out of the way, a circle formed in the middle of the room. Men on all sides held up lighted candles that we might see the better to cut each other's throats. There was no desire of either of us to withdraw now, nor could we have done so, and ever lived in the presence of these hard faced men.

La Valle was one of those swordsmen, practiced in the art of fencing according to the French method; it was advance and retreat, thrust slyly, steal upon a man and with a turn of the wrist cut open his side. It was a fashion I never fancied. My idea was a slash and a blow well aimed and delivered hard. If you are after a man's life my schooling was not to sneak it away, but advance boldly and take it.

Physically, we represented our respective ways of fighting; La Valle was tall, slender, and quick as a cat. There was no doubt but if I let him, he would run me through with ease and pleasure. On the other hand I was big of body, heavy in muscle, and steady on my feet, but in spite of my strength I was fearful of the outcome of my English training against his French strokes. But let the outcome be what it may, I felt I must fight like a Beaumont.

The circle narrowed as La Valle came forth with his sword ready for the fray. As I closed in, he began his French antics, moving this way and that, until I could hardly tell by the dim light whether he was advancing or retreating. I stood watching my antagonist closely making no effort to follow him, shifting my position from time to time so as to face him.

Now that the fumes of liquor were out of La Valle's head, I think, he was not so anxious to fight in the dark; but we were both in the ring of battle and dared not give way. As we turned and shifted, he sprang at me and with a thrust tore a hole in my coat. If my sword hand had been as quick as his, I could have ended matters there and then; but he was out of harm's way ere I could get in a stroke.

I was not at work long before I discovered one of La Valle's friends playing tricks with the candle he was holding. When La Valle faced him his friend held the candle high. But as I edged around this same candle would be lowered so that it shone full in my eyes, partially blinding me. This foul trick only angered me, and I rained blows on my antagonist, until I was brought to my senses by feeling a sting in my left wrist and saw the blood dropping from a cut.

It was my second escape. I grew calm as I knew full well the next few minutes would decide the fight. Closer and closer La Valle worked toward me, like a tiger about to spring. Fortunately the rogue with the candle was at my back and I so maneuvered to keep him there as I was playing for my life.

Slowly, slowly my antagonist moved around me, looking for an opening. Just as carefully I kept on guard. I could hear the men breathing heavily. I have vivid recollections of these crucial moments. My mind was clear and my arm as steady as though I was feasting instead of fighting desperately. I was keenly alive to the fact that it was my courage pitted against LaValle's skill and confidence. I could see the working of my antagonist's mind by the nervous movements of his eyes, and even before he sprang at me, he told me his purpose by the sudden contraction of his muscles. Moving quickly and freely he came at me with a lunge, which I was helpless to ward off. I felt the prick of my flesh as his sword tore through my great-coat. My thoughts were that I was done for; but I was determined that he should fall with me and struck him full in the breast.

La Valle's face turned ashen, then staggering he fell to the floor. While some of our erstwhile comrades leaned over the stricken man, others rushed me out of the room.

Thinking I had been wounded, as soon as I could I tore open my coat and waistcoat to find that La Valle's sword had merely grazed my side. He had been deceived by the poor light and the size of my greatcoat, sending his sword through the garment instead of my body.

The earl ever solicitous of my safety was for hurrying off to London and explaining the affair at court as La Valle had powerful friends close to the throne, who no doubt would send me to the tower or even to the block. But after much debating it was agreed between us the simplest way would be for me to go to Plymouth, there take passage on the first vessel sailing for foreign lands, where I could tarry until the combat was forgotten, or my friends adjusted matters so that I could return to England with safety.

Though I protested, the earl refused to permit me to journey to Plymouth alone, and made himself ready to join me in the night journey. The coach with four horses shortly came dashing up to the door. My chests were soon stored away and with many regrets at the hasty leaving of my comfortable quarters and jolly companions, we started on our lonely ride.

Being in the middle of September the earth was not saturated with the rains, but sounded firm and hard under the broad irons of the wheels. We had no fixed road to move upon. An old English law provided that trees should not stand within a given distance of a thoroughfare, making hiding places for highwaymen while following their genial profession. The roads were wide clearings passing through forests and across fens and fallow places. These wagon strips were cut by innumerable tracks and filled with holes and roots, having no semblance to the solid roads we saw in Holland.

To the men who know only the marshes of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, the hills of this south country are beyond belief. I have heard them say, when told of mountains and heights of lands, that one layer of earth to keep a man's feet out of the sea, was all that was needed. It was the east-of-England man's idea that the world was flat, that it grew grass for cattle, that it was cut here and there with sluices filled with sluggish water flowing lazily to the sea. But if some of these

wise men had tumbled with us down the sides of the Devonshire hills this night, they would have had jostled into their thick heads a few ideas on the rough spots of their native land.

All night long we toiled across the hills beset with stumps, roots, and holes, until at the coming of day we saw Mount Edgecombe off in the distance, standing like a sentinel over the waters of Plymouth Sound. Coming to the brow of a hill, we saw the spires of a church rising above the tops of the trees with a haze falling low over the land beneath which lay the town of Plymouth.

With a crack of his whip our driver sent his steers forward halting at the edge of the village. Putting my head out of the window, I learned we must abandon the coach, the street being too narrow to permit its passage between the houses. Even if it could have entered, there is no telling how soon it would break through into the vaults that extended beyond the houses. Besides the streets were so crooked that our lead horses would have been out of sight most of the time.

Leaving our coach we made our way on foot to an inn called the Anchor, kept by one Master Estep. He was up and looking for custom. Rubbing his eyes in astonishment at our early arrival, he exclaimed, "Your Worships!"

My companion did not reply, answering the question with a nod of his head.

"What are Your Honors' wishes?" exclaimed the innkeeper.

"Something to eat, a mug of ale, and your best room," replied the earl.

"Then the front parlor is what you wish, and a handsome room it is Your Worshipfuls."

My companion would not listen to more, ordering Master Estep to show us the way to the front parlor. It was a narrow dingy room, poorly lighted, so that crossing the rough and warped floor was one of some peril. Carpets which in after years were used to walk on, hung about the walls to conceal their ugliness.

Now that we were safely housed we began to plan for shipping me away. Being a soldier of fortune, I made no exceptions of countries except Spain, otherwise I was ready to go to

any other part of the world. Plymouth having been the starting point of the expeditions of Sir John Hawkins, Frobisher, and Francis Drake, I was in hopes some such hardy adventure was on foot. Having breakfasted, we decided to interview the innkeeper, as to what ships were in the harbor and whither their destination.

Coming into the common room of the tavern, we saw Master Estep in earnest argument with a red faced sailor of past middle age.

As we entered the stranger brought down his clenched fist upon the table making the two pewter mugs rattle as he exclaimed, "Frank Drake was the best captain that ever sailed the seas."

"Nay, John Hawkins," broke in the innkeeper.

This made the seaman out of temper and he again beat the table with his fist saying, "Drake feared neither land nor sea, nor any man that walked upon the one or floated upon the other."

I was about to speak and stop this quarrel over the favorite seamen, when the earl put his hand upon my arm and shook his head for me to desist.

The innkeeper, through pure stubborness still clung to his champion, saying, "John Hawkins taught Drake the ways of the sea."

The old sailor striking the table heavily with his clenched hand said, "Nay, which will you have Hawkins or Drake?"

"Drake," exclaimed the earl.

As the stranger sat with his mouth half open in astonishment I advanced, saying, "My good man can you tell me whether there are ships in the harbor now, going to strange parts?"

"Indeed there are," was his quick reply.

"To what country?"

"They say to the northern part of Virginia."

At this the earl drew back and shook his head. I was interested immediately because of a book which an adventurer by the name of Captain John Smith had written and printed, which he called, *A Description of New England.* Some three years before he had distributed this writing among merchants

and titled people to interest them in a colony, which he proposed to establish in this new country.

I had read this writing and the part that stirred me most was Captain Smith's description of the sport and pastimes in Virginia.

The earl, not knowing what was in my mind, could only think of the disasters that had overtaken so many who had trusted themselves to those inhospitable shores. He was for holding a conference with me, but I would not and put this question to the seaman, "My man, how many ships are there in the fleet?"

"There were two, Your Honor, but the smaller vessel proved to be leaky and turned back, bringing her consort with her. The damaged one has gone back to London carrying a part of the people. The greater vessel now lies in the harbor awaiting favorable winds."

"And you say it is bound for Northern Virginia?"

Master Estep could keep quiet no longer and replied, "Captain Jones says he is under contract to land below the mouth of Hudson's River."

"Know you this Captain Jones?" I asked hastily.

"He is a good patron of the Anchor, and will be here shortly for his morning draught of ale."

"Master Estep," I said earnestly, "If this Captain Jones comes early or late, send him up to me."

Having made this arrangement with the innkeeper, my companion and I returned to the front parlor to wait for him. The earl at once endeavored to advise me against making this adventure, saying the savages would slay all of the company, and even escaping them, starvation would be its lot. To this I quoted from the book of this same Captain Smith.

This book on America repeatedly came back to me and supplied me with weapons to wield against the earl's arguments. Seeing I was determined, likewise feeling the necessity of getting me out of England quickly, he ceased urging me.

About ten by the clock we heard heavy footsteps on the stairs, followed by a loud rapping at the door. At our bidding, Master Estep stepped into the room, followed by a short, heavy set

man with the winds of the sea blown into his face. I did not like his appearance as there was brutality about his ways which brooked ill for those about him.

Master Estep shuffling with his feet said, "Captain Jones."

The stranger responded with a low bow. Inviting him to be seated, we sent the innkeeper off. Being the interested party, I acted as speaker by saying, "Captain, it has come to me that you are about to sail for Northern Virginia."

"True, gentlemen," answered the seaman with some curiosity.

"One, Captain Smith, has written so boldly about that country, I fancy I would like to see it." The seaman pricked up his ears when I had gotten this far, and pushed himself forward until he was seated upon the edge of the chair. "Being of an adventurous nature," I continued, "I am desirous of going on this voyage to America."

"You go to Virginia!" he exclaimed with surprise.

"Surely, Master Captain, am I too old or too young?"

"Nay, not your age, but your manner of living makes the new country impossible."

This nettled me and I was even in anger as I exclaimed, "What say you, Captain?"

"My ship is under contract to a company, so that I can not take you."

"Have you room for me aboard?"

He shook his head answering, "The ship is so filled, that men women, and children are packed away like fish in a quintal."

"Perhaps, if I were to apply to the head colonists?"

He gave me a queer look and smiled, answering, "They would make room for the devil, quicker than they would for you."

Indignantly I thundered, "Why?"

"They are Separatists from Leyden and London," he said with a sneer.

My hopes fell, while the earl's face lighted up with a smile as he saw my plans tottering to the ground, knowing my contempt for these people. For a moment I was in truth stunned, then I began scheming to overcome the obstacles that con-

fronted me. Though my dislike of these sectarians who ran away from their country to Holland was great, my love of adventure, too, was so fixed within me that I was determined to overcome my hatred, if I could but once get aboard the vessel. While we three sat in silence, a thought came to me, which I determined to test without delay.

"Captain Jones," I said, "you have the roundhouse to yourself and mates, why not take me as a passenger on your own account? If I pay my own way, purchase my own provisions, and grant a bounty in gold to you besides, is that not a fair bargain? Can the Separatists find fault if I live off the ship's supplies?"

His itch for gold was as strong as I thought. He scratched his head in a dull sort of way, as my proposition gradually came to him. Glancing again at my clothes and rapier he answered, "The head colonists would never let you aboard."

Seeing my clothes were a stumbling block, I suggested that he smuggle me aboard after night, dressed as a common seaman. It was only after considerable arguing and coaxing that the captain consented to my plan and agreed to see me on board at the first opportunity.

As soon as we were rid of the seaman, we went down to the shore to view the ship. As we came to the water's edge a small boat filled with men landed near us. The earl looked at them and said, "There are your Separatist friends."

"They are no friends of mine!" I exclaimed indignantly at the same time turning my back upon them.

From gazing at the ship we went along the shops that lined the quay to purchase a colonist's outfit. First I must have a gun, called a snap chance, which was the newest arm made, firing with flint and steel, instead of lighted cotton match. Though I had a strong broad sword, I bought another one in case my own should through misadventure be lost or broken. Lead in sheets for bullets, a keg of powder, a strong knife or two completed my outfit.

As we passed along the long line of prosperous shops I said, "This is a bit of Holland."

It was indeed a town of commerce, for at every turn we

would meet little wagons piled high with merchandise, to which were hitched six or eight large dogs. The streets were so narrow horse-carts could not pass each other, the dogs at times blocking the way. Spanish loot, western fishing-vessels, and expeditions to America had made many Plymouth merchants independent of their class. Though they were not blessed with ancestors, or estates, they possessed the means with which to make a brave show with their retinues of servants.

The rest of the day we spent on the preparations. Master Estep pointed out to us a party of Separatists from the ship saying they were frequently seen about the streets, having formed friendships in Plymouth since their stay. I gave little heed to them, not expecting to have communication with them either off or on shipboard.

Being a warm September evening, we fancied the air from off the sound. Sauntering in the direction of the harbor, we could see the twinkling of the lanterns upon the colonists' ship. This set us to musing as to what sort of voyage I would have, how soon I would be back in England, and lastly would I like my fellow passengers. Soon tiring of this discussion, I suggested we return to the inn.

Passing a narrow street we were startled by the clashing of swords and the cry of men in combat. Both of us hastened toward the scene of action, drawing swords. Though there were no lights upon the street, the people were swinging candles and lanterns out of second story windows so that our way was fairly lighted. We could see the sparks flying from clashing swords and took it that it was a contest of more than usual interest. Coming up we found a little man with his back against the wall defending himself from the attack of two swordsmen. Beside the fighter was an unarmed companion, who was unable to participate in the fray, further than to encourage his comrade. He needed no urging, however, for though he was small in stature he thrust and parried so quickly I thought him the equal of his two opponents.

As two against one is contrary to the laws of every country, I called to the little man to close in with the man nearest him, while I would take the other. He gave no heed to me but

pushed his two assailants so hard one lost his footing in the muddy kennel, while the other ran away. The man who was down leaping to his feet quickly disappeared in the darkness.

Though the danger was over, the little man stood with his sword in hand ready to renew the conflict. Seeing that his assailants had fled he turned to us and in a free and gallant manner said, "Comrades, you came in time."

"Yes," I replied, "but they ran before we could get at them."

"The young popinjays," exclaimed the little man, "endeavored to force us from the wall into the mud of the kennel. The elder and I were on our way from a friend's house, where we had been entertained, to the ship, when two gallants attempted their kennel trick upon us. I have never given the wall to any man, the elder being without his sword, I could do no less than fight both of them."

"You were doing it quite gallantly," said the earl. I thought as much though I kept silent.

As we were going in the same direction, we volunteered to lead the way. Coming to the broad street we stopped in front of a lighted lantern to bid our acquaintances a "Good night." The little man was a perfect stranger to me, but the glance I caught of the taller man's face, caused me to shift my position. Under the rays of the lantern, much to my surprise, I saw him to be the Separatist who was with the maiden, who passed us on the street in Leyden, while we were under the spell of the cathedral.

THE EMBARKATION

SHORTLY after ten by the Dutch clock, which the earl carried in his waistcoat pocket, this same Tuesday night, September fifteenth, of the year sixteen hundred and twenty, there came a rapping at our door. In the same breath we bade the interrupter enter. He proved to be Captain Jones who, expecting to be away from the comforts of an inn for some months, had stayed ashore this evening to enjoy the cups of Master Estep.

Making a due obeisance, he said, "Your pardon, sirs, but the wind is blowing out of the northeast and bids fair to be a gale. By the break of day the ship sails."

"When do we go aboard, Captain?" I asked.

"At once, sir!"

"I am ready, Captain, though this is brief notice," I replied.

Now that the time for my departure had arrived, I was not so keen to leave the earl. With an effort I put aside my sadness and laughingly said that I was off on a hunting trip and a journey of adventure, furthermore; I would be back in England within a few months. The earl was not over sanguine and was in doubt as to whether we would meet again. I brushed these misgivings aside lightly, declaring my only regret was that he was not going with me. For a moment I half persuaded him to join me, then he recovered himself stoutly asserting the necessity of his staying.

Captain Jones remained with us while we were packing my last chest. I endeavored to persuade him to take me aboard just as I was or, perhaps, in a suit of graver color, not fancying the rough clothes of a sailor. He would not change his method, however, declaring the head colonists were awake all hours of the day and night.

I not only disliked the garb of a sailor, but I did not fancy

sneaking aboard like a pirate. Again I pushed the point of my going in other clothes, but the captain would not listen to me. Since he was so determined I asked him for his seaman's outfit. They were easy garments to slip on, especially for one who was accustomed to take his time in dressing. My size and figure so agreed with what a seaman's should be, that the earl approved of me as I stood before him dressed and ready to go.

Amidst many bowings and scrapings of Master Estep we left the inn, Captain Jones leading the way with a lighted lantern. My companion and I walked arm in arm in silence. We soon came to where the long boat was lashed to the docks. As the seamen prepared it, the earl and I stood on the timbers watching them.

It was more serious with both of us than I had anticipated, as we stood in the presence of a parting, the outcome of which no man could foresee. When the time came for me to go down into the little boat I threw myself into my comrade's arms, affectionately embracing him again and again. Taking my place I waved my hand, but my comrade had turned to conceal his feelings. Shouting cheerily to him, he answered. Again I waved my hand. The lone figure on the dock sent back his silent message; but ere I could answer, the night clouds descended, enshrouding the form of my friend and counsellor.

The ship was tugging at its anchor chains as we came alongside. The gale was dashing choppy seas against its oaken sides, the spray making us uncomfortable. Captain Jones held up his lantern, throwing weird shadows against the black hull. Then some one on deck held a light over our heads, dropping a frail rope ladder down the side.

Captain Jones was first to mount the swaying ladder. I followed close behind. The sides of the vessel slanting in, I had great difficulty in gaining the deck. As I clambered over, the captain, who was awaiting me, gave me a hearty blow on the back, calling me a "land sailor," and bidding me follow him. I thought he was both rough and taking liberties.

Turning to go aft, of a sudden Captain Jones straightened up

and said to some one whom I could not see in the darkness, "Master Carver, we shall sail at daybreak."

"Captain Jones," came a steady voice out of the shadows, "we have tarried far too long upon this vessel. Unless we sail soon the season will be past."

"With the rising of the sun," answered the captain, "we should be abroad on Plymouth Sound."

"We are all anxious to be free of England," was the Separatist's reply.

Though I could not see the speaker, his firm clear voice both pleased and surprised me, as I had expected a nasal whine. I would have liked the man, if he had not expressed such great desire to get away from his native country, even preferring the wilderness to it. This gave me a feeling of disgust for him and his people.

I followed the captain until we came to stairs leading up to a door. Mounting these we entered the roundhouse, which was the officers' quarters. Once inside, I was anxious to know of the captain if he thought this Master Carver suspected me.

The captain feeling no solicitude in this direction, I calmed my fears asking, "Who is this Master Carver?"

"He has been chosen by the Separatists," the captain made answer, "to be their governor. He has full control of their supplies, disciplines the unruly, settles disputes, and besides, watches over them as a shepherd does his flock. I've been told that he was once a gentleman with an estate, which he has spent in the aid of these Separatists." How much more the captain would have told me I do not know, had not an officer come in and interrupted him.

This officer seemed so astonished at seeing me in the roundhouse that the captain was obliged to say, "Mate Clark, this is Master Beaumont, who fancies a trip to Virginia."

The mate saluted me, without so much as saying he was pleased to have some one divide the cabin with them. Shortly the two went out leaving me alone to survey my surroundings. A single candle in the middle of a stout square table was doing its utmost to dispel the gloom within the cabin.

The dim light showed square beams at the side, and hewn

timbers overhead, while in the background was a great mast running up through the roof. On both sides were sleeping bunks with rugs thrown carelessly upon them. One I guessed to be mine, as I fancied I saw a certain blue border, which I recognized as one I had purchased in Plymouth. Picking up the candle and walking over to it, I found my eyes had not deceived me. Unwrapping the covering, I spread it out carefully. Turning to pick up my candle I upset it, leaving me in the dark. Being unable to relight it, I resigned myself to my rugs.

The sun was shining brightly through the windows of the roundhouse when I awoke. I could hear the wind whistle through the cordage, and feel the vessel working in the seas, so that I knew that we were going down the sound.

Before I had dressed, a strange officer coming into the roundhouse looked at me curiously, then hastened out – no doubt to report to the captain, that a common seaman had had the audacity to sleep in the officers' quarters over night. He soon came back, however, satisfied with my presence and introduced himself as Robert Coppin, second mate of the Mayflower.

As the captain was working the ship down Plymouth Sound, he was forward on the forecastle-deck with the other officers, so that I had the roundhouse all alone. It was understood between us that I was not to appear until the ship was well past the last end of England, for fear the colonists might turn back and put me ashore. These Separatists had a suspicion that the clergy of the established church were still spying upon them and as soon as they had established themselves in a new country, would attempt to coerce them back into the English church. Not only was this in their minds but they conceived a feeling of ill will towards the nobility, since this class had persecuted them, so that Captain Jones felt that my presence upon the vessel would immediately arouse suspicion.

Not only was I to keep within the roundhouse, but when the time for appearing came, I was to be arrayed as a country gentleman and not in colors and fine linen.

Being left alone, I had an opportunity to look about me in the daylight. The roundhouse was as a second floor of a two

story wooden house fastened to the stern of the vessel. The first story was called the great cabin in which the passengers were packed like fish in a keg. Immediately above the great cabin or the second story was the roundhouse, where the officers of the ship lived and lounged when off duty, and which was destined to be my quarters.

This roundhouse was a room about four and twenty feet square, having two small alcoves or as we would say in military terms, barbettes, extending from the side of the vessel over the water, so that when the master was seated in them he had complete view on deck as well as over all quarters of the sea. The advantages of these alcoves I recognized at the first glance, and made haste to the one on the port side, where a large chair was screwed to the deck inviting me to taste of its comforts. Into this chair I sank, glad that the distance was not greater, as the vessel was rocking mightily in the troughs of the working sea. I looked forward along the black hull and fancied it to be about one hundred feet in length, with four and twenty feet beam, and about eighteen feet in the hold. With a crew of thirty men, including captain, pilot, and cook, it was after all but a small atom floating on the infinite waters.

Having been built to carry goods to Holland, the ship was short, thick set, and stout; and like a broad backed duck, it floated freely on the waters.

The sea rolled from the hull in green and white waves as the wind carried us swiftly out to sea. I could see Mount Edgecombe off in the distance and wondered if the earl gazed upon the forest crowned peak with the same solicitude I did. I likewise could see the spray of the waves dashing high into the air from the rocks upon the shore and looked upon it as the last near view I would have of my native land.

From the land sky line, I looked forward and saw the captain, and Master Clark, standing on the forecastle. This was also a two storied affair, the crew occupying the upper chamber while the lower one was used as a cookery and storehouse. The square bow was piling the sea up in front of it in a clumsy fashion, as the vessel pushed its way through the water. The

sides slanted in at the top so that the waves were already running a deluge upon the decks. It was evident to me, though a land lubber, that the vessel was a wet ship and I almost held my breath as I imagined what the long rollers of the ocean would do when we were once out of the sound.

It was too late to draw back, nor would I if I could, as I had set my heart on the voyage. From my chair in the alcove I could see the square sail set firm and taut on the foremast and mainmast, but barely catch the end of the mizzenmast yards. These three masts were single timbers, being the best pines that grew on the hills of Cornwall. Such was the ship, the Mayflower, on which I was launched with a colony of Separatists.

The first day wore away with me still a prisoner in the roundhouse. I was really as safe from discovery as I would have been in Devonshire Hall, the passengers and sailors having absolutely nothing to do with each other. The seamen being of a low order of men and partaking the feelings of their superiors for the Separatists, looked upon them with contempt even considering them with pity.

I did not fancy hiding like a criminal, so I suggested to Captain Jones the second day out that I thought it time to go on deck. Very curtly he replied, "If you want to set these fanatics around my ears and you have desire of being put ashore, now is the time for showing your presence on board."

Mate Clark, who happened in shortly after this interview, confirmed Captain Jones's position, furthermore assuring me that it would not be safe for me to go on deck, until we were well into the ocean beyond the Land's End of England. Fancying Master Clark more than I did the red faced blustering Jones, I was content to abide by his decision.

During the days of self-imprisonment, I became acquainted with the officers – all of whom were young men. The older seamen did not fancy the long voyages, where their only guide was the sun, moon, and stars. I conceived the master and his men were half seamen, half adventurers, ready to sail a ship, barter with the savages, fight a battle, or explore unknown waters with equal expedition and promptness. The spirit of adventure was great within them. They admitted

to me that when once they had become infected with sailing on the big ocean to strange lands, they were ill at ease at home.

Mate Clark told me he had been to America several times, and that the year before he and Captain Jones had taken a vessel-load of kine from Ireland to Virginia. Upon his return to London, Master Clark happened on a merchant named Weston, who hearing he had been to the western country, asked him of its climate, the doings of the colonists, and especially of the savages. Master Clark's intelligence so pleased this merchant Weston, he offered him a place on this colony ship which was then fitting out at the London docks for a voyage to Northern Virginia. Immediately, Master Clark sought Captain Jones and propounded the trip to him. The result of several visits to Master Weston was the hiring of Captain Jones as master, and Clark as first mate of the vessel.

In my leisure, I learned from the second mate, Robert Coppin, that he too had the western fever, having been to Northern Virginia, about Cape Cod, in a merchant vessel spending several months along that coast. He had been to Newfoundland once, and several times in fishing-vessels taking cod and haddock on the Great Banks. He furthermore surprised me by saying that two years before there were three hundred fishing-vessels in that part of the sea which I had supposed to be free of shipping, coming from every section of western Europe from Sweden to Spain. These sea tales pleased me, serving to while away the lonesome moments of my imprisonment.

The first Sabbath day upon the Mayflower came in bright and warm with a cheerful breeze filling the sails.

While the sun was streaming in my window with its warmth and comfort, there came to me the full notes of voices in the great cabin singing the Psalms of David. Perhaps it was my little wanderings in the realms of nature that tuned my ears to this melody, for it seemed to me music of quality. The tones were strong, sweet, and full of harmony. Now and then I could catch the notes of a deep voiced man, whom I thought must be a man of courage. The Psalm did not drag as I expected it would under the tongues of Separatists, but was sung with earnestness.

The little touches I had received from this cargo of dissenters, rather impressed me favorably: the man and the maiden in the streets of Leyden were no ordinary people; the commanding voice that came out of the darkness, the night I came aboard, was from the throat of a man of spirit; and now this deep toned singer bespoke courage and steadfastness.

Crossing the floor of the roundhouse, I quietly opened the door. Though I could not catch the words, I heard the voice of a man speaking as one in authority and the bearer of a special message. His fervor gave me another view of the inspiration that dwelt within these people, whom I had been taught by church and court to abhor from my infancy.

A gust of wind caused the vessel to keel over closing the door with a loud noise. Fearing detection I made no effort to open it again, but took refuge in my little alcove where I sat listlessly looking out across the waste of waters. I was thinking Mate Clark had told me in the morning that we were one hundred leagues beyond England, when, happening to glance forward, I caught a bit of color of a woman's head-dress.

My curiosity caused me to look again, then leap to my feet, for there leaning over the side of the vessel was the maid of Leyden. The flush had gone from her cheeks, but I was pleased to note again the air of quiet dignity which had so favorably impressed me the first time I saw her.

Impulsively I started across the room, never thinking of my coarse sailor's garb. I came to myself, however, ere I reached the door, looking down at my clumsy hose, shoes, and doublet: I could not refrain from laughter.

Turning, my eyes caught the corner of the chest, in which lay my gay clothes. Hastening to it I threw the lid back and looked upon the fineries.

Being evident that my beauty was a lady of quality, I felt it was my duty to appear in her presence in a costume corresponding to my social sphere as well as her own. Nervously unfolding my scarlet velvet cloak, which the dampness of the sea had set in a thousand wrinkles, I dragged it forth uncovering the other appointments of a gentleman.

Hesitating no longer I threw the coarse sailor's suit from me and prepared to go forth robed as I was upon my last visit to Lady Arabella. Now that old age has tired me of gaudy colors and gay feathers, I hesitate to tell the length of time it required to clothe and decorate myself in proper attire on this day.

I was in doubt between a waistcoat from Flanders done with red poppies or one from France in yellow dragons. Fancying my lady would prefer the poppies, I selected that one. The great yellow velvet breeches, stuffed with hair to monstrous proportions, was my next selection. They were of such size that no chair could contain them. In fact the House of Parliament built benches around its walls that gentlemen of fashion could perch themselves upon them, thus making room for their great trousers.

My Spanish hose of peach color were flecked with Devonshire clay. Over the silken hose I fastened garters of broad blue ribbons, bedecked with golden buckles. The mud of Plymouth still clung to my shoes, but the jewels in the roses sparkled as brightly as ever.

A great red coat with turned up collar, flaring skirts, ruffles at both arm holes and huge pockets was a brave piece and one in which I gloried greatly. At my leather belt hung a silken bag in which I carried linen kerchiefs, properly scented and easy of access.

A massive gold cable hatband of goldsmith work and a white flowing feather gave both color and value to my hat, which was as elaborate as a lady's of fashion. Buckling on a dainty rapier and throwing a red cloak around my shoulders I was properly dressed to meet my Lady of Leyden.

The time I had consumed in dressing had somewhat cooled my ardor. What perplexed me was whether to await the coming of Captain Jones or go forth upon my own accord. Going to the little alcove, I glanced forward expecting of course to see my lady; she was gone. Her absence startled me to action. Throwing caution to the winds, I crossed the room, opened the door of the roundhouse and stood on the top step of the stairs leading to the deck.

For a moment I stood at the door with my gay colors showing brightly against the dull walls of the roundhouse. The passengers, who had been brought from their dark and wet quarters by the glowing sun, were lounging upon the deck. Calmly I surveyed each group for the pleasing face of my lady, but failed to find her.

All the while the people lay around upon the deck unconscious of my presence. A girl of fourteen first discovered me, and with a cry of alarm shouted, "See! See!"

Instantly the deck was in a turmoil. If I had dropped from the clouds or come out of the depths of the sea I could not have caused more commotion. The men, women, and children sprang to their feet turning their faces toward me. For a moment I stood above their heads on the topmost step, a picture in colors which they did not admire. Slowly and with dignity I descended to the deck where the crowd stood in amazement.

They were not even interesting to me now, since I sought the looks of one whom I did not see. I longed to hasten directly to the spot where I last saw her, but decided to go there by a promenade around the deck. The people made way for me but not without black looks and scowls, which if I had had my wits about me, I could plainly have seen meant that I was unwelcomed.

My heart beat rapidly beneath the red poppies on my waistcoat, as I went forward to the forecastle. There I stood undecided whether to go into her presence at once, or after another walk along the deck. Deciding to brave my fate at once, pushing the handle of my rapier down, I boldly walked across the deck expecting to come face to face with my lady. She was not there.

Coolly and deliberately I began to seek her amidst the people. First I stood carelessly leaning against the bulwarks looking at each face, then with measured step began my walk, stopping now and then as if to look into the sea, but really to examine the various groups of excited people who were now crowded upon the deck watching my every movement.

One of the small boats forward obstructed my view. With

bated breath I came up to it and glanced around the end, hoping to see the white hood of the Leyden maiden; but again I was doomed to disappointment. Somewhat chagrined I leaned against the side of the vessel undecided what to do, when of a sudden I caught the sight of a fluttering ribbon near the mainmast. My hopes were high as I approached this bit of ribbon, only to find it worn by someone else. Though I examined every part of the deck I failed to find her.

Crestfallen and disappointed I crossed the deck only to run into the arms of a young man of about thirty, who in a decisive manner exclaimed, "Who are you, and from whence came you?"

Quite impudently I replied, "From the roundhouse."

Without noticing my wit, the young stranger asked, "What do you aboard this vessel?"

"Simply a gentleman on an adventure to Northern Virginia," I replied, assuming an uninteresting attitude toward my questioner.

By this time the people crowded around us anxious to see and hear what I had to say. The conversation had reached this point when Captain Jones seeing me in the midst of the crowd came running from the forecastle, addressing my questioner, "Master Bradford, this gentleman means no harm to your plans," and without giving the young man an opportunity to reply, slipped his arm through mine, I thought, with entirely too much familiarity and started up the stairs of the roundhouse still clinging to me.

Once within our quarters the captain exclaimed, as he looked me over in all my finery, "Well, you have stirred up a beehive. You will be in good fortune if you are permitted to stay by the ship to America. If you had only appeared in modest clothes! These fineries bespeak suspicion in their minds."

This talk did not interest me half so much as what had become of my lady of the cathedral. That she was on board I was well assured. What Master Bradford and Governor Carver thought of me was of little consequence.

Captain Jones could not swallow his wrath at me for making

my first appearance in such array, saying if I had worn my traveling clothes, he might have explained my presence satisfactorily, but the gay colors and foreign trinkets marked me as a cavalier and an enemy. When he had finished, I assured him that I was sorry to cause him trouble, but if I had the same reasons to move me again, I would not change my way of appearing in the least particular. With this he left me, still red with wrath.

As the evening sun went down behind the red horizon, I sauntered out once more onto the deck, this time not like a peacock in flaunting colors, but in a more substantial garb of subdued hue. There was the same suppressed excitement among the people and the same look of displeasure.

A girl of eighteen of good form and fair face caught my attention, but one glance sufficed. Then a figure near the forecastle sent me forward on a tour of examination. I loitered around the deck until the color of the departing day had faded from the fringe of the cloud hanging low in the west, all the while hoping my lady would come forth.

The captain was right in his anticipation of trouble. On the morrow as we were finishing our morning repast, there was a knock at the door and at the captain's bidding there entered a gray bearded and gray haired man, whom I had often seen around the deck from my alcove window. Back of him was the man I had seen in Leyden with the girl; at his elbow was a small man of soldierly appearance; then came Master Bradford, the only man whose name I knew.

Clad in their clothes of gray, with black cloaks thrown back across their shoulders, and high Dutch hats, I was compelled to admit to myself that they were of goodly appearance. Captain Jones was with me at the time, and I involuntarily contrasted his red face with theirs.

The spokesman was the gray haired, dignified man who first entered the cabin. From his voice I recognized him as the man who spoke to us the first night we came aboard, and whom Captain Jones called Governor Carver. There was no delay in coming to the object of their visit, for they had hardly arranged themselves facing us, when Master Carver addressing

the captain said, "Captain Jones, was not this vessel hired to us for this voyage?"

"It was," was the captain's brief reply.

"Is this stranger of us?"

"He is not," came back from the seaman. I pushed my foot against the captain's under the table, urging him to go on and explain my presence, but he was dull of wit and sat still.

"Then we should like to know by what right he is on board this vessel!" exclaimed the governor.

The captain turned red, looking at me without replying. Seeing my matters were drifting badly, I decided to take up my own defense.

Facing the governor I said, "My good sirs, it falls on me to answer your last question, since Captain Jones will not. I am here as a guest of Captain Jones. So long as I do not consume your provisions, or fill the space which one of you could occupy, I take it that no harm has been done to you or yours."

My forward speech I think rather took them by surprise, for the governor turned to the tall man of Leyden asking, "Elder Brewster, what say you?"

In was in this manner I learned his name to be Brewster.

The elder had thoughts of his own, for he said in response to the governor, "I should like to know why this stranger selected this vessel for a voyage to Virginia?"

Captain Jones, who in truth did not know, shook his head and turned to me to answer. I realized the serious turn which the affair had taken and hesitated what reply to make. It was only for a moment. Addressing the elder I said, "You ask why I am here; my answer is, in an encounter a man fell by my sword. The quarrel was neither of my seeking nor making."

"Was it a fair exchange?" asked the little man of soldierly appearance quickly.

"On my part it was," I replied.

This rather aroused the curiosity of the man who broke in with, "And on your opponent's part?"

Instantly the scene of the man with the candle, who was endeavoring to blind me for the benefit of La Valle, came to my mind. I could not say there was a conspiracy, for I did not believe La Valle was such a coward. Though I hesitated somewhat, I finally answered, "The principal was fair, but his followers foul."

As the little man did not continue his question, Governor Carver addressed him, "Captain Standish, are you satisfied?"

The man addressed nodded his head as being content. I had hopes that the interview was coming to a satisfactory end for me, as the title "Captain" assured me that one of my inquisitors was a soldier and understood the ethics of sword play. But my hopes were shattered for Master Bradford, whom I put down as one of those determined men who would have his own way or a good reason to the contrary, stepped forward and would know more.

His manner nettled me as he asked, "Are you of the King's Church?"

Not deigning to reply to such a question, he went on, "And of those people who disdainfully call us Separatists?"

Not being able to fathom the drift of his questions, I sat in silence.

Master Bradford then said with great emphasis, "We are fleeing to Northern Virginia to free ourselves from persecution. Those who are not with us must be against us."

His manner stirring me, I replied sharply, "I am neither of you nor against you."

Governor Carver who had been eyeing me closely during the interview took me somewhat back by turning to Captain Jones saying, "Captain, how far think you we are from the last end of England?"

The captain did not fancy the question any more than I did and would have left it unanswered had he dared; he did the next best thing by adding fifty leagues to the real distance, replying, "About one hundred and fifty leagues."

I turned to Captain Standish to see what comfort I could get from his countenance; but his face would not reveal what his tongue would conceal. What I did discover was a curious

look on his face, as if he was endeavoring to establish in his own mind where he had seen me before. He had only seen me by the uncertain rays of a flickering lantern after the encounter in the alleyway in Plymouth at a time when his mind was greatly disturbed, so that I would have been greatly surprised if he recognized me now. He had my picture in his brain, however, though the interpretation of it was giving him trouble. His curiosity played me in good stead at this juncture, when affairs were going hard against me. Looking me squarely in the face he said, "Have I not seen you before?"

Glad of the opening, I replied, "You have."

There was a new light in his eyes as he said, "Where?"

I was slow in replying, as I did not wish him to think that I would beg for his protection by reminding him of the assistance I had rendered him. Whilst I was meditating what answer to give, his quick wit had solved my identity, for he asked, "In Plymouth?"

I nodded my head in assent.

"In the daytime?" The little soldier was like a dog on a scent so quickly did he follow my answers.

I answered his last question in the negative.

"After nightfall?"

"It was in early evening," I said still refusing to divulge his obligation to me.

"You were with another gentleman?" eagerly asked my inquisitor.

When I told him I was, he gave me a knowing look, which assured me he at length placed me.

The other members of the party stood watching me closely while Captain Standish conducted his examination, evidently wondering what connection his seeing me after night in the streets of Plymouth had with the present interview. As soon as the soldier had finished with me, plucking the governor by the sleeve, he motioned him aside. I was in hopes this diversion would upset the prosecution of the plan of returning me to English soil. I watched the two men closely as they stood in deep conversation – what was said I do not know, but shortly afterwards they came back, the governor saying they

wished to withdraw and consider the matter further. Before going out Captain Standish came over to me and gave me his hand, and without a word left the roundhouse.

Captain Jones was nervous and fearful of the outcome of the interview. I had no doubts of which way I was going, and assured him confidently I would see the forests of Northern Virginia before I would the white cliffs of Cornwall.

While I was on deck this same afternoon, Captain Standish came up to me and, with a kindly smile, told me that the matter had been dropped and I was at liberty to go where and when I pleased. Together we stood and talked in friendliness. Again I assured him I was going to Northern Virginia as an adventure and my presence on the vessel had no significance to the colonists. Parting in good will I felt I had won his confidence. I liked the way he parried and lunged with his sword in the encounter, and his good opinion was now supplemented by a kindred spirit which one soldier feels toward another.

The next day the wind changed to the west and before night rounded to the north, piling up the waters in green waves with foaming white caps. Wildly they flung themselves at the vessel thrusting it one way then another as though it were a bauble. The mountainlike waves seemed to take delight in casting the ship over on its side, and before it could relieve itself of its burden of waters, a second deluge would sweep across the deck. Buried beneath the great weight the vessel would stagger and tremble like a frightened thing, then its soul of oak would rise to the rescue, and pushing its way upwards would shake itself free from the grip of the sea.

There came a despondency over me in this waste of waters, which I can only liken to the spirit of winter, that creeps out of barren trees, the desolate earth, and the sighing of the winds through the pines. The ship, helpless and alone, was but a speck upon the savage sea.

There was no going abroad in such a gale, as the ship with bare masts was blown before the wind. This storm lasted for several days, during which period I neither saw nor heard of the passengers, other than that many were lying in cold beds

with the water dripping upon them from the deck above. All I could do was to sit in the chair in which I could only stay by holding on tightly. There I clung looking out across the angry seas, hoping each day that the blue rifts in the clouds would broaden and envelope the sky within their serene folds, bringing quietness and rest.

Many times I wondered how my lady fared, if the rolling of the ship brought her discomfort, and the wild nights were fearful to her. I inquired of Captain Jones and Mate Clark how the passengers did in such weather, but they knew little and cared less than pleased me.

In time the winds blew themselves out, the crests of the waves changed from white to green, and the masts were once more clothed with sail. The ship soon steadied to an even keel, and one by one the pale and unhappy passengers came upon deck. Then a long hemp rope was fastened between the fore and mainmasts, while the women, children, and the men who were ailing, worked it up and down, thus encouraging their blood to run freely.

I watched the women and children issue forth from the great cabin, to see if my lady came with them. Though there were many faces on deck I had never seen before, hers was not among them. In my anxiety I made bold to ask Captain Standish if any of the ladies were ill. He answered that there were several. With this information I had to be content and hoped that one in particular was not stricken grievously. When we had spent several quiet days and she did not appear, I began to believe that I had had a vision, seeing the Lady of Leyden in spectre. The colonists held aloof me except Captain Standish, whom I think took kindly to me, but I dared not inquire of him for my lady, since I did not know her name.

Disturbed in mind I walked back and forth upon the deck, now and then mounting the quarter-deck which was the roof of the roundhouse, where I watched the men at the wheel. I was restless. Returning to the deck I happened on a girl of thirteen who was standing on her tiptoes endeavoring to look over the side. Coming up to her quietly, I picked her up so

that she could see clearly. Looking around and seeing who it was she made an effort to escape, but I quieted her fear and assured her that I was not so bad as she thought.

This little courtesy gained me the child's good will, so that when I let her down she did not flee. I asked her name.

"Elizabeth Tilley," she replied quite confidently.

"From London?"

"Nay Master, from Leyden, in Holland."

"Then you are a little Dutch girl," I said in jest.

"Mother is a Hollander but father comes from England." With this reply I decided not to push my friendliness too fast, so left her to seek her companions, who stood around in awe of little Elizabeth who dared to speak so boldly to a cavalier.

The next day I wandered around impatiently awaiting either the lady in form or some word of her. Though I had a friendly talk and walk with Captain Standish and a chat with little Elizabeth, I was unable to secure information of the missing maiden.

On the morning of this second day of calm weather the entire Tilley family, including Father John, Mother Bridget, and the little Elizabeth, were on deck hovering over their earth box on which the family fire was blazing. Being before the day of ovens as we now have them, the only cooking done on board the vessel during the voyage was upon earth boxes lodged on the deck, on which the fire was built. On a calm morning such as this one, there was a half score of these boxes in use, so that the deck looked like a gypsy camp with the fires blazing merrily.

Fire-wood was stored away in the hold and was almost as necesssary as water on such a voyage as this colonist ship was undertaking. In the quiet days the cooking was done for the stormy weather when the decks were buried with water. At such times they lived upon a cold diet of what was in the iron pot ready for use, with Holland cheese, butter, hard biscuits, and a raw onion or a turnip as a relish. Strong waters such as gin, aqua vitæ or brandy were given in small quantities while beer was to be had commonly but always within bounds.

By this time I had little Elizabeth tamed so that she would

not fly from me. Her mother, who was a stout Dutch woman, having no scruples about conversing with a cavalier, gave little heed to our friendship. The child greeted me with a smile as I stopped at the family earth box, addressing the father in a genteel manner so that he could not do else than return me a civil answer. With this greeting I decided if possible to learn from this family who and where the maiden was.

Turning upon little Elizabeth as my source of information, I soon had her looking over the side of the vessel at several herring hogs. Exhausting my knowledge of sea fish quickly, and fearing interruption, or that the little maiden would leave me, I asked, "Who are your English companions?"

Looking up into my face with a child's curiosity she answered, "Mary Chilton."

As she hesitated I urged her to go on.

"Constance Hopkins," she was watching me closely.

I shook my head.

"And Priscilla Mullins."

"Priscilla Mullins," I repeated, "Pray! who is she?"

"A merchant's daughter from London."

"Are these all?" I asked.

"With the exception of two little girls, Damoris Hopkins and Ellen More."

My heart sank within me, as it was evident she belonged to another. "Are you sure there are no other maidens aboard?" I asked rather hopelessly.

"Oh, yes," was the prompt reply, "those were only the English girls from London."

"And the others?" I asked expectantly.

"They came from Leyden."

By this time I was nervous and impatient and I fear a trifle rough, as I commanded her to name the Leyden maidens quickly.

"Desire Minter," she began but I shook my head. Why I do not know, but I felt that the name did not fit the beauty.

"Mistress Carver's waiting-maid," she went on and then hesitated.

"Is that all?" I asked gruffly.

"Remember and Mary Allerton, and myself," she faltered.

Without stopping to bid my little gossip adieu, I walked abruptly away repeating, "Mistress Carver's waiting-maid," "Mistress Carver's waiting-maid."

As I walked in the air to cool my fevered brain, I could not help but think this was a strange cargo of people, where beauty and dignity belonged to serving-maids.

THE STORM AT SEA

AS I came upon the deck the next morning there was a great calm upon the water, the restlessness of the sea alone giving motion to the ship. The cold winds had given away to a southern air of enticing softness. Though in the midst of the ocean it was easy to distinguish the September notes of the sky, a dull haze and misty horizon. On land one is wont to say, these come from vapors given off by the drying earth; but upon the waters, one must admit that they are the signs of the season stamped upon nature by the infinite artist, whose colorings are eternal.

Off in the sea the sun came up red with glowing warmth, gently inviting those who were sick and uncomfortable to come up on deck. I am feign to say I had lost interest in these people. Yesterday I had had a vision of my noble lady; to-day she had turned into a serving-maid. Unheeding of those who came and went I walked forward and climbed upon the forecastle, careless of their doings.

There was a half score of sailors upon the yard spreading the sails to catch what wind was blowing. I had turned to watch those on the mizzenmast, when I saw three men coming out of the cabin bearing a muffled figure in a great chair.

The men bore their patient across the deck finding a sheltered spot close to the mainmast. This much I saw with indifference and turning to Captain Jones I asked, "Captain, how soon will we reach Virginia?"

"Northern Virginia, Master Beaumont, is a long ways off. England is much nearer. Are you in haste to reach land?"

"In a greater haste than I was a few days since."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the captain with curiosity.

I did not answer him but went forward where I could see the water boiling and bubbling under the oaken keel. Tiring of this I came down on deck. As I sauntered past the mainmast,

I saw Elder Brewster hovering around the invalid in the chair, shutting off my view of her. Through sheer curiosity, I turned and retraced my steps, that I might see what manner of person she was. This time I caught a glance of a pale face, of brown hair bound tightly across white temples, of kindly eyes; menial though she was I was compelled to admit the waiting-maid was beautiful even in her distress.

In the cool of the evening of this September day, the men bore the serving-maid in Elder Brewster's chair, back to the great cabin. I caught a fleeting glance of her face; I saw the life, which the ocean winds bear in their flight across the waters, had left its glow upon her cheeks.

I felt the great spirit upon the sea as I looked into the farewell colors of the setting sun on this day of calmness. I was moved to confess to this pillar of fire my disappointment over the conversion of my lady into a humble waiting-maid. Perhaps it was witless for me to burden the Infinite with such simple matter, but I was in my youth and the slipping away of an ideal from my fancy was indeed a grave matter. As far as I was concerned the Lady of Leyden was no more.

The winds and the sea were in a gentle mood for several days; with every sail drawing taut under a moderate breeze, the ship keeling over ran before it, until the tired colonists began to think that an ocean voyage after all was not unpleasant.

I spent most of my time upon the quarter-deck away from the colonists who were busy cooking. Captain Jones was in good spirits as he saw an early landing and a quick return to England. I was in the same happy mood and was glad I had been so obstinate against the earl in my desire to go on this adventure.

But these pleasant days came to an end. A dense mist settled down so that the captain could not see the sun to take readings. Then for days the wind and ocean assailed us from every quarter. Under bare poles the ship was driven before the tempest until Captain Jones lost his reckoning completely, and sat sullenly in the roundhouse.

When the waves were at the highest and the ship was being tossed like a cockle-shell, I asked the captain if he had been in

the colonist's quarters, if so how they fared. He informed me at once that the vessel had been hired for the voyage; his sole business was to sail across to Virginia and back again as quickly as possible; adding with an oath that unless the foul weather ceased shortly the ship would bring up on the coast of Florida among the Spaniards instead of Virginia.

Pressing him further, he said he had nothing to do with what the colonists ate, drank, or how they lived on board the ship. He informed me, however, that before leaving London the great cabin had been made over into a number of small rooms in which the women and children lived, while the men found quarters in the forecastle or between the low decks. He was of the opinion that no vessel had ever crossed the Atlantic with so many uncomfortable people.

Later in the day, as I was sitting in the alcove holding my chair to prevent being hurled across the floor, I saw a great wall of green water roll over the starboard bow and with a crushing weight fall upon the deck. The vessel settled rapidly. Mate Clark caught his breath, while I turned to him, feeling that our end had come.

"We are sinking!" I shouted.

"Not yet," answered the mate.

"Think you it will outlive the tempest?"

"We will soon know," he replied. With a roll the ship lifted heavily and like a dipper emptied the water from the deck. As the vessel lay on its side I held my breath expecting every moment that it would go on over, but with a struggle it finally righted.

Mate Clark, as soon as he could, made his way into the hold. Between decks he came upon a deck-beam cracked and bent, threatening to give way. Without revealing his discovery and impending danger, he hastened back to the roundhouse. From his face I knew there was something wrong. Seeing Captain Jones was not in, he hurriedly left the cabin.

Shortly I heard the boatswain's whistle calling men to quarters. Fearing the worst I made way to the door, determined to free myself from the wreckage of the roundhouse in case the vessel went down.

Under the protection of the forecastle I saw Mate Clark, Captain Jones, and Mate Coppin in conference. Master Clark was pointing to the deck and I could see was explaining something to his superior officer.

As they came in I heard Captain Jones shout, "What say you Clark?"

"She will never stand the weight of another wave like the last one," he replied.

"You say the deck-beam is broken?"

"In twain."

With great agitation the captain exclaimed, "Then the deck is liable to be stove in, breaking her in two."

"Our only hope is to head into the sea," answered the mate.

I could only think of the women and children hopelessly struggling amidst the waves and pitied them. Though I was alarmed I did not have personal fear of my safety. I knew my end was certain were I once thrust into the sea and awaited my fate stoically.

There was little consolation to be had from the captain or his associates, who now went below to make a more thorough examination of the broken beam. They came back shortly, bringing with them the ship's carpenter. The situation seemed more hopeful when the carpenter assured the captain that the vessel would not go to pieces providing the storm abated. This was an uncertain promise, with no sign of a break in the tempest.

All day the wheelmen kept the vessel headed into the sea, nursing it along to keep the weight of water off the broken beam. When night came on Mate Clark and Captain Jones stood watch. I sat in the alcove chair ready to render what-assistance lay within my power, which would be but a trifle in the face of the treacherous sea.

The next day the winds and waves moderated, increasing our hopes of safety. Another night and day of more or less anxiety and the sea once more took on its peaceful mien. The sorry colonists came upon deck, disconsolate and dejected. The family pots had been emptied several days, so that they had been living upon a diet of hard bread and beer, making them low in body and spirit. With the going down of the sea the

colonists noticed the sailors were not so cheerful; furthermore the ship was not under full sail. Then the whispering of the seamen concerning the mishap got abroad.

The first we knew of this was when Governor Carver and Masters Brewster, Bradford, and Edward Winslow came filing into the roundhouse. Captain Jones and I were sitting over a glass of wine at the time, unsuspecting the coming of the visitors. Captain Jones surmised what was in the air as soon as he saw their grave faces.

Governor Carver acted as spokesman as usual, saying, "Captain Jones, it has come to us, that the ship has met with a mishap."

At first the captain hesitated as if he was uncertain whether to admit the trouble or not, but finally making up his mind to speak truthfully replied, "Governor Carver, it is true the ship is unseaworthy."

"Unseaworthy!" exclaimed the governor in astonishment. "I am fearful."

Then Master Bradford spoke up, "Captain, what advise you?"

The captain again faltered, undecided whether to play his part further or announce his thoughts at once. I saw him set his heavy jaws together and to my great surprise he exclaimed, "Return to England!"

The colonist's faces became grave as they heard this verdict. Master Bradford broke the silence by saying, "All of our savings are in this voyage, we dare not turn back."

This argument did not appeal to the captain who replied, "Once in an English port the broken beam can be replaced in any shipyard, but in a wilderness we can not make the repairs."

It was evident to me now why the captain had not made known the danger before. He was awaiting an opportune time, when he would reveal the broken beam, then turn back under stress of sheer necessity. The colonists, seeing that their plans were in jeopardy, departed to consult among themselves.

In the afternoon the leaders again came back to talk with Captain Jones and his mates. The colonists were determined to go while the captain insisted on turning back.

During the night the governor and his assistants had had

various conferences with their associates upon England or Virginia, so that they came into the roundhouse the next morning with their heads set for the new country.

Master Edward Winslow acted as spokesman, saying as he opened the conference, "Captain Jones, we have come too far and endured too much to give up this voyage. If we return to England, the London merchants will refuse to supply us with provisions for another voyage. As to ourselves all we have is in this vessel. Come what will, we must push forward or perish in the attempt."

Captain Jones was not willing to give up his contention but replied hotly, "Are you shipwrights? Can you repair this ship in mid-ocean?"

The colonists not answering the captain went on, "Can you pick a seasoned timber from the wilderness? True, when you reach the shore you will be content; but as for me and my men, we must still make our way back across the sea."

As the captain urged his point, I saw the determined look on the faces of the men turn to one of doubt. In justice to the captain and his sailors, they began to hesitate. At this juncture when the fate of the voyage hung in the balance, the door opened and the ship's carpenter entered. Master Bradford who was still seeking a way out of the difficulty turned to the carpenter and said, "Master Carpenter, what say you, can the beam be mended?"

"Not in mid-ocean," was the prompt reply.

Master Bradford not to be denied persisted, "Can you hold it together for a time?"

"Surely, if the ends of the beam could be forced together, it would be as good as new."

Though the colonists felt the danger of the seamen, still they were not willing to abandon their enterprise, until all means of making the repair had been exhausted. The carpenter's talk encouraged them somewhat; so they again excused themselves with the destination still unsettled.

Governor Carver and his associates were gone but a short time, when I was astonished at seeing him enter the roundhouse alone. I endeavored to read from his countenance

whether he was the bearer of good or ill news, but his face did not reveal his message. By this time the captain was impatient at the willfulness of his passengers, considering his voyage back to England was being delayed by their stubbornness.

Without waiting for the governor to speak he asked, "Well! Are you now ready to turn back, or do you wish me to take this ship to Virginia and leave it there?"

"Not so, Captain Jones," replied the dignified old man.

"Then let me hasten toward England and safety. Two days we have been talking, now, Master Carver, I propose to bring this matter to an end." The captain pushed his chair back from the table and started to arise, to go forth to give the command that would have made an end to the voyage. The colonist put forth his hand and stopped him. With a steady voice he said, "Not so fast, Captain Jones. We have struck upon a plan that will carry the ship safely to the end of the voyage."

He spoke so confidently that Captain Jones did not rise. I was all impatience to hear how the marvel was to be worked upon the broken backed ship, and moved forward on my chair in my anxiety to catch the speaker's plan.

Calmly he spoke, "Francis Eaton, a carpenter of our Leyden Company, hath a great jack-screw amongst his tools. He now suggests that the broken beam be forced back in position and held by stout props, thus making the ship whole as before."

Master Carver, having delivered his message, stood waiting for the captain's reply. The mariner having determined to go back to England was disturbed what answer to make and sat pulling his finger joints like a schoolboy. As soon as he could get his brain to work he said obstinately, "Master Carver, I am fearful of your method of mending the beam. To landsmen it may seem right enough to patch up a house, but holding a vessel together is entirely another matter."

"Holding a vessel up, Master Jones," suggested the colonist.

"Nay, together," insisted the belligerent Jones, "furthermore, Master Carver my first duty is to the owners of the vessel, and not to you who hired it." With this the captain hastily rose to his feet.

Master Carver, dignified and patient, again held forth his hand bidding the captain hear him out. Looking the master of the ship straight in the eye he very determinedly said, "Captain Jones, it is no intention of ours to have you risk unnecessarily the safety of your ship and your men's lives; an hour ago we had about decided to accept your plan of returning to England, but now after duly considering the case we think the vessel can be made whole." Without another word Master Carver turned and left us.

My tongue coming to me first, I said, "Captain, I [illegible]k we will go to Virginia."

Rather decently he replied, "I fear it is too true."

I knew full well from the moment the old Separatist had issued his ultimatum, that we would see the wilderness of America before we would England. Captain Jones might bluster and fume at his sailors, but when he matched himself with these silent willful men, he was hopelessly beaten.

I could not help but admire the Separatists, for having made up their minds at one time to return in order to protect Captain Jones and his crew, thus bidding farewell to their hopes and prospects in the new world. I am content to believe that it was the jack-screw that sent them on their way; but for that tool they would not have reached that part of Virginia, which Captain John Smith had already called New England.

All things came to pass as Master Carver stated in his interview with Captain Jones. Francis Eaton, the carpenter, pulled his jack-screw out of the hold. With a few turns of the screw the broken ends of the beam were forced into position, two strong timbers acted as props to hold it in place, and the ship was once more sound, and on her way to Virginia as Master Carver had prophesied. If it lay in my power to act as heralder and design a coat of arms for this new colony, I should emblazon a jack-screw in the center, making the other quarters conform to it.

THE MAID OF LEYDEN

THE sailors were rough and hardy men, with the winds of the sea blown into their faces, also much viciousness of the land. To control such a crew, required a captain who was mostly pirate, flavored with Christian instincts. For the most part the seamen sailed unknown seas, and explored lands where there was no law, except what the master made, declared, and enforced. These laws changed to suit the convenience of each master, so what was proper on one voyage would be wrong on another. The result was, that the only rights a sailor had were the ones he fought for; thus mutiny existed in a mild form on nearly every vessel, whether at home or abroad.

Captain Jones was one of the sort who thought a command should be promptly followed by a kick well located and soundly given. His crew quarreled, fought, and swore on the least provocation, took the cuffs of the captain with a growl and went about their tasks. So long as they were on the sea the sailors were slaves driven by the master under the threats of the use of a belaying pin or a cat-o-nine-tail, the hissing of which was familiar to everyone of the scarred faced crew.

One of the seamen, a brutal fellow, took particular delight in taunting the Separatists, telling them that he hoped to have the pleasure of throwing them into the sea, when he would make merry with their provisions and live in plenty. Others of the crew did likewise, casting slurs and contemptuous remarks upon the women and children.

As I was walking on deck one day, the waiting-maid, who was now well recovered, was quietly seated at her sewing. One of the sailors without cause, began abusing her with foul language. For a moment she sat stunned by the assault, then looked helplessly towards me. I was aflame in a moment and rushed to her rescue.

The sailor hearing me, turned. I rushed at him, striking him a glancing blow on the neck. Giving him no time to think, I seized him by the throat forcing him backwards across the bulwark in spite of his struggles until we were both more than half overboard.

Though the seaman struggled to release himself, I held him so firmly he could not break away. I made the young villain promise he would never again speak insultingly to any of the women or children. He went off growling, while I turned to assure the waiting-maid that she would be bothered no more.

She looked up into my face with a smile of confidence, which made me glad to be her champion. I stammered out something, while she in a voice of gentleness thanked me. Though I was in her presence but a moment, her spirit, as shown through her eyes, was not that of a lowly character. During my contest with the sailor, she had dropped her ball of linen, which now lay across my pathway.

Unconscious of the thread I started back to the cabin when I heard her give a little cry, at the same time calling, "Oh! please, please, sir!"

I turned around to see a long line of white thread following after me along the deck. Hastily disengaging my foot, I stooped over, picked up the ball and began rolling it up.

When I came to her, she very demurely said, "Your pardon, but I could not speak your name."

"Francis Beaumont," I replied. Then with surpassing impudence I added, "Pray what is your name?"

"Lora Brewster," she replied looking down at her needle work.

"Lora Brewster!" I repeated in astonishment.

"Lora Brewster, daughter of Elder William Brewster, of the Church of Leyden," she said quite proudly.

Then like a big ninny, I exclaimed, "And you are not Mistress Carver's waiting-maid?"

She looked at me until my cheeks turned red, quietly remarking, "Master Beaumont, why such a question?"

I made no sensible answer, excusing myself as best I could, I hurried back to the roundhouse.

Fortunately no one was in the cabin to see my confusion. Once settled in my chair in the alcove, I began repeating her name,"Lora Brewster, Lora Brewster." Not gaining relief from this diversion, I fell to comparing this simple maiden with the other grand ladies of my acquaintance.

The vision of Lady Arabella Stuart still dwelt in my mind. I could see her arrayed in her silks and satins, her well rounded arms coming forth from short ruffled sleeves, the jeweled girdle around her waist, and even the flowers at her shoulder. Within her flaxen locks she usually wore a circlet of gold, while her neck was caressed by folds of delicate lace. As I remembered her, she was beautiful and, with her winning ways, was a delight to those who knew her. Many times I had danced with Lady Arabella, exchanged gossip, and was charmed by the play of her soft seductive eyes. Of noble birth, pure character, wholesome spirit, these and many other qualities that draw men to the feet of charming womanhood, belonged and dwelt in my vision of Lady Arabella. Going to the window where I could see the maiden still at her work, I asked myself how she, in her dress of coarse cloth, a simple white kerchief at her throat, without color to decorate her, except the flush of red in her cheek, compared with Lady Arabella.

As I saw the maiden in her simplicity, I confess that she did not compare with Lady Arabella in her silks and fashions. So far I could go with confidence, then confusion began for I was compelled to admit that the sight of this maiden enlisted in me an interest which the Lady Arabella in all her glory failed to arouse.

About this time the weather turned cold, the winds blowing chill out of the north. As there were no arrangements for heating the ship, the colonists took to their beds to keep warm. For this reason ordinarily the Virginia colonists' ships made their voyages in the heat of summer.

In the roundhouse and great cabin, perched as they were high above the water, their occupants suffered from the cold alone, but below decks the colonists were not only cold but wet as well. The cold became so intense that they did not think of removing their clothes, but would kick off their

heavy shoes and, wrapping themselves in their coarse sleeping-rugs, pray for an early landing.

It behooves me to say that though every effort had been made to secure sufficient food for the voyage, some of the supplies were running short. The provisions were so ordered as to divide the seven days of the week into four fish days and three flesh days, the colonists being divided into messes, with four persons to each mess. To every mess of four persons on flesh days were allotted two pieces of salted beef weighing about three and a quarter pounds, four pounds hard ship-bread, about a quart of peas, four gallons of beer, with vinegar and mustard in small proportions. There were four fish days to provide for, when were issued two pieces of salt cod, four pounds of hard bread, three-quarters of a pound of cheese, with four gallons of beer, and a gallon of oatmeal.

Butter was scarce before the ship was half way over, as the colonists were compelled to sell much of their Dutch butter to pay their debts in Southampton before they could leave that port. It is only fair to the Separatists to observe, that because they would not sign an unfair contract, which Master Weston brought from the London adventurers who were supplying the money to the colonists to make the voyage, he, Master Weston, refused to advance the necessary money to pay the debts. Though they did not have arms, nor extra leather soles for their shoes, they sold this food rather than submit to an injustice or leave England with debts unpaid. So it came about that their provisions began to ebb low, causing them to cast about for the future, ere they came in sight of the wilderness.

Being of a delicate tooth for sweets, I laid in my stores conserves of ginger, prunes, raisins, and white bread known as Spanish rusk. Captain Jones, at meal-time one day, happened to drop a word as to the shortage of butter and lack of dainties amongst his passengers, causing me to conceive at once that the maiden was starving whilst plenty burdened our table.

My conscience, quickening under this spur, I set about to provide for her wants. The lazarette where the provisions

were kept was immediately beneath the forward cabin. The supplies belonging to the vessel were separate from the colonists', and were under control of Mate Clark, who kept an active eye and firm hand upon them. Under other conditions I would not have hesitated to have asked him for a bundle of my ginger or a package of raisins, or a small bucket of butter, as they were my own, and at my disposal. I could not tell the seaman, however, that I was going to make a present to a maiden colonist for fear that he would misunderstand my motive.

Perhaps it was strange that a nobleman should look with favor upon this fair commoner. The ship was small so that I could not help but come in daily contact with her. Youth and beauty in distress appeals to the chivalry in all mankind. My exuberant youth put aside social differences, so that I went about securing supplies for Mistress Lora, whom I fancied was in need of assistance.

Finding Mate Clark forward I requested him to send a few supplies up to me. Though I could see he was somewhat puzzled, he made no further questioning but went himself to see that the viands were safely delivered.

Within an hour the chest of supplies was alongside of my other ones, with the bolts released, so that all I had to do was to throw the cover back to see its contents. Having the sweets in hand, I was confronted with getting them into the maiden's possession. Finding a piece of new sail cloth I laid within it carefully bunches of raisins, citron with the sweet of the melon coming from it in little crystals of sugar, then a conserve of ginger in a little wooden cask, a bag of Spanish rusk of white flour, and a few pieces of scented bark of cinnamon, making the package one which any lady of the court would have been delighted to receive.

First I tied the package around with many yards of ribbon, giving it a delicacy of appearance from without, as it was dainty within. This pleased my fancy greatly until it occurred to me, as soon as she saw the ribbon, she would know the package came from me. Tearing the gaudy stuff off I found a strong piece of sailing twine which I bound around time and

time again. With a quill I wrote her name on the outside of the package.

The problem of transporting it now confronted me. The simplest way was to take it myself to the great cabin and request that the bundle be given to her. While my resolution was sufficient, I questioned whether the delicacies would get farther. That the Separatist elder would permit his daughter to receive dainties from the hand of his enemy I was very much in doubt; so that how to insure the delivery and grant to her the comforts that were contained in the package, was now uppermost in my mind. I felt it was necessary to get it directly into the maiden's hands; she could then choose her own way of disposing of it.

Among the lads of the Separatists I had seen one of ten, who was particularly active and had found favor with one of the sailors. I had seen this boy go to and from the great cabin. Happening to meet the seaman, I explained to him he was to deliver the package to the lad. The time was to be at sundown. Being rough weather few of the colonists were on deck when I brought the bundle out and stowed it away back of one of the boats for delivery. Fortune was with me, for shortly I saw the sailor hand the boy the package, who disappeared with it into the great cabin.

Though the next day broke cold and stormy, I was up early with a warmth of feeling which comes to one after having performed a good deed. My fancy was set upon the maiden's pleasure as she saw the citron, tasted the raisins and the cinnamon. Then too, the package bore a silent message. Though I had concealed myself in the giving, still I wished she might guess me as her thoughtful admirer. With these fancies I made my way across to the little alcove.

Abroad was the same scene of green waves tipped with white, chasing after us that I had seen, until I was weary of it. Now and then a roller would break over the deck, making the scuppers run full. I looked up into the clouds, at the swaying masts, and then upon the water soaked decks. Forward were the hooklike anchors lashed tightly. The ropes of the rigging were flying like so many ribbons from the cross-arms. On

deck I saw something loose roll back and forth with each lurch of the ship.

While I was watching a great wave seized the cockle ship, throwing it over on its side, hurling the loosened object against the mast. Shaking itself free from the deluge the vessel rolled back throwing the water from the deck. Bobbing along the top of the sea, as if it was thrown from the vessel, was the package, apparently doomed to go by the board, when for some reason its flight was broken. As the ship righted, it hung in mid-air on the end of a spike. There was something familiar about it, which caused me to look a second time. Then to make sure, I hastened as fast as the rocking ship would permit to the deck. Biding my time I made my way across the slippery deck, there hanging to the side of the vessel, unshapely and besotted, were my beloved dainties. The cask of conserves of ginger having broken, the brown syrup was oozing out making it a sickening mass. Angrily picking the hateful thing from its fastening, I threw it overboard.

In view of my rebuff, I felt that I must abandon the maiden to other destiny. The Separatists' pride was too forbidding for me to overcome and carried a sting, which I, as a king's man could not endure. Even though I had desired to make court to the sulky maiden, I could not have done so, as the weather now came freezing out of the north driving everyone from the deck, except the seamen, and they tarried only long enough to do their commands. I was content to sit in the roundhouse wishing heartily for the time of landing, so that I could plunge into the forests, see the wild men and animals, then return to England.

Among the young men of the colonists was one, John Alden, a cooper by trade, who had been picked up from the docks while the ship lay at Southampton. He was not one of the company as yet, but came on the voyage under a year's agreement. Presumably he was brought with an eye of meeting the requirements of an ancient law. As there was a dearth of good material or men to make hogshead staves in England, it was declared by law that a bond should be given for the return of the kegs or staves of like number sent out of the country. The

Separatists preferring to return staves rather than the barrels, this youth of twenty-one was brought along the last moment to shrive boards.

While I was sitting disconsolate in my alcove this John Alden and another youth by the name of John Howland, who was a servant of Master Carver, were coming up from between decks. As young Howland reached the top of the hatch, the ship lurched into a great wave, sending him across the deck headlong into the sea. Alden gave the alarm.

Hearing this cry I ran to the door. An unexpected sight greeted me for off the starboard side, I saw the head of a man bobbing up and down in the waves, following hard after the vessel. As Howland went overboard he seized a topsail halyard that was dragging in the sea. This he was still holding onto, though at times he was buried fathoms deep. Captain Jones hearing the outcry came running aft, shouting to the wheelman to head the ship into the sea, so that the man was drawn alongside. Then with a boat hook young Howland was fished from the water and thrown sprawling on deck, still holding tightly onto the halyard that had miraculously saved his life.

During this excitement the maiden came on deck. I could see she was not suffering from sickness for the glow of health was in her cheeks. I think she would have greeted me with a smile, but my looks crushed it on her lips. Then she endeavored to come close enough to speak, but I would not permit it. She saw this and with a little grip of her lips turned and walked away.

In the afternoon of the same day, Wednesday, the eighteenth of November, I saw the first signs of land. As I was watching the waves dashing over the side of the ship a branch of a pine tree floated swiftly by. I said nothing, but waited for further signs. Shortly a piece of timber coming into view, I pointed it out to the captain. He was all eyes at once and hailed the floating thing as the first harbinger of Virginia. He observed that we were now eighty-four days out of Plymouth, and it was high time that we made landfall.

From the sun's readings, Captain Jones said that we had

been driven north of our course, which was below the mouth of Hudson's River. So that he could not tell just what the land fall would be. There were only crude maps of shore lines so he must rely entirely upon himself and his lead to feel his way through the unknown waters. As soon as he saw the floating piece he started the lead going, but failed to make bottom. Captain Jones, in his afternoon reading, again declared that the ship was far north of its destination, but held straight on, feeling that he could course along the shore to his destination.

Master Clark having been to this new country, I consulted him as to when we would see land. Pointing ahead to a dark haze on the horizon, he said the best indication of the approach of land were the clouds. He averred that the hills and valleys were sheltered by a sky all their own, while the waters had their distinctive clouds, furthermore while the vapors of dry land would hover over the sea, those of the water were so delicate as not to float over any other substance than their own.

During the night I heard the seamen heaving the lead. It was the same cry of so many fathoms and no bottom, until I became weary and went to sleep, with the droning call of the men sounding in my ears. When I awoke the sun was streaming through the alcove window. I lay expecting to hear the call of the leadmen, but there was only the wash of the sea as it lapped against the hull. Springing from my rugs, I hastened to the alcove; but all I could see was a haze along the western horizon, which I had not noticed before.

This prospect of an early release from the narrow bounds of the vessel was most pleasing. I got out my musket, examined its flint and steel, soiling my clothes with a greasy rag in an endeavor to oil the gun barrel. My cask of powder, pouch of bullets, and sheet of lead, I sought out so as to lose no time in starting the slaughter of birds and animals in this strange country. I was so filled with the huntsman's fever I could hardly wait for the first cry of "land." Captain Jones, however, persuaded me to postpone my activities until we came in sight of the coast, fearing my enthusiasm might turn into vapor.

Rather indignant at the captain's remark, I left the roundhouse for the deck. There the colonists big and little were lined up along the side of the ship, looking intently at the distant horizon. They were facing the new world, with their backs turned to the old. I did not like this abandonment of England, so I took my stand on the sea-side and looked toward my native land wondering what the earl was doing, and if Lady Arabella fancied I had run away with her diamond shoe rose. Tiring of this musing I came and stood with the Separatists. Mistress Lora was abroad this morning, straining her eyes with the others to catch the first glimpse of the promised land. The more I thought over our last silent meeting, the more conscience-smitten I became. I endeavored to approach her, but the high spirited maiden would not permit me.

All day the colonists hovered on deck. Anxiously they watched. Silently they stood, looking toward the west. Noontime passed, there were no thoughts of leaving the deck even for a bit of bread. Now and then an anxious watcher pointed into the distant haze, sure that he saw the shores of the new world. So they stood in excitement unabated, looking, wishing, hoping, praying as the sun went down. Braving the cold winds the most courageous lingered until the curtains of night closed around them. Silently they turned towards the cabin hoping that tomorrow would bring them safely ashore.

In the early hours of the night I stood watch with the wheelman, hoping I might see lights on land, such as greeted the navigator Columbus the night before his discovery of this new country. Master Clark was at the wheel. Captain Jones was forward with the men casting the lead. Every officer of the ship was up and alert. All their seamanship was called in play as the ship came out of the deep sea and felt its way toward this unknown coast.

Master Clark and I had just exchanged a few words on the prospect of seeing land in the morning, when we heard the call of the man in the stays, "One hundred twenty fathoms, land." We listened breathlessly and then the leadman called out, "Sand." "Sand bottom at one hundred and twenty fathoms," exclaimed Master Clark.

Then we listened and shortly there came back the call of the seamen, "One hundred fathoms."

"Shoaling fast, Master Beaumont."

Captain Jones who was forward had another mind and held on until "Eighty fathoms" came from the leadsman. Then shouting his orders he commanded sails to be reefed close down sufficient to keep the ship in her head-way. This was hardly done when I was astonished at the cry of "One hundred fathoms."

The mate exclaimed, "We have passed over the first shoal, land is not far away."

Shortly Captain Jones came back to the wheel saying, "Clark, what think you, had we better lay to until morning?"

Master Clark turned his head and listened. Off in the distance I could hear deep muffled rumbling. The captain caught the same sound exclaiming, "Surf!" Mate Clark whirled the wheel and the ship rounded to, setting her prow towards the open sea.

Master Carver, Captain Standish, Elder Brewster, and others of the colonists unable to sleep were walking uneasily around the deck. I could see them shuffling about like phantoms in the dim light anxiously listening until they too caught the sound of the sea beating upon the sands. I saw them kneel upon the wet deck, then like shadows disappear into the cabin to catch a few hours' sleep ere they began life in the wilderness.

"Master Beaumont," exclaimed Clark, "you are suffering needlessly. We shall stand off shore until morning." With this advice I went into the roundhouse and to bed.

With the coming of the first rays of light I crawled out from my warm sleeping-rugs, and hurried out on the cold deck, to find Master Carver and his associates before me. They were walking back and forth stopping now and then to anxiously look off into the distance, where we could still hear the low muffled roar of the surf. As the light grew stronger, out of the distant line of uncertainty there came a glimmer of white and from many lips at the same time arose the cry of "Land."

There in the far-away was a line of white rising above the blue of the sea, and the shores of America were unveiled to the

Separatists. With the coming of this new day was ushered in the land which was to chasten and encourage them, to give of its plenty and to bring them to famine, to drive them into hardships and to harbor them. They now stood in the presence of this land which they long had sought with its unknown destinies and were glad.

At the cry of "Land" the colonists crowded on deck. All they could see, however, was a low sandy coast, with outlines of headlands rising from the sea. They had no thought of their whereabouts. Being sick of the vessel they were anxious to go ashore, whether the land fall was below the mouth of Hudson's River or in the Frenchman's "Canaday." The prospect brought men, women, and children on deck, who had not been from their beds for days, though many still lay ill and feeble in their rugs.

When the daylight was well fixed Captain Jones ordered the vessel headed toward the shore. He and Mate Clark were forward on the forecastle, while Second Mate Coppin was at the wheel. Only tried men were trusted with the handling of the ship, as it felt its way over the shoals under half sail. There were two men in the stays heaving the lead. Captain Jones followed the cry of one, while Master Clark took the other. Though the two master mariners watched the coast line with interest, their greatest anxiety was over heaving the lead. In time coming into shoal water the captain called Master Clark to consult with him, if he could make out the landfall, which was a low lying sandy spit.

As Captain Jones and Master Clark had been on several voyages to this new country, they endeavored to fix the land as belonging to some part of Virginia which they had seen before. In this they were disappointed. Then Master Coppin was called from the wheel, as he had been to the northern shores of Virginia, but the distance was too great for him to perceive.

This morning, Friday, November twentieth, sixteen hundred and twenty, Mistress Lora was among those who came on deck with the first cry of land. At my first glance at the maiden, I thought the voyage had increased her beauty rather than detracted from it. Her simple costume gave her comely figure

a grace which I am sure neither silks nor velvets could have improved. As she stood with both hands clasping the side of the ship looking at the distant shore, I thought her a real picture in drab.

As I watched her, the thought came to me that we were soon to be separated: she to abide in a colonist's hut, while I was to go back to ancient halls. In an instant whatever rancor was within me, disappeared; and I longed to go to her and make amends. Mistress Lora was not of the sad and sorrowful type of countenance which I had been taught all Separatists were, indeed she had a gracious manner and a cheery smile, which won you to her, whether you willed or not.

I started to walk past where she was standing; though my feet would have carried me by, my heart would not; and before she was aware of my presence I was at her side saying "Good morrow."

Much to my delight she said, "Good morrow, Master Beaumont."

Like a schoolboy I said impulsively, "Then Mistress Lora, you do not detest me?"

"Master Beaumont, why should I find fault?"

"Mistress Lora, why then did you cast my sweets away?" I could have bitten my tongue after giving up my secret, but it was too late to mend the matter.

Prettily the color played back and forth in her cheeks as she replied, "I suspected they came from you, and would have saved them if I could, but father would not permit me to receive gifts not knowing who sent them and he put them on the deck outside the door of the cabin." Looking at me she continued, "I thank thee, Master Beaumont."

"Then you bear me no hatred, Mistress Lora?"

She looked across the sea toward the white beach and with a kindly note in her voice she replied, "None."

Just then Captain Jones with Mates Clark and Coppin came by and I heard the latter say, " 'Tis Cape Cod."

Then someone touched the maiden on the shoulder bidding her come. Turning around I saw it was the father who led her away, leaving me alone.

THE REVOLT OF THE LONDON MEN

TURNING from the deck I followed Captain Jones and his mates back to the roundhouse, where I found them looking intently at a map of Virginia made by Captain John Smith. In the year 1614 this daring adventurer sailed along this coast on a voyage of exploration. At that time he fashioned for himself a drawing of the rivers, headlands, capes and bays, including Cape Cod, two years afterwards he published this book to which I have already referred, in which he wrote:

In this voyage I took the description of the coast as well by map as writing, and called it New England; but malicious minds among the sailors and others drowned that name with echo of Nusconcus, Canaday, and Penaquid; till at my humble suit, our most gracious King Charles, then Prince of Wales was pleased to confirm it by that title and did change the barbarous names of the principal harbors and habitations for such English, that posterity may say, King Charles was their Godfather: and in my opinion it should seem an unmannerly presumption in any that doth alter without his leave.

As I came into the cabin I heard Captain Jones say, "This is what Captain Smith calls 'New England.' "

While Mates Clark and Coppin peered over his shoulder the captain pointed on the map with his finger saying, "Here is Cape Cod which encloseth this bay like a sickle; and here lieth Hudson's River, for which we are bound."

"It is a fair distance to the river," responded Coppin, "but once Cape Cod is rounded, the ship will be in still waters since an island lies along this coast the whole distance."

"Coppin, you are sure it is Cape Cod?" again asked Captain Jones.

"That I am, as I spent some weeks in its harbor and am familiar with its coast," answered the mate.

Having determined the landfall as Cape Cod, the captain went on deck, there meeting Master Carver, who was anxiously waiting, and told him that the land was New England

instead of Northern Virginia. The colonists now gathered around their leader and the captain, evidently discussing some question with great interest. This group held together for some time; when the conference finally ended, Captain Jones changed the ship's course, and stood out to sea.

This maneuver had hardly been executed when Captain Jones came back to the roundhouse, followed by Masters Carver, Brewster, Bradford, Captain Standish, Doctor Fuller, Winslow, and Isaac Allerton. These men filing into the roundhouse stood in respectful silence while Master Carver who acted as spokesman gravely said, "Captain Jones, have you fixed on the landfall as Cape Cod?"

"So Captain Gosnold would call it," answered the master mariner.

"Then this country lies not within the charter of the Virginia Company of London?" went on the gray haired Carver.

Addressing his associates Master Carver now said, "It behooves us to go farther south until we come to where this Hudson's River flows into the sea; since the charter we now hold does not include this New England, where we would land without right or license."

Captain Jones broke the silence by saying, "This ship and its crew were chartered for the voyage to the coast below the Dutch settlement of New Amsterdam at the mouth of Hudson's River; if you desire to go to that country I will take you."

Master Bradford could keep still no longer and in his determined way said, "We should make every effort to go to the country of Northern Virginia; there we have authority by our charter, here we have none."

This precipitated an argument for these men thought for themselves and were prepared to talk freely on all things concerning themselves. Captain Jones listened for some time then rather impatiently said, "Is it your will that we go on to Hudson's River?"

There was an awkward silence, then Master Carver turned to his associates with, "What say you?"

There was another silence then Master Bradford replied, "It is seemly that we go."

This ended the conference, the colonists returning to their associates, while the captain gave orders to sail along the coast.

Sauntering out on deck forward of the mainmast I observed a group of men very much engaged over something upon the deck. Coming up to them I saw a man kneeling, with a handful of sticks. It was Master Stephen Hopkins, whom I soon learned was giving the colonists their first lesson in the construction of houses such as were adapted to this new land. The colonists having come from a land of brick and mortar were now confronted with the problem of building houses without either. In fact it was the apparent helplessness of some that caused Master Hopkins now to be down upon his hands and knees.

Master Stephen was especially fitted as an instructor in this work, having spent some time in Southern Virginia and was familiar with pioneer ways. In 1609 he went with Sir Thomas Gates to Jamestown, when the Virginia settlement was surrounded on all sides by a wilderness. There Master Stephen was broken in to the building of log houses in a manner peculiar to this new country.

As I came up to the group I saw Master Hopkins take four small sticks about the size of a man's finger. These he notched on one side at the ends, laying them on deck in the shape of a square, with the cut sides upward he said, "Now you cut four more timbers of the same length, using an ax to make notches on both sides of the logs, so that one cut fits over the lower stick and the other cut receives the log above." Suiting his action to his words he cut four pieces and laid them crossways as he had described.

"What of the windows?" asked John Billington, a big uncouth sort of a fellow from London.

"Whither the chimney?" asked Francis Eaton, a carpenter from Leyden, in the same breath. These men of brick, mortar, and planks could not see how a house was to be fashioned out of trees.

Master Hopkins held up his hands pleadingly and bade his listeners hear him through. "As to windows, Good Man Billington," he replied, "the opening is made in the same manner

as the door, but we shall have little use for them since we have not glass to put into them. Though greased linen lets in the light and keeps out the wet, still the cold filters through too freely for comfort in cold climate."

Before Master Hopkins could be interrupted again he said, the logs came from the forests, the clay from the banks of the brook, and the thatched roof was the wild sea grass from neighboring swamps. So he declared in the wilderness they would find house material growing and ready at hand. With this farewell address Master Hopkins arose. The men still held together endeavoring to master their puzzle of picking their houses out of the forests, streams, and swamps.

I was greatly interested in Master Stephen's talk, and bent over him as he illustrated his house-building with his sticks, so that I did not notice the persons who afterwards joined the group. Looking up I saw Mistress Lora, who was also watching the house-building with keen interest. She saw me about the same time and quickly looked the other way. When Master Stephen retired, she stood for a moment undecided, so I made haste to go to her.

As I approached I said, "Mistress Lora, you seemed intent upon Master Hopkins's tree houses?"

"They are exceedingly curious to me," she replied.

"I fear they will have little space for living."

She was little inclined to talk to me and would have gone had I not continued with, "I presume, one of Master Hopkins's log houses will be your home?"

"Master Beaumont, there can be no other in the forest," she replied briefly.

"You are content?"

"Until we can better our condition," she answered without looking my way.

"A mud house in the forests," I said "is no fit place for man or beast."

Like a flash came from her lips, "But for women."

It was a bit of sarcasm which I had not expected and stood somewhat taken back but finally said quite gallantly, "Perhaps for some women, Mistress Lora, but not for you."

Quite determinedly she replied, "But these tree houses are ample for me and my people," and before I could answer she had fled.

From her manner I knew that someone had recently instilled in her maidenly mind the hatred of a Puritan for the cavalier and she was now exercising her feelings on me. I would like to have explained my side to Mistress Lora which I would have spurned to do to any other person. Her father of course was the maiden's adviser, as he should have been. I was for going to the elder endeavoring to set him aright, even seeking him with this purpose in mind. Fortunately, he was not to be found and after considering the matter I decided to postpone the interview.

In the meantime the wind held off our quarter lightly, until the ship was above two score miles past Cape Cod, then in the middle of the afternoon it died down barely giving the vessel headway. The leads were going constantly, fetching bottom at a few fathoms. Shoals and sands were on all sides and in the near distance I could see the surf breaking upon shallows. It was soon clear that unless Captain Jones was a master sailor, he would leave the ribs of his ship to decay upon one of the numerous shoals that surrounded us. The passengers too grew nervous over the prospect though the sailors showed no great alarm.

There was a hurried consultation again in the roundhouse, between Captain Jones and the head men, what course the ship should now pursue. As usual the gray haired Carver took the lead by stating, "Master Jones, what say you to our prospect of Hudson's River?"

The captain answered quickly, "If the wind holds good we can come to the river quickly, but if it continues to fail us, we shall go hard and fast upon the sands."

Master Carver, Bradford, and even Elder Brewster were for going on to Hudson's River where their charter enabled them to control and govern. Their whole thought was upon the civil authority as granted them. This they conceived they had in truth if they came to their destination, to land elsewhere they feared would bring confusion, and stoutly said so.

Their scruples were overcome, however, by a speech of Winslow, who said, "Captain Jones's commission is to see us landed safely, then sail for England. If we do not build our houses before the chill of winter overtakes us, and the ship leaves us, we shall perish. 'Tis better to turn back to Cape Cod, where we will find a safe harbor and plenty of building material, than to wait for favorable winds to carry us to Northern Virginia."

Captain Jones sat with a formidable frown on his forehead, confirming word for word what the speaker had said. This the colonists witnessed with considerable feeling, besides Master Winslow had spoken truthfully, so those who favored going on gave way.

Captain Jones, who sorely wished the matter well ended, asked impatiently, "Master Carver, what say you?"

The governor promptly replied, "Let us return to Cape Cod."

Captain Jones, who had changed his course for the open sea before going into the conference, hoisted all sail to beat off shore as far as possible ere the night came on. This was his only safety, for as far as you could see ahead on the old course the surf was breaking over the shoals. Ere the sun went down the coast line was but a dull black streak on the horizon.

The wisdom of the leader was verified as to the turmoil that would ensue were they to make a landing elsewhere than granted by their charter. For as soon as it became known that the ship was turning back to Cape Cod trouble began.

This cargo of Separatists was divided into two parties, one coming from London, the other from Leyden in Holland. The Londoners went from that city to Southampton in this vessel, while the Leyden party came to Southampton in a small ship called the "Speedwell." Though they were all Englishmen still there was more or less feeling between the two parties, the Leydeners even terming their London associates as strangers thrust upon them. The Leyden congregation held together on all subjects, while the London adherents stood alone. As near as I could learn, the Londoners were for going on to Northern Virginia, while the Leydeners were for Cape Cod.

Master Stephen Hopkins who had acted the part of master

builder in the morning was the leader of the London party. He was an aggressive man, willful and stubborn. Master Stephen now found himself in a position similar to one which nearly cost him his life eleven years before. At that time he was lay reader to Chaplain Buck, both of whom had joined Sir Thomas Gates's expedition to the bay of the Chesapeake in Virginia. Their vessel was wrecked upon the Bermuda Islands. As the colony's charter was for a government in Virginia, Master Hopkins held that every man was free. Sir Thomas Gates court-martialed the mutineer, found him guilty, and sentenced him to be shot. Chaplain Buck rescued Master Stephen after much difficulty, and sent him off to London for trial, where he was acquitted.

As soon as it was decided to make a landing on Cape Cod, Master Hopkins began quickly advancing his old doctrine, as the colonists were to land without a patent, every man was a law unto himself. He could live in the forests alone, work or play, fish or hunt, and do his will irrespective of the wishes of his associates. This doctrine of each person doing as he pleased, so suited the fancy of the London party and bound servants, that it bade fair to divide the colony.

Already Master Hopkins, who was an alert man, had fanned the flame until I heard John Billington who talked loud and was a bad man at heart, say, "When once we land in this New England we shall be our own masters. Then these Dutch-Englishmen will not hold us under their hands, ordering us about as though they were lords of the realm. This Master Carver who has said it is thus and so, during the voyage, will no longer be king over us for we shall all be kings." As soon as I heard this talk I knew it came originally from Master Stephen, as Billington was not equal to it.

As I have said, Master Stephen Hopkins was a man of ability and though given to quoting the Scriptures loved to have his way. During the voyage I could see that taking orders from Master Carver was galling to him; so I was not surprised to learn of his fomenting a faction that would give him a following. During the afternoon as we stood out to sea, I witnessed the London people in little groups earnestly

talking among themselves; no doubt planning what they should do when they landed.

Of the one hundred and two colonists on the ship, sixty-nine were from Leyden, thirty from London, one from Southampton, and two sailors under contract. There was not such a great difference in the adults and servants of the two factions, the London men numbering thirteen as against twenty-eight from Holland. It is only fair to say that Richard Warren, Gilbert Winslow, and a few other London men were not in sympathy with the movement. Still withal Master Hopkins had sufficient backing to cause trouble.

The seditious talk coming to Master Carver's ears caused him to seek the counsel of Brewster, Bradford, and Standish; these Leyden men being the real movers of the voyage. Now that they saw their colony in jeopardy, I expected to see them put forth every effort to overcome the opposition. I felt sure a bridle of some sort would be slipped over the Londoner's heads, a compromise being impossible, as one was for rule, while the other stood for misrule. With the two factions threatening the peace of the colony, Friday's sun went down, leaving the air charged with much mutinous talk on the part of the men of London, while the men of Leyden wore a thoughtful and serious mien.

Slipping out from under my rugs the next morning, I found a curtain of mist suspended from the heavens, shutting off the view of the shore line, making the decks wet and slippery, giving the vessel an unhappy appearance. I was standing to the lee of the mainmast protecting myself from the damp chill, when I heard footsteps approaching. Looking out from behind the mast I saw Masters Carver, Brewster, and Bradford standing at the side of the ship buried in deep conversation. I could not hear what they were saying but fancied the conference was over the threatened revolt. They were there but a short time when Elder Brewster plucked a paper from his pocket, reading its contents to his associates. Master Bradford interrupted the reading from time to time, though the paper evidently pleased him in the main, as it did Master Carver.

I remained long enough to hear Master Bradford say some-

thing about all signing before landing; I presumed he was referring to the Elder's paper. Then I went along the opposite side of the vessel, wondering if the London men were still lying warm in their rugs; whilst their Leyden brethren were up and doing. Such must have been the case, as I did not meet another person, as I made my way back to the round-house.

THE SIGNING OF THE COMPACT

BOTH the hour glass and Captain Jones's clock in the roundhouse showed it was past eight o'clock on Saturday morning, when the mist began to rise leaving an undimmed view of the shore. The ship's prow was changed running directly to Cape Cod. From the little alcove I could see great activity upon the deck. Master Carver came and asked Captain Jones for the use of the roundhouse for a meeting. The captain gave his consent so that the leader went back to gather his men together.

There was a clatter of heavy shoes upon the deck, then the door of our cabin opened admitting Master Carver followed by Elder Brewster, Captain Standish, Masters Bradford, Winslow, and Allerton. Following their head men was the rank and file of the Leyden congregation. Back of these came Stephen Hopkins with what followers he could muster under his flag of revolt.

Now that these men confronted me, I began to compare them with others that occupied high positions in England, whom I knew. I confess they were clean in countenance, dignified in manner, and wholesome in appearance. Captain Standish had told me the history of most of them so that I was familiar with their past lives, some part of which I must now give in order to illuminate their conduct on this morning, when they created a government of their own, in which men were to rule themselves. As the Leyden leaders stood at bay, with jaws set and determined faces, so I would give their pictures on paper, as the man of art would hold them on canvas, for the view of those who did not see them as I did.

As I have related I know only what Captain Standish had told me of them, though I had little use for Separatists, still these men conducted themselves so fairly that I must speak justly of them.

Master Carver, who was the ship's governor, was the central figure of the group. He was a man of about sixty, with gray hair and close cropped beard giving dignity to his kindly face. An Essex merchant in middle life he went to Holland, there happening on the Separatists, married the sister of Pastor John Robinson. Of goodly estate, he spent it so freely upon the Separatists that he became as poor as the poorest of them. This charity which divested him of his goods, marked his every act toward the colonists. When the first negotiation for a Virginia charter was begun, he with another was sent to London to carry it to a conclusion. This confidence was again bestowed upon him when his Leyden brethren sent him to London to purchase supplies for the voyage. The money was advanced by London merchants with the expectations that the supplies would be purchased in that city; but Master Carver true to his trust carried himself to Southampton where the purchases were mostly made, much to the disgust of the London principals. Kindly and gentle in disposition he was loved devotedly by his people.

Close by the side of Master Carver was the tall form of Elder William Brewster, his thin face showing years of toil. With the air of a goodly man about him, there was linked a wisdom coming from knowledge of worldly affairs. This last touch I connected with the statement which my friend Captain Standish made to me concerning his life; for he said that Elder Brewster was a graduate of Cambridge University, and a man of learning. Early in his career he had been the aid and confidant of William Davidson, secretary of state to Queen Elizabeth. Master Brewster's end in state matters came, however, with the downfall of Master Davidson for signing the warrant of death of Mary Queen of the Scots. Retiring from the court at London, Master Brewster kept a post house on the great north road at Scrooby in Nottinghamshire. There the Separatists drew him to them.

When the hand of the established church was laid upon the yeomen of Scrooby, it was William Brewster who suggested that the congregation separate from the mother church and escape into Holland. Hence, they took the name of Separatists.

It was the goods and estate of the same man that finally transported the people, after many trials and disappointments, in the spring of 1608. Thrown upon his own resources he began with daily labor in Holland, though in England he had been accustomed to plenty. From a teacher of English to the young men attending Leyden University, he became a printer of seditious books, setting up his own type within the narrow confines of his gable roof attic. When it was apparent that the Separatists were doomed to be swallowed in the ways of the Dutch, it was Elder Brewster who suggested that they move to the wilderness of the new world, where new members would join from England and a firm foundation be established for the wavering congregation.

His title of elder was given him through his being an elder of the Leyden Church. With his shoulders touching that of the gray haired Carver, I could not help but think that if my friend Standish spoke accurately, Master Carver was the governor of the colony, whilst Elder Brewster was its moving spirit.

Behind Elder Brewster stood his young friend and ally, Master William Bradford, a north of England yeoman of sturdy stock. He was a man of action. Of medium height, stocky build, he stood squarely on his feet as a man should. Though but thirty, he had been through the trials of these people from his boyhood days. During the various interviews of the colonists with Captain Jones in the roundhouse, Bradford was always determined and willful. According to Captain Standish this Master Bradford, though a yeoman, had been blessed with the desire for knowledge; though never attending a university, he had so applied himself as to speak Dutch and French fluently, and could read Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. Perhaps it was his taste of the wisdom of these ancient writers that gave him the appearance of one who saw affairs broadly. Master Bradford as I saw him this day was the power, even as Master Carver was the just governor, and Elder Brewster the spirit, of this band of Separatists.

I am undecided whether to take up next a young gentleman of five and twenty, with a pleasing manner, who stood at the right of Master Bradford, or Captain Standish, who was at

his left. They were both equally prominent, but I will leave Standish talking earnestly to the gray haired elder, whilst I fashion out the younger man who bore the marks of being of a higher social rank than his associates. He was of a slender figure, rather below than above the medium height, with his hair falling in ringlets over his shoulders. He was wearing a wide ruff, indicating he was in touch with the world of fashion. With his round face and pointed beard he looked more as if he belonged to the court than to these gray clothed church reformers. Again I must quote Captain Standish, who gave me what I am about to state relative to this Master Edward Winslow. The captain said Master Winslow came of good Worcestershire family and was a man of talent and education. Three years before while in Holland he visited Leyden, there falling in with the Separatists he became attached to them. Marrying one of the maidens he became active in their affairs. Easy in conversation, graceful in manner, Master Winslow conducted himself this day as one who would gain his way by words rather than actions.

Of course the most interesting man in the group was my friend, Captain Standish. From time to time during the voyage I learned from him of his estate and people. His family was an ancient one of Lancashire, in fact of all England. Though heir to a great estate he could not gain possession of it, being compelled to seek service as a soldier in the low countries. He was now six and thirty, short of stature, lithe, and quick of body. A scar across his thin face did not add to his comeliness. He was a man of few words, quick of temper, and would strike hard and often when in anger. A man of strict habits, he was not a member of the Separatists' congregation, coming on the voyage as the military leader of the colonists. His mission was to act as defender against the savages or mayhap the inroads of the Spaniards or the French.

Isaac Allerton, big of body, a man of narrow vision, stood close to Captain Standish. His face was marked with grossness, bespeaking a grasping selfish disposition, who would have his way by fair means or foul. Captain Standish did not fancy Master Allerton any more than I did, and only knew he

had been a tailor in London, and afterwards a merchant in Holland.

The last of this group of the head men of the colonists was Doctor Fuller. Clean faced and clear eyed he bore the marks of being an able man. The universal affection for him made him a central figure, though he lacked somewhat the spirit and action of his associates.

Master Bradford, the Elder, Winslow, Allerton, Captain Standish, and Doctor Fuller gathered around Master Carver, as he faced the commonalty that came stamping into the roundhouse from the water soaked decks, and took their position around the sides of the cabin. While some stood patiently, others were uneasy, as if suspicious that an undue advantage was to be taken of them, and most of the London men carried a menace in their faces. I fancied that I saw Master Stephen Hopkins's jaw set firmly, as he came in followed by his faction.

When the last man had entered the roundhouse the door was closed and every master and servant stood in the presence of the ship's governor. I was all impatience, to see how the church-going Separatists were going to handle the belligerent Londoners. My sympathies for once were with them, but I was fearful of shrewd Stephen Hopkins and big John Billington, who was an unworthy person, and with his family had been taken on board the ship at London.

Since much was made of the morning's proceedings by the crown authorities in after years, and as the French Ambassador wrote to Paris of a new form of government having been founded to be independent of London, it lies within my province as a spectator to tell what I saw and heard myself, so that you may form your own opinion as to what was or was not done.

Captain Jones and I were seated in the starboard alcove, giving us full view of the cabin and at the same time the distant shore. From time to time he would look my way and with a knowing wink gave me to understand there was trouble brewing. I paid little heed to him since my attention was entirely taken up with watching the faces of the group of leaders. While I was looking, the sun which had been subdued by the mists

of the morning, broke forth, illuminating the dark beams of the roundhouse, showing clearly the goodly face of the governor, the sympathy of Elder Brewster, the firmness of Bradford, the diplomacy of Winslow, and the courage of Standish. These men as I saw them then impressed me as worthy of believing and following. Cool, calm, deliberate, though they felt they were standing in the presence of revolt, and possibly defeat of their plans, there was not a sign of the tension, except what might be read on the care-worn face of their leader.

It was the full voice of Master Carver that called the men's attention to the object of their coming together. He was a plain spoken man dealing in no fine phrases. Simply, I thought, bluntly he told his hearers that there had been talk amongst the colonists of the lack of controlling power of the charter, as they were about to land in a new country for which they had no patent. Master Carver did not deny or affirm this statement but straightway took up the task of showing the dangers that surrounded them: the cold of winter, lack of shelter, want of provisions, and the necessity of laboring in the fields that another season they might reap a harvest. Freely and fully he touched upon these things, concluding by dwelling upon the greatest of all dangers, the attack of the savages. He quoted from the book of Captain John Smith as authority, that four years before he had seen in this very country about Cape Cod, wigwams, cleared fields, and many lusty Indians. In the presence of these known dangers Master Carver declared they should stand together, there should be no factions, but all unite in a bond of friendship.

Master Hopkins grew weary under this talk. I nudged Captain Jones as Master Carver drew forth the paper which Elder Brewster had read that morning on the deck to him and Master Bradford. Now, I thought, the men of Leyden having their trap well baited were about to spring it upon their London friends.

As he held up the paper he said it was a compact that would establish a form of government with or without a charter, if they were willing to sign it. Then in a clear calm voice he read the compact.

In the name of God, Amen. We whose names are under written, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign Lord, King James, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, king, defender of the faith, etc. Having undertaken for the glory of God an advancement of the Christian faith and honor of our King and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the Northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents solemnly and mutually in the presence of God, and of one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic for our better ordering and preservation and furtherance of the ends of aforesaid; and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most needed and convenient for the general good of the colony, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof, we have here underscribed our names at Cape Cod the twenty-first day of November, in the year of the reign of our sovereign, Lord King James of England, France and Ireland the eighteenth, and of Scotland the fifty-fourth. Anno Dom., 1620.

This was a strange document to me. It was also a new and dangerous doctrine, I thought, for if men were going to rule themselves of what good was a monarch? At all events Master Stephen did not like it any better than I did, and asked Master Carver to read the paper a second time.

During the second reading Master Christopher Martin stood with puzzled face, finally blustering out impatiently, "This is not a king's paper, and has no authority over us."

Stephen Hopkins smiled. Captain Jones had a twinkle in his eye. I wondered what answer Master Carver would make.

The Leyden men were evidently prepared for this attack, for in a calm voice Master Carver replied, "True 'tis not a king's paper, but once all agree to this, it gives us a form of government which is necessary for our safety in our present perilous situation, and this civil form is so constituted by the consent of all."

Master Stephen could contain himself no longer, wrathfully saying, "How so, for it is of man's making."

"True it is of man's making, but all civil power is such whether it be constituted by the king or by the people themselves. It is the civil power which is God's Holy Ordinance however constituted," answered the ship's governor.

I was angered by this creed and longed to enter the debate but bit my tongue and sat in silence.

What stirred me more was Master Carver at once saying, "To the men of Leyden, God's Ordinances are above the King's."

"Then can we establish a government without the King's consent?" exclaimed Master Martin.

"If we all agree to do so, since the king is not here to grant such power to us," returned Master Carver.

Turning to Captain Jones I whispered to him, "These men would soon do away with a king."

The master of the ship had greater intelligence than I supposed, for he whispered back, "That was the reason King James told the Separatists at the Hampton Court Conference that unless they conformed to the established church he would harry them out of his kingdom. His Majesty at the time declared their creed would soon carry them to saying, 'no bishop, no king.' "

Master Hopkins, who was a stubborn and fractious man, now demanded, "By what authority comes this agreement?"

Then the leader of the Leyden men drew forth another strange paper from his doublet, holding it up that the people might see it, saying, "This is the last letter from our beloved pastor, Master John Robinson, written from Leyden. Though I read it to you before sailing from Southampton, I shall read it again, as it is written to all of you and to no one in particular."

Then he read the letter from their old leader, whom they had left in Leyden, in which he used many and various phrases admonishing them to live in fear of their God, to be patient with each other, to overlook each others' frailties and dwell in harmony as one people. Turning toward Stephen Hopkins and the London men, he said, "Master Stephen, you ask by what authority comes this agreement, listen while I read this clause of Pastor Robinson's letter, and you will understand." Then turning to the letter Master Carver read:

Lastly, whereas you are become a body politic, using amongst yourselves civil government, and are not furnished with any

persons of special eminence above the rest, to be chosen by you into office of government, let your wisdom and godliness appear, not only in choosing such persons as do entirely love and will promote the common good, but also yielding unto them all due honor and obedience in their lawful administrations, not beholding in them the ordinariness of their persons, but God's Ordinance for your good, not being like the foolish multitude who more honor the gay coat, than either the virtuous mind of the man or glorious ordinances of the Lord.

Here Master Carver turned toward his own people and continued reading,

But you know better things, and that the image of the Lord's power and authority which the magistrate beareth, is honorable in how mean persons soever. And this duty you both may the more willingly and ought the more conscionably to perform, because you are at least for the present to have only them for your ordinary governor, which yourselves shall make choice of for that work.

Before Master Carver ceased reading big John Billington roared in an ugly voice, " 'Tis but Pastor Robinson's word you would rule us by instead of the king's."

"Nay, not so fast, John Billington, for here is God's word as written through Apostle Paul in Romans xiii, 1-2:

"Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive themselves damnation."

"But the powers that be is King James, and his laws are then the ordinance of God and not ours," exclaimed Master Hopkins hotly.

"True, Master Hopkins," replied Master Carver, "but ye mistook the meaning of the words, for if King James be the power in England, the officers of his law are not here with us; the authority which we all confirm upon our leaders and magistrates is on this side of the sea, and is equally of God's ordinance, at least until such time as the king's authority can be extended to our new colony. It is not the person but the law which is God's Holy Ordinance and must be strictly observed."

As Master Carver was speaking, I could only think if he attempted to apply his foolish doctrines to these people, they would soon be in confusion and a snarl. They knew nothing

of the making of laws or the machinery to execute them, consequently must rely upon their leaders. My idea was that I would rather have a king than an inexperienced leader. I could only see a lot of ignorant men called upon to perform offices which now were filled in England by men of wisdom and experience and of noble families. I shook my head to Captain Jones and he to me, showing our doubts of the new fangled theories. I am willing to confess, however, as I looked at the intelligence of the group of men around Master Carver, that my fears were somewhat relieved; but the commonality ruling themselves wisely, I thought impossible.

Master Carver brought matters to an issue quickly, for placing the paper which he was prompted to call "a compact," on the table he said, " 'Tis not our wish to force anyone to sign this compact, but those who would live with us in peace and harmony must do so."

With this he called for ink and quill and without further words signed his name. Master Bradford then stepped forward, taking the quill he very handsomely offered it to the Elder, but the latter waved him aside bidding him sign, so that Bradford was second, Edward Winslow was third, Elder Brewster fourth, Isaac Allerton fifth, and Captain Standish sixth. I was not surprised at this, knowing the leaders to be agreed among themselves.

But what would the commonality do? Would Master Stephen and his faction sign away their rights? These and other doubts came into my mind as I sat and watched the faces of the men ranged along the side of the cabin. With the exception of Master Carver and Elder Brewster, they were all young men, averaging, I judged, about thirty years of age. As I looked at them closely I began to see some merit in them: a sort of sturdiness of purpose, that after all, if properly directed might come to some good. There was an awkward pause after the captain's signature which was broken by the youthful John Alden, stepping forward from the crowd and taking the quill pen. He was big of body and as he signed and stood with those who were for government, he made a goodly figure.

The London men still stood together. Master Stephen Hop-

kins I was sure would hold to the last. Of his associates I was in doubt. While I was still watching Master Hopkins, Master Christopher Martin broke away from the revolters, then Master William Mullins, then Richard Warren, all London men. Now I knew that the revolt was at an end, for Master Hopkins was the only man of quality who had not given his allegiance to this compact. Whatever plans he might have had, he resigned quickly, for as John Howland laid down the quill, he seized it and gave his name to this new form of government being the fourteenth signer. John Billington and some of the others were sullen and angry, for they fancied living in the forests and a life of ease. But Billington came forward as the twenty-fifth man retired and gave his consent by his mark. Of the one and forty men and servants who agreed to sign away their rights and have them returned with limitation this morning, Edward Dotey and Edward Leister, who were servants of Master Stephen Hopkins were the last. Of the sixty-five men and boys on board, twenty-five did not sign but they were sons of those who had given their allegiance or men so sick they could not.

It was plainly evident that ruling by the people instead of a king was settled in Leyden by Pastor Robinson before the members of his congregation started on their voyage. But this compact, growing out of the situation created by the opposition of the strangers from London, had not been thought of.

Another phase of this strange plan, in which each individual had equal power, puzzled me greatly: that was on what social plane would all these men now meet. Upon this Mayflower there were three distinct divisions of society – gentlemen, commoners, and servants. On the deck you would hear "Master Carver," "Master Winslow," "Master Hopkins," so that in addressing gentle folks it was, "Master this," and "Master that." But the commoners were called plain "Francis Cook," "Thomas Rogers," "Degory Priest," and, at times, it might be "Goodman so and so." Then Masters Carver, Winslow, Brewster, and Hopkins, and others of the quality men had one and two servants to do their bidding. Being on different recognized social planes, I could not help but question myself how

they could be equals in civil government. This strange compact was supposed to perform the miracle of linking them together; though I could not deny its fundamentals were justice and equality, still how could an agreement bind together different natures into one unity. I could not grapple with the performance, being a strong believer in kings, courts, and nobles.

The colonists were not satisfied to upset the ancient form of government, but put in execution their new plan at once. As the last man signed the compact Master Bradford, who was ever forward, said, "Since Master John Carver has been our ship's governor, I move that he be confirmed as our land governor."

With a roar of voices the new government was now put into execution, both factions voting as one man. Though it was new and novel, I must confess the method seemed to work exceedingly well at its first performance.

THE FIRST LANDING

AS I sat in the alcove watching the colonists arranging the new form of government I cast my eyes now and then out of the window towards the distant shore, which we were approaching. There was the shimmer of a sandy beach and back of this white line trees with dark foliage, which at this season of the year I fancied were pines. Coming nearer, I could distinguish other trees between the pines with dead leaves clinging to their branches, which any man who was familiar with the forests, even at this distance knew could be none other than oaks. There were other trees standing straight and bare whose branches gave no signs of their family connections. The first sight of the new land interested me greatly.

Captain Jones did not sit through the conference, for as his vessel approached the land he left to take charge of its navigation through the unknown shoals. I longed to be with him, but the doings within the roundhouse fascinated me even more than what was going on without.

As soon as "Master," now "Governor John Carver," was confirmed in his position as ruler of the colony on land, the men left, some satisfied, others disappointed over the outcome. Neither "Governor" Carver nor any of the leaders showed signs of elation over the success of their plans; but followed the others out closely leaving me once more alone in the roundhouse.

I did not tarry long, but made my way out on deck where all was excitement. The colonists were ranged along the side of the vessel, looking intently at the land, now and then calling each other's attention to strange things. They were so glad to see dry land again, it made little difference to them whether it was a sand heap or a wilderness, in their anxiety to once more feel the firm ground beneath them. Governor Carver, fearing the wild savages, stopped the unwise resolution of all

rushing ashore. In fact an armed expedition had already been formed to explore the place of landing. The men who were going, clad in steel armor, were on deck armed with match-locks and swords.

Seeing what was on foot, I sought Captain Standish who was to command the adventure, endeavoring to arrange with him that I might be one of the party. He already showed the effects of signing the compact, for he said he would consult his associates and let me know. I was piqued at his not saying off hand I could join them, so told him not to bother about my request.

Turning from Captain Standish, I determined to seek Mistress Lora. Our time together was short, for I knew that both the colonists and Captain Jones were anxious to have them ashore. The original intention was to have arrived in the new country the latter part of September, but the delays due to the leaky ship "Speedwell" had thrown them back, so they were just reaching their destination on the twenty-first of November, nearly two months later than they had expected. This meant that the colonists would hasten ashore, the vessel lingering long enough to get sassafras root, and what furs they could barter from the savages, then sail for England. My time for seeing the maiden being limited, I felt it must be made the most of, if I was to gain her good will ere the return sailing. With this resolution I looked around the deck, but failed to catch a glimpse of her white hood. Happening to glance forward I saw her with two other maidens.

My joining them rather took the maidens by surprise, there was an awkward silence, then two of the girls left without a word. Mistress Lora would have flown with them, but I staid her by saying, "Mistress Lora, why would you shun me?"

"Because —" then she hesitated.

"Because, why?" I exclaimed.

"Because you are not of us," she faltered.

"Nay, that is not a good reason, since I am not against you."

Then looking at me she demurely said, "Thou are a king's man."

"True," I replied proudly, "but I can see some things differently now, than I did when I first came on the ship."

"But, Master Beaumont, you could never be for us."

"Why?" It was a crucial question, and I hoped now to learn how deep seated her prejudice was toward me.

"Father says that those belonging to the king are of the established church, which is now persecuting us, besides the nobility are ungodly."

"That is what your father says, what would you think?"

Like a true Separatist maiden she turned on me with a flash in her eye saying, "Father says rightly," then fled from me.

It served me properly, I thought, to put the maiden in a position that she must decry her father to commend me. I watched her until she was lost in the crowd; though she was modest and shy enough, still I liked the flash of fire in her spirited reply.

The ship in the meantime holding its way was entering a harbor ample to hold a thousand sail. The shore line broken with many valleys and hills was covered with dense woods. We sailed every point of the compass in getting into the harbor, Captain Jones anxiously watching the lead and wheelman. He was an expert master seaman, handling his ship with great caution.

As the vessel came into smooth waters, the sailors were sent scrambling up the masts to shorten sail. From the forecastle deck I could see them scurrying out on the arms, binding the folds of canvas, until the masts stood straight and bare against the sky. The cry of the men at the lead could be heard above the rattling of the braces. For the first time since the shores of old England the anchor lashings were loosened and runways made free. The motion of the vessel slackened. Shrilly the officer's whistle sounded. There was a rasping sound as the cables ran out and the anchor fell into the sea. The headway was barely perceptible, then ceased, and with a gentle sway the ship rode safely at anchor within the quiet waters of the harbor of Cape Cod.

Overlooking the deck I saw the pale faces and wondered how they were to endure the labors of subduing this wilder-

ness stretching away toward the setting sun. For over three months they had been living in foul quarters off of salted and dried meats, much of which was unfit for dogs. The women and children were crowded in the great cabin, while the men between decks were cold and wet. Living in the hold amidst sickening odors and foul air, those who came forth to have a full view of the new land were careworn and feeble. Indeed they counted themselves fortunate who could clamber on deck, for many were unable to do so. Looking across the bay at the sombre forests of pine, then glancing down on this handful of Separatists, I thought their heroism greater than a conquerer of many nations.

Thinking it would be proper to congratulate Captain Jones on the end of the voyage, I stepped up to him and said, "Captain, safe at last."

"Only half safe," he replied, "as the other half of the voyage still remains before us."

"Well, the colonists are at least," I replied.

"They are but half safe, too, as they are not settled ashore."

As I had been rebuffed by the colonists and was desirous of seeing the new country I addressed myself to Captain Jones saying, "Captain, I should like to try my snap chance on waterfowl, if you will send me ashore."

He promptly replied, "As you wish, Master Beaumont, and if you do not object, I should like to try as well."

With this understanding I hurried down on deck where the colonists were greatly excited over the party going ashore. Some of them were buckling on steel breast plates, others were blowing gun matches to a live fire, whilst a few were running their swords back and forth in their scabbards. Captain Standish with his armor and steel cap buckled on was walking around among his yeoman soldiers, pulling a strap here and a buckle there, examining a bandolier, advising with this man, warning that one, and chaffing the women about their fears.

The fear of the colonists was well founded, for a few months before, one, Captain Demer, had been attacked by savages in this harbor, losing most of his men and escaping

himself with many wounds. Besides Captain John Smith had written in his book that at Cape Cod there were living many lusty Indians. Knowing this, the first landing party went prepared for war.

As for myself I hurried back to the roundhouse. My musket or snap chance hung in reach on the wall and in order. Like a cautious soldier going to battle I buckled on a steel breast plate, back plates, and gorget. Though the steel cap felt heavy as compared to my soft hat, after plucking at its paddings, I put the weighty headgear on. My sword I swung around my body in case we should come to close quarters. I was assured, however, that the savages did not fancy fighting face to face; but like our ancient English bowman would stand a long way off and shoot you full of arrows. However they fought, I went forth this day in full panoply of steel, as I would have been had I been in the ditches of Flushing. Captain Jones being ready, I took down my snap chance and went forth among the colonists who were armed with ancient matchlocks.

All being in readiness, the sailors lowered a long boat and brought it to the ladder for the colonists. Fortunately the sea was as smooth as a reflecting steel when Captain Standish, after bidding farewell to his good wife, Mistress Rose, went over the side. I thought it dangerous business, for if he should make a misstep and fall he was so weighted with armor that he would go to the bottom like a piece of lead. Then came Governor Carver, Masters Bradford and Winslow, and Elder Brewster, all properly equipped with armor and guns. As I witnessed them going down the ladder, I thought, if the long boat should, through some misadventure, sink, the colonists would be in a bad way. But it seemed to be the manner of the chiefest of the colonists, if there was danger to be encountered or hardships to be endured, they fancied they must be to the fore. There were fifteen men all told in the long boat which took its way toward the sandy beach.

Captain Jones and I were soon quickly seated in our boat, though I am fain to say I did not arrive there without much fear of falling into the sea. There were fewer men in our light

boat, so that before the colonists were half way across the bay, we were alongside of them. Whatever Captain Jones might be, this day he showed the spirit of a man, for as our seamen desired to push ahead and land first he stopped them saying, "Hold back, men, 'tis nothing more than fair that the colonists should be first ashore."

Following Captain Jones's command our boat hung back, while the colonists pushed on toward the sandy beach. Sitting with my musket across my knees I watched the larger boat until of a sudden it stopped about a bow shot from shore. It was evident it was on the shallows, so that the colonists had to plunge in the ice cold water or turn back. Captain Standish who was in the bow seeing the situation, with a soldier's promptness leaped overboard, holding his gun and sword high above his head; the others followed, the water coming almost to their waists. Captain Jones gave me a curious look, as much as to say, "I wish I was on the ship."

Our boat shortly grounding came to a stop. I freely confess I did not get into the cold water without flinching. Instead of leaping over the side of the boat, however, I let myself down slowly and even hesitatingly into the sea. It was colder than I had ever felt it in England, making my teeth chatter.

By the time I reached the beach the last of the colonists was wading out of the sea. Prompted by the same motive, they all fell upon their knees. With their steel caps beside them, the lighted matches in their guns sending up little vapors of smoke, their clothes dripping with the spray of the cold sea, unmindful of the dangers that lurked in the forests beyond. they knelt in worshipful silence.

A winter's sky. . Winds surging hoarsely through the pines. . Waves breaking heavily on the beach. . Forests interminable. . In the midst of omnipotence were these men indomitable. Earnest words borne on the wings of light. . Almighty God called from high Heavens in deep toned voices to fulfill His promises. . Lastly earth courageous led by Spirit Divine. . Thus knelt the praying Pilgrims for the first time in the presence of the new world.

Captain Standish though in full sympathy with the elder's praying had his mind fixed on other things. While he was kneeling, he held his snap chance upright and frequently swept the woods with his eyes. Like a faithful guard his watch over his charges began with their first moments ashore.

Though I did not agree with them, I stood with bowed head in recognition of such devotion.

As the elder ceased speaking the men quickly recovered their head-pieces and began blowing their gun matches briskly. A high hill lay immediately in front of us. From its top a full view could be had of the country, and Captain Standish advised an overlook of the land from this eminence.

The colonists being yeomen shouldered their guns with great awkwardness, having neither an eye for step nor military formation as they filed off after their leader. Captain Jones and I not caring to risk our lives unnecessarily decided to follow. Once well within the woods they stopped to examine the trees. The pines were not straight and tall like those on the hills of Devonshire, but low growing and gnarly; the oaks too lacked nourishment, being seared with age, though they were barely five and twenty feet to their topmost branches. Having made these observations they moved on cautiously. The forests much to our surprise were free from undergrowth, particularly so near the beach, but the farther into the woods we went, the more our troubles increased with a green vine which grew in tangled masses. It did not take us long to discover that the hill was not of firm earth, but a sand dune, such as holds the sea from the coast of Holland. The men in heavy armor and beneath weighty match-locks were soon weary. As we approached the top we saw that it had been completely cleared of trees. What was more alarming was a pile of wood ready for a match. As we stood there in the trees looking anxiously at the heap of logs it came to us that we were looking upon a signal fire of the savages, furthermore our presence on the coast was not yet known. Though this was a relief still it indicated that we were in a country where the people signaled to each other in the same manner as we did in England.

Captain Standish held his men in check, whilst he advanced

into the clearing alone. As he crept along cautiously the colonists blew at their matches so they could fire promptly in case of need. Finally he reached the top of the hill; seeing the way clear he motioned for the rest to come. Gladly we went forth from the woods anxious to get the first survey of the country.

We took little interest in the ocean; for first we considered, we must look on the landward side to discover the whereabouts of the clearings and homes of the savages. In this we failed as all we beheld were low lying hills, with gentle valleys between; now and then a fresh water pond and a country covered with scrub pines, oaks, and such woody trash fit only for fire-wood. We soon discovered that the sea was in front of us as well as back of us, indicating our landing was on a cape of noble proportions. Looking across the bay we could see the ship safely at anchor, a tiny speck swaying on the ocean.

Imagine yourself on the top of a bleak hill with a wide ocean between yourself and friends, without hope of rescue or aid, one of a handful of farmers and yeomen, looking into an endless forest inhabited by cruel savages. I confess I shuddered at the thought.

Still Master Bradford after gazing upon it said, "Elder, this is a goodly land."

The silence of the ages seemed to me to be lurking under the pines, depressing me more than the fear of the savages. How they dared to face this wilderness with gladness was beyond my comprehension. As for myself I was happy in the thought that I had the ship to carry me back to England.

As the sun was fast sinking, we turned our backs on all these things and made our way down the hill. Half way down one of the men snapped a twig off a bush, its fragrance attracted his attention. Captain Jones at once pronounced it the precious sassafras bush, which was now in great demand in England for medicinal purposes. Many wise men disputed over its goodness; but whatever they thought of it, it was in such good repute that at one time a cargo of the herb would have been worth a fortune. Coming to another bush, it was torn from the earth and the red bark pulled from its roots. Its

delicate flavor so pleased the colonists that they took a store of it with them.

Once back on the beach, the colonists waded to their boats for axes to cut fire-wood, the stock on the ship having been exhausted. The captain and I not being burdened by this labor walked along the beach in search of fowl. We had gone but a short distance when we heard the chatter of ducks in the midst of wild grass. Stealing up to the blind, we came upon a pond of fresh water, with such quantities of ducks as I never beheld before. We took aim, letting our snap chances off together, causing the ducks to arise in clouds leaving a score or more helpless in the reeds. These we secured and being satisfied with our supply returned to the shore.

We found the colonists drawn up in battle array. Hearing the report of our guns they fancied we had been attacked by savages. When we appeared they were grateful for our success and straightway sent their men to try for ducks. Those of the colonists who remained were cutting juniper trees for fuel. One of the choppers was Elder Brewster, and one of the toilers, wading through the cold water with a heavy stick upon his back, was Governor Carver. I could not help but observe to myself, that the new form of individual government was fast adjusting itself to working order.

Before sundown both boats went back to the ship with the first fruits of the new country. The colonists carried juniper fire-wood, roots of sassafras, and a few ducks for their sick; while Captain Jones and I were content with fowl for ourselves being unmindful of the wants of others.

The vessed was lined with pale faced women and children peering down into the boat as we came alongside. They could not believe but that dangers lurked back of the line of trees facing the beach, and that some one of the party had fallen victim to them. In fact the women had been on deck all the while, watching the landing party. They saw the men as they waded ashore, as they stopped to pray on the beach, then with fear saw them one by one disappear in the forests. With bated breath they paced the deck until the party came back to the beach. These terrors now gave way as they looked

down into the faces in the boat and saw that none was missing.

The fire-wood was hauled aboard by strong arms and willing hearts, while the ducks were examined amidst many surprises that they were the same as in the marshes of England. The sassafras was soon under the tongues of those who cared to test its delicacy. But the fire-wood was hardly on deck and the fowls dressed, when there came a hush upon the vessel; as the silence of the forests spread across the bay and the stillness of the eventide stole into the hearts of the people – for at the setting of Saturday's sun the Separatists' Sabbath began.

The sun of the holy day rose on quiet waters. Though the seamen bustled on deck, the colonists sat quietly in groups. There was no preparation of food, further than putting on the table what had been cooked the previous day, except the ducks which were prepared for the sick. Though they hungered for the juice of fresh food, this desire was suppressed until the setting of the sun, for the Separatists' Sabbath ended with the going down of the sun.

Several times this day I caught a glimpse of Mistress Lora's white hood, but I did not have an opportunity of speaking to her. Once I met her face to face but she hurried by without so much as wishing me a "Good morrow." This only confirmed my good opinion of her spirit. She was a gentle maiden and one whose good opinions I greatly desired – why I should was more than I could explain to myself. Perhaps it was a natural longing to overcome Mistress Lora's willfulness. My patience surprised me, being content to bide my time until I could calm her prejudices.

Bright and early Monday morning the ship was filled with excitement. During the long voyage the fresh water had been reserved for drinking, so that the women were unable to do their washing. The women after much coaxing and insisting gained consent to go ashore to resume their weekly task.

Saturday the men made their first landing, Monday the women made theirs. There was great bustling around as the matrons and maids brought their bundles to the side of the ship, the men dropping them into the small boats. Getting the women over the side was no easy matter, but in time it was

done, though many hesitated at the task. The transporting of the women and maids through the surf was confided to their husbands and fathers. The unmarried had to be content with carrying great bundles of linen upon their backs, though they were perfectly willing to relieve their companions of their more lively burdens.

Before the women were landed, Captain Standish with a guard had preceded them, marching around the fresh water pond, to see that no savages were lurking there. He then stationed sentinels around the spot where the women were at work. They were not permitted to stray from the beach, the men carrying wood and water for them. While the sentinels walked their beats, the women pounded and scoured their clothes, hanging them on neighboring bushes to dry in the November sun, so that Cape Cod was greeted with strange sights and sounds on the first wash-day of New England.

Neither Captain Jones nor I being interested in the domestic scene, we took our guns and rowed along the shore in quest of ducks. Though we kept close to the marshes we found few fowls. Then we tried for fish, the harbor being reputed as a great place for cod; but in this we were again disappointed, so that we went back to the ship at noontime with barely sufficient for our table.

Having had heavy toils in the morning, I decided to keep to the deck in the afternoon. Mistress Lora being among the women who went ashore in the morning, I had no hopes of seeing her. Strolling out on deck I could see the women at work and the white linen spread upon the bushes. Sitting down with my back against the mainmast I fell to dreaming of the earl, Devonshire Hall, Lady Arabella, and the comforts of England, which I had given up for this wild voyage; when happening to look up who should I see but Mistress Lora standing a short distance from me gazing intently towards shore. As she showed signs of moving away, I leaped to my feet. It was Mistress Lora's restlessness, however, which caused her to change her position. She was leaning on the side of the ship, when I approached and said, "Mistress Lora, I thought you ashore." Giving a little cry of surprise with some

confusion she replied, "Master Beaumont, I thought you ashore, as well."

"So I was, but finding neither fish nor fowl I returned. Surely you had no such reason," I went on.

"Nay," she replied, "but my two small brothers brought me aboard, as they could not be trusted ashore."

Speaking seriously I said, "Mistress Lora, you have no fears of this country?"

"Every fear, but these I must overcome," she replied courageously.

"But the labor and the toil?"

"These are but simple dreads; it is the wild savages, I have heard such woeful tales of them."

"You would trust yourself among them?"

With a spirit worthy of good English blood she replied, "Where my people go, there I follow."

"Even unto death?" I asked.

Then looking across the water where she could see the people at work in the presence of the overshadowing danger, in an unfearing voice she replied, "Even unto death."

I could have shouted "Bravo" at her courage. Looking at her gentle face, I thought surely this Separatist maiden is without fear.

THE FIRST EXPEDITION OF DISCOVERY

WHEN this band of Separatists contracted their debt with the London merchants, they expected to pay it off through the profits derived from fishing and trading with the natives. In fact when their representative was in the presence of King James asking for a charter, His Majesty would know by what source the petitioners expected to gain a living. The answer made was from "fishing."

The king who was given to use liberal speech exclaimed, "So God have my soul, 'tis an honest trade; 'twas the Apostles own calling."

The promise that the Separatists had given their king of fishing, they now began to fulfill. When the vessel called the "Speedwell," which had been purchased outright by the colonists to be used as a fishing sloop, abandoned the voyage, a large shallop was secured in its stead. Being too large to go through the hatches, it was cut in parts to fit between decks. During the voyage the men had slept in the shallop, so that it was open at every seam and in such poor condition that the seamen declared it would never be fit for use.

Whatever the dismantled condition of the boat might be, the colonists had no other course than to repair it. So while the women were working through their two months' washing, the men who could be spared from guarding them, pulled the fishing-boat upon deck. With block and tackle the half wrecked shallop was then dropped into the sea. Though it threatened to sink before they reached the shore, the men got it into shallow water and by main force dragged it up onto the beach. It was the one hope of the colonists for their explorations and fishing.

Captain Jones had conceived the idea that the colonists would be inclined to take their time in finding a landing-place. Meeting "Governor" Carver on deck in the evening after the women

had returned, he said quite curtly, "Master," then quickly catching himself, "Governor Carver, how soon will you find a landing-place?"

"Just as quickly as our shallop is mended," was the governor's response.

"Pray, how soon, think you, that will be?"

"Our carpenter reports in a few days."

"That is well, as the season for our return is already late; I should have been half way to England ere this," replied Captain Jones impatiently.

As a matter of fact I knew what none of the colonists did, namely, that the captain had made up his mind that after waiting a reasonable length of time he would set them ashore and let them shift for themselves. This conversation with "Governor" Carver had greater significance, therefore, than the governor thought, since it was the beginning of the captain's maneuvers to hasten the ship's return to England.

This impatience of Captain Jones and the uneasiness of the colonists caused them to form an expedition immediately to examine the country on foot. This did not meet with the hearty approval of Governor Carver and the other leaders, being unwilling to trust their men to the perils of the woods and savages. Their reluctance, however, was overcome by the urgent necessity of finding a suitable spot on which to build. As soon as I heard of the party of exploration I was anxious to join it. Swallowing my pride aroused by the refusal of Captain Standish to permit me to join them in the first landing, I now sought him and asked that I might be one of the adventurers. Whether he had consulted his associates before in spite of my telling him not to, I do not know; but he said at once he would make a place for me, and asked me to be ready with musket and provisions early the next morning.

It was daylight when Captain Jones and I ate our breakfast in the roundhouse. He was going for ducks, while I was going with the colonists. The captain left me fuming over my steel gorget, which for some reason would not cover my neck closely. Finally adjusting the stubborn piece, I was soon encased in armor.

Coming out onto the deck, gun over my shoulder, and roll of sleeping-rug and bread on my back, I ran full into Mistress Lora. She was surprised at my going on the journey, and furthermore showed it. No doubt she would have passed me by, had I not said, "Mistress Lora, you see I am going to seek a home for you."

"So I perceive," was her reply.

"Perhaps you will feel that I am not an enemy."

"That may be true, Master Beaumont, but how can you be one of us? You have been to court; for aught I know bear a title, which ties you closer than you know to the people who hate us." She was speaking now from her own feelings, which was my first real insight into the depths of her prejudice against me.

"Nay, nay," I said, "my allegiances are on one side of the ocean, but my desires on this."

This puzzled her for she replied, "I do not understand."

I could not forbear, however, but refer to my hopes in another way, so I said, "Since this land fascinates you, cannot it please me as well?"

"Nay, the country does not please me, but I must be content with it, whilst you can flee from it," she replied with spirit.

"Supposing I would not flee?" I said watching her face closely.

"Then you would be a strange man indeed. What see you in yonder sand bank, with its gnarly pines, that would keep you from the brave clothes and gay scenes of England's halls?" She, too, was watching me closely to discover what sort of person I was that would set my back on plenty for the wilderness.

"Nay, not the country but —" there is no telling how I would have finished my sentence, but for the command of Captain Standish calling all who were going to come at once. This interruption saved me; without ending my reply, I hurried from the maiden, leaving her completely puzzled.

It was agreed that this first expedition was to be under the command of Captain Standish, with Masters Bradford. Ste-

phen Hopkins, and Edward Tilley as lieutenants and advisers. Master Hopkins was being given every honor to show that rancor was not in the hearts of the leaders for his opposition to the compact. Besides he had been to Virginia and could explain many of the novelties they were likely to encounter. Captain Jones who did not fancy walking far from his own quarterdeck decided to stay behind and watch over the ship.

With many farewells the party pushed away, leaving the women and children in tears. I saw Mistress Lora watching intently, but failed to catch a greeting from her.

Once upon the beach Captain Standish endeavored to give his recruits a few military instructions. To begin with, it was agreed that no one was to fire at duck, deer, or hare for fear of attracting the savages. Remembering his English training the captain warned his men in case of attack, their safety lay in holding together. Wisely he advised, until they knew how the savages fought they must withold their fire and maintain their courage. Warning them finally that they must not stray away he took his place at the head of the column.

Unless you have been encased in steel armor, and burdened by the weight of an ancient match-lock, you can not appreciate how quickly fatigue comes to a man walking through shifting sand. Before the men had gone far they began lagging and shifting their guns from one shoulder to the other. These labors were soon forgotten, for we noticed the approach of several men, who came on so bravely we supposed them to be a party of sailors, who were ashore hunting. Of a sudden Captain Standish halted us; his quick eye had caught strange signs in the manners of the men ahead. Calling loudly to them to confirm his distrust, the strangers ran into the bush whistling after them a little dog that was inclined to stand its ground.

We were greatly agitated and thrown into confusion, I drew back the hammer of my snap chance while the others blew furiously at their matches. Then this new trial at individual government showed its form; for the civil men, Masters Bradford, Hopkins, and Tilley, began to confer with Captain Standish, the military leader. While I watched with one

eye the place where the savages had disappeared, I made an effort to keep the other one on the conference, wondering why we stood in idleness, when we had an appointed leader who was a soldier. Captain Standish was for plunging into the bush on the heels of the savages. Stephen Hopkins advised him otherwise, saying that the wild men of Virginia had a way of making a shield of bushes and trees, from which they shot arrows. Furthermore it was their practice to send out a small party as a decoy to lead their enemies deeper into the woods, where their companions lay in ambush.

Though Master Hopkins could not persuade the colonists not to follow, Captain Standish observed such caution in his advance, that we were a long time coming to the spot. Every man's heart was beating rapidly, and his match burning brightly as we advanced along the beach to where the savages ran into the forest. Though we could neither see nor hear them, we fancied the savages had a way of secreting themselves not familiar to us.

When once we had overcome our fears and realized the savages had made away, we lowered our guns and eagerly crowded around their footprints in the sand. My curiosity was aroused as it was evident that they were running barefoot at this season of the year, as there were no signs of heel marks of shoes. But Master Hopkins advised me they had a way of making shoes out of deer skin, so pliable as to permit their feet to conform to the shape of log or rock enabling them to cling without slipping.

While we stood around the footprints in the sand, the leaders again discussed whether to follow them or to go on to the river, the mouth of which we fancied we saw from the deck of the vessel. The civil leaders, deciding that making peace with the savages was of greater importance than finding the river, asked Captain Standish to lead us on. When we came to the edge of the woods there was a crashing of underbrush ahead of us, caused by the natives who had audaciously stood their ground to see if we would follow them. Though this startled us, it did not deter us from beginning the chase in earnest.

Though we hurried along at a good pace our armor held us back so that we were no match for the savages, who were used to traveling through the woods under no greater burden than a piece of fur around their loins. Captain Standish soon developed a keen sense of sight, for, though the footprints would sometimes be blurred and lost in the leaves, he held to his way. In fact he adapted himself so readily to woods work, we followed him confidently whither he led. There were no doubts in the minds of the men that the captain led them this day, for during the afternoon he must have showed us the way through ten miles of brush and forest.

With the coming of darkness we mounted a small hill, on the top of which we made our rendezvous of brush. The English yeomen and farmers, having had no experience of the ways of the woods, were but beginners in this craft. Worn by the chase of the afternoon the men threw themselves upon the ground to rest while Captain Standish and Master Hopkins went forth in search of fire-wood. In their absence some of the party gathered together a pile of leaves on the top of which they spread soft flax tinder; a bit of which every man always carried.

One of the party bent over to make a live spark come from the steel, but his fingers were too chilled; then Master Bradford, who was a sturdy man with steel and flint, made a try. While his companions hung over him, he drew back the steel and with a quick stroke sent a spark flying from the flint into the soft flax, where it hung for a moment glowing, then went out. Another stroke of the steel upon the hard stone and a large starlike spark fell into the embraces of the touch wood, this time it caught the fibre with its heat, setting up a little puff of smoke to delight the hearts of the cold spectators.

The tired colonists under the warmth of the fire soon regained their strength and made ready their repast, which consisted of a few ship's biscuits, hard and dry, and a bit of Holland cheese. When we left the ship we had the impression that springs of fresh water bubbled forth from the base of every hill, for this reason we brought none with us. All the afternoon during our chase over the hills and through the valleys, we kept close

watch for a spring or brook but failed to find one. Had it not been for a flask of brandy or aqua vitae, we would have let the cold bread and cheese lie within us this night without the encouragement of a liquid.

Sentinels stood around, so afraid was the captain of the savages, and through the night while some slept the others kept their vigil. Though we longed to be rid of our armor, we dared not do so, for fear of attack. Lying in the embrace of the steel was uncomfortable enough, but with the cold added we were indeed ill at ease; furthermore, when once the stiff harness was chilled, there was nothing else for us to do but to get close to the fire and heat it up like a frying pan. It was my first night in steel armor, and before morning my aching flesh made me hope it would be my last. The fact was that after one or two tries, we abandoned all hope of sleeping and got what rest we could by sitting around the embers. From time to time I looked off into the dimly lighted forest and saw the figure of a Separatist sentinel, tall and grim, moving about, showing by the glow of his match that he was alert.

After the restless night in armor we started as soon as the light would permit to follow the footings of the savages. Before breaking our rendezvous we tarried long enough to swallow the dry bread and cheese, though our throats cried loudly for a draught of cooling water. There was a heavy frost during the night which settled the sand and lifted the coarse grass, so that the tracings of the savages were hard to follow; but Captain Standish kept faithfully to his task, and led us until we came into the valley of a brackish creek. There we found the bushes thick and boughs of trees so low that our armor was beaten and battered more than if we had been in a real encounter. Making our way along this valley through the growth with the greatest difficulty, we finally encompassed the head of the creek, climbing a hill to survey the surroundings. Though we looked in every direction we saw neither houses nor clearings of the savages, the land apparently being a wilderness. While the leaders made this survey the men broke down the brush and lay upon it; Captain Standish through pity hesitated to call them to their feet. Our thirst by this

time added its distress to our burden, so that we were moving under great difficulty.

When the morning was half spent we came into a valley so full of brush, briers, and reeds that some of the men hesitated to undertake it. But when we came down onto the plain we found little paths leading through the mass of vegetation, otherwise in our tired condition we could never have gone through it. While we were at the edge of this low land we heard a rustling of the reeds. We were alert instantly; the snap-chance locks clicking, while the active matches set up little curls of smoke. Our alarm subsided when a deer leaped out of the rushes so nimbly, we were unable to get range of it.

Our throats being parched for the lack of water we felt little interest in the surroundings. It had been four and twenty hours since we had tasted water. The hills were dry and sandy nor did the valleys hold forth encouragement for our relief. I would have gone on until I dropped; but some of the party were fearful if we continued they would not have the strength to return. Captain Standish heard the murmurs but resolutely kept on the narrow path until suddenly he came to a halt. Again we threw up our guns but he motioned them aside crying, "A spring!"

The men would have rushed into the water and drunk their fill, but Captain Standish and Master Bradford held them in restraint. With great caution they measured out the water to each of us, until the anguish of thirst had been relieved. Whatever else this country might contain, we all felt then as if this first draught of New England water was worthy of them all.

Now that we were refreshed, some were uneasy having come far into the wilderness and not knowing how to find our way out. This talk influenced the leaders to return as there were no signs of savage habitations. Encompassed as we had been by the trees, we thought we must be leagues away from the sea; but turning back, in a short time we saw daylight through the treetops and heard the roar of the surf, and before we were aware were out on the beach.

Though the Separatists were apparently indifferent to things

around them and seemed careless of things of this world, still there was a tenderness that lurked in them, that from time to time broke out in various ways. As soon as they came in sight of the vessel, that lay off in the distance, it was decided to signal it by means of a fire. The steel flint and tinder were soon ready for use. With a little patience we soon had a fire, sending up leaping flames and a column of smoke that could be easily seen from the ship.

Our destination when we left the ship the day before was a river to the right of the harbor, which was hoped would prove suitable for a settlement. We were on our way when the savages appeared, thus causing us to take after the wild men, instead of holding to the first course. Now that we had been outstripped in the chase, both civil and military leaders agreed we should once more make our way to the supposed river of which we were in quest.

We were about a mile on our way, when the quick eye of Captain Standish detected a well beaten path leading through the trees from the shore. Curious to confirm his sight, he halted us while he went forward to examine the ground. Again it was decided to abandon the search for the river, and seek the savages who used this well beaten way leading into the interior. By this time our fear of the woods was somewhat allayed, so that we did not approach it in battle array, but resolutely and calmly. Ere we were aware we had followed the path over a hill into a valley where woodgale was growing in a tangled mass; and again my breast plates were hammered by the branches of trees, and the brush so caught the straps that held the steel plates together, I would have been glad to have left my armor in the woods. I had not gone far into this brush, when I made up my mind that steel was a poor suit for a New England forest, however good it might be in the camps of Europe.

The broad path led us to a fresh water pond about a musket shot broad and two shots long, so surrounded by reeds and growing brush we could only get to the water, where the wild animals had broken their way in to drink. From these clear spots we could see ducks in great numbers; now and then I

picked up the clear "honk, honk" of a wild goose, which made me take hope that after all there was good shooting.

Beyond the pond we came to a great clearing, in which stood what looked like the stems of small trees in rows. As I looked over this clearing at the long rows of heavy stubble, all I could guess was that the savages had planted trees for firewood and had cut them off for their winter's supply. My imaginings were brought to an end by Master Stephen Hopkins who was the oracle for all novelties in this new country. Master Stephen at once announced that we were looking over an old field of maize or Indian corn, and that the sticks in rows were the stalks of that peculiar plant. Then while some blew their matches others of us stood around him, while Master Stephen discoursed upon this maize. He said that the savages divided the year into five seasons; winter, spring, summer, earing of the corn, and falling of the leaves.

The curious men would have stopped longer to know more of this plant; but Master Hopkins moved off to where the leaders were holding a conference. As there were no houses in sight, some of the men went into the field and pulled the corn out of the ground. The one I tore up was so well anchored I had to use both hands. When I shook the earth from the stubble and saw its mass of roots, I was more anxious than ever to see more of this Indian corn.

I wanted to know of Master Stephen, if this plant was natural to this country, why it did not grow of its own accord either in the woods or in the open valleys. To this he replied that he had been in many wild places in Virginia, but that he had never seen maize except close by the habitation of men. In fact he said it required the caresses of mankind to keep the curious plant alive, and if left to itself it would soon die. Having marched around the clearing and finding no signs of the savages, it was decided to make our way back to the seashore and so on to the discovery of the river.

Some of the party fancied that marching on the open beach was easier than in the thickets; but they soon realized their mistake for we had barely gone a mile, when the tired men began to lag. Captain Standish began to argue and coax

them, but they were so weary from marching under the load of armor and guns that they could not keep up. I did my best by words and example to aid the weary, but it was soon evident that we would have to again take to the woods or abandon the expedition.

From the first the colonists looked askance at me. They could not treat me as an enemy, nor could they accept me as a friend. I was careful not to arouse their antagonism by any act, and marched shoulder to shoulder with them as one of their own. During the night I gathered wood for the fire, ate my bread and cheese without a grumble, and showed a cheerful face at all times. This rather took Master Bradford by surprise, but pleased Captain Standish, who I fancied was glad to have me along. Now that some of the men were too weary to march in the soft sand, I encouraged them with a draught from my flask, so that they could not but feel I was doing my part as a man, if not a comrade. As a matter of fact I began to respect these Englishmen and see some good in them in spite of my early teachings.

The men's spirits were sinking fast within them, when Captain Standish again struck a broad path. Another conference was held and it was decided to follow the beaten way, hoping it would lead to a village, where we could at least learn where we were going and what was the condition of the country. Instead it took us to a deserted clearing where there were many mounds or barrows of sand. We hesitated to advance into this clearing and stood in the border of the woods with guns ready and anxious faces. Seeing the way was clear we left the forests and gathered around the nearest hillock, which was covered with a half rotted matting made of seagrass. Master Bradford carefully pulling back this covering exposed a hollow wooden dish like a mortar under which was an earthen pot. Musing what this mound might contain, one of the men dug with his cutlass, bringing to light a half rotted bow and a half handful of arrows, headed wth bones.

Fancying the arrows were poor weapons, I tested the head of one upon the end of my forefinger, proving that its firmness was ample to enter the flesh of man or beast. Master

Bradford, who was learned in books, said he had read of ancient people placing weapons with their dead, and he fancied we were burrowing in the grave of a savage. This put a quick stop to the investigations, since we were desirous of dealing with the living rather than the dead.

The beaten path running through the forests past this burying place, it was decided to pursue it further come what would. Passing two clearings we came to a third, where we found a rough house had once stood, beside which were several ship's planks and beneath them a great kettle, which had come from Europe. The little party drew close around the kettle looking at it curiously, wondering how it came here and what story it could tell, could it speak.

A rod from where we found the kettle was a mound with the markings of fingers showing clearly in the sand. The freshness of the hand marks caused Captain Standish to set sentinels in the woods lest the savages should come upon us unawares. With this guard set, three men began to explore the contents of the barrow with their cutlasses.

The frosts having not yet set the earth, the diggers found little trouble in removing it. Shortly I saw the mound diggers stop their work, and stooping over drag an object from beneath the sand. Drawing near I saw a little basket of curious weaving full of grain, the like of which I had never seen. Master Hopkins picked up a handful saying, " 'Tis fair Indian corn."

The men ran their hands deep into the smooth hard grains; bringing up a handful, they would let the corn leak through their fingers like pebbles. When I crushed the grain between my teeth it left no manner of flavor, so that I was disappointed in it. While we were still viewing the prize, the diggers came on a new mat, which they threw back uncovering a round hole lined with bark. In the center of it was a basket narrow and rounding at the top, holding about four English bushels. Over the mouth of the basket was a covering of strips of bark, so neatly lapped over each other, as to prevent the dirt from trickling through. With great care these strips were moved from the top showing the basket filled with loose

grains and with six and thirty pieces of the corn on its sticks.

No sixteen men ever looked upon an unknown object with greater curiosity than we did, as we crowded around the basket of maize. Astonishment was written upon our faces as Master Edward Tilley handed each of us a stick of corn. Mine was mostly yellow with now and then a blue grain, making quite a handsome appearance. I endeavored to break a grain from its fastening, but the piece stuck so tenaciously, I bruised my thumb, without dislodging it. Master Hopkins took two of the sticks and rubbed them together, thus loosening the grains and letting them fly in every direction. Then I discovered that each grain was set in a pocket, the sides of which closed upon it, just as a gold worker would clasp a jewel in a ring, so that each bit was held firm in spite of wind and weather. Though this maize is grown now in many parts of the world, it was new to us who beheld it for the first time on this November day, so that we stood and marveled at its strangeness.

It was decided to bear the basket away; but when we came to lift it we found it too weighty to be dragged from its cage of bark. Master Bradford now declared we must fill our pockets and carry away what grain we could to use as seed for planting. Though I was not interested in spring planting, I converted the pockets of my greatcoat into grain bags and filled them both with loose corn, doing my best in this matter as I had in the others. Then some one brought forth the old ship's kettle, and with bark scoops filled it to the brim, making a bulky but handy package.

The earth was put back carefully over the two baskets and beaten down as we found it, but with white men's finger-marks instead of savages'.

With our pockets filled to overflowing with grains of Indian maize and the kettle swaying from a sapling on the shoulders of two men, we again took up the march down the path towards the sea. Before going, however, Master Bradford announced that strict account must be kept and the same value was to be returned to the savages, from whom the corn was taken. While we were on the march we found a row of stakes

which upon examination was believed to have been a white man's stronghold.

The discovery made Master Hopkins declare that the ship's kettle and the barricade belonged to Master Martin Pring's men, who came to this northern part of Virginia with a cargo from Bristol merchants through leave of Sir Walter Raleigh in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

Master Bradford favored the kettle as coming from Gosnold's men or perhaps Captain John Smith's, but these were idle speculations since there was naught to indicate who were the original owners. All the way back to the beach the men were puzzling themselves over the signs of white men and the question was still under discussion when we came out onto the beach.

Having been diverted many times from the discovery and explorations of the river, we at length set our faces towards this purpose. Rounding a headland we came upon an intake of the sea, which we took to be the mouth of the river. In single column we filed along the left bank of what we supposed to be a river, though the water was salty.

As we were breaking our way through the brush, Degory Priest discovered a strange and brownish object concealed in the thicket and, dragging it forth, found it to be a savage boat or canoe. It was in proportion like a wherry of the River Thames, though exceeding it in bigness. We marveled at its structure for it was naught but sheets of white birch bark shaped over ribs of white cedar, sewn with fine roots.

John Billington who essayed to show us how the bark boat would carry his weight, carefully put one foot into the canoe. Seeing it bore him he ventured his whole body within the frail craft, when it turned in a twinkle. After this first performance no one would trust himself in it.

Following along this branch for quite a distance and finding the soil poor and the water still salty, the leaders made up their minds that after all it was but an intake of the sea and not a fresh water river. As they could not cross, and promises had been made to those on shipboard that the party would be absent only two days, the leaders decided to turn back. Starting

toward home set a new heart in the tired men. Those, who were dragging themselves wearily but a few moments before, picked up their feet in earnest and strode after their leaders with renewed vigor.

Being evident that we could not make the ship this night, the leaders turned into the fresh water pond which we had seen earlier in the day, and fixed our rendezvous. Before taking themselves to the brush beds the colonists knelt around the blazing fire, while Master Bradford sent up the nightly prayer. This was their custom, both with the rising and the setting of the sun, whether in the forest or on board the ship. I was pagan enough not to kneel with them, though I always bowed my head in reverence and endeavored to recall some of the prayers of the established church; but I confess, that they were were always through before I began.

My bed of boughs was a welcome relief, after the toils of the two days and I was soon fast asleep. During the night I was awakened by the rain playing "pity pat" on my breast plate. The cold November rain soon chilled us to the bone. Not caring to lie and freeze, we stood in a circle around the fire, with the water running off our steel caps upon our half frozen faces.

Taking off my steel bonnet I hoped to gain relief from its cold clasp, but the rain in my hair was worse so I was compelled to put it on again. Half frozen we shivered through the night. The rain put out the matches and dampened the powder pans of the guns of the sentinels, making them useless, so that they abandoned their posts and came and stood with the rest of us around the smouldering camp-fire.

By morning many of the party were in bad plight, having taken severe colds during the night. The kettle of corn being more of a burden than the men could carry, it was decided to leave it and carry what seed corn they could in their pockets. At first it was thought best to hang the empty kettle on a tree so that the savages could recover it, then the leaders decided to throw it into the lake, marking the spot so they could find it. This was done by the captain and Master Hopkins, while the rest moved off down the path towards the beach. Thinking

to take a short cut through the woods we left the beaten way and were soon shrewdly puzzled and finally lost.

Whilst we were following unknown ways in the forests, we came upon a strong sapling drawn to the ground, with a loop of a rope cunningly made, attached to it. There was a store of acorns spread around the sapling as if to invite the wild animals to a feast. Again were we puzzled for this novelty was fashioned well, and in much better manner than we supposed it was possible for the savages to do. As soon as Master Hopkins saw it, he said it was a deer trap and that the acorns were to entice the animals into the loop, whence the sapling would fly up and so hold the deer until the savages came. We soon had a view of how this trap worked on Master Bradford who was following behind. All stood to one side without warning him, when of a sudden the loop caught his leg, the tree flew upright dragging him off his feet. While some of the men bent down the sapling others released Master William, who now had great respect for the wisdom of the wild men. The rope was so well spun of bark that Master Bradford took it away with him to show the people on shipboard.

After the diversion of the deer trap we again essayed to find the beach. The toil of walking on the beaten path the day before had been difficult, but now the men stumbled through the woods coughing and feverish from exposure, making our progress slower than ever. At length the captain, calling his party to a halt, with a few able-bodied men went ahead to search for paths. Shortly he came upon the beaten one so that we were soon at the seaside.

The night's rain had so increased the brooks as to make deep creeks of them, which we could barely ford. Before we were dry from one, we were compelled to plunge into the cold water of another, making our teeth chatter. As we were soaking wet Captain Standish, seeing no reason for protecting us further, led us along the beach into the surf, where we had fairly firm footing.

Wet and weary we came to a creek which was too deep to ford. Captain Standish waded in up to his arms, whence the water growing deeper and deeper he was compelled to return

to shore. The obstacle seemed to the weak men too great to overcome. But Master Bradford turned into the woods and in a cheery voice urged them to follow, saying they would cross higher up the swollen stream. After urging the men on time after time when they were almost past moving, we came to where a tree had fallen across the brook. With a cry of relief the men hurried onward to this log. Captain Standish made the first crossing. Satisfying himself that it was of sufficient strength, he bade the strongest men to come first and find a place where they could lay their guns so that the matches would not be put out. Then he sent them back for their weaker comrades, carrying their weapons and steadying them over the swift running stream.

Fatigued and weary with this battle with the brush we came back to the sandy shore, willing to trust to its shiftiness rather than the tangled wilderness. A bold headland thrust itself into the sea ahead. Captain Standish had an idea that from that point the ship could be seen. Bestowing the command upon Master Bradford, he trudged off alone.

We watched the captain as he made his way along the beach. As he hurried out to its extreme point, we stopped and looked at him hoping each moment he would signal. We fixed our eyes on the little figure standing out clearly against the color of the sea and saw him hesitate. Our hearts sank within us. Then raising his hand with a loud halloo, he pointed ahead. Now we knew that he had indeed sighted the ship. Once more the spirits of the men overcame their weariness. March-two and three abreast they came up to the point and, looking across the bay, in the distance saw the ship at anchor. Gallantly we marched along the beach, giving no further heed to our wet clothes and tired bodies. When we came within hearing of the vessel, there was a merry cracking of our match-locks and snap chances. There was a flash of white above the bulwarks, the tender welcome of a fluttering kerchief. It came to me that this was the characteristic way of men and women: we announced our coming with a great noise while they welcomed us silently but with a great heart.

When the long boat pushed away from the ship, the men

sank wearily to the beach, completely undone. Before the boat reached us, however, we were surprised to see a number of men rush out from the forests. Captain Standish called us to stand our ground. Then Governor Carver and Captain Jones, who happened to be ashore, both shouted warnings so that we knew they were friends.

Captain Jones and Governor Carver were greatly interested in what we had seen. The governor would know first of our safety; the master mariner, if we had found a place for settling: these questions indicating what was uppermost in the minds of the two men. Then began a cross-fire of questions between the men concerning what we saw, what we did, and what we had. After this the treasure of Indian corn was brought forth from the pockets of doublets and great coats.

I showed my stick of yellow and blue grains to Captain Jones with considerable pride, but he had seen maize in Virginia and was not even curious about it, saying it was only a "passing ear of corn."

Our party climbed into the long boat. Coming near the vessel, we could see the anxious faces of the women and children along the bulwarks looking with longing eyes. As we drew closer first one then another would make out the face of his loved ones and with a wave of his hand send them greetings. Once beneath the shadow of the vessel those on board crowded close together and, seeing that none was missing, gave way to gladness.

Some of the party, grown feeble from exposure, were unable to climb the rope ladder clad in their armor and divested themselves of both plates, cap, and gun. As I had no one waiting for me I stood aside and let the others go ahead so that I was the last to climb the ladder. Once on deck the explorers were assailed with many questions.

The Indian corn was the greatest curiosity, though Master Bradford's rope noose threatened for a time to divide the attention. The men brought the corn from their pockets, giving it around freely to those who would see it, great care being taken that none of this precious seed was wasted, it being the mine from which their wealth was to come.

Though the people were interested in the loose grains, the corn sticks were the center of attraction. Mine I longed to keep and take back to England to show the earl and have him test its quality in the fields of Devonshire. As there was not a sufficient number of sticks to go around, the people formed groups around those who were fortunate enough to have one.

Seeing Mistress Lora at the edge of one of these groups endeavoring to catch a glance of a stick and noting that she was meeting with slight success, I went to her saying gently, "Mistress Lora, would you see a stick of yellow and blue maize?"

Calmly enough she replied, "I am getting a view now and then of the one in the hands of Francis Eaton."

"Nay," I replied, "would you handle it?"

Her maidenly curiosity overcame her diffidence for she answered, "But you have none to offer!"

Pulling the yellow and blue piece from my pocket I gave it to her saying, "I have this to offer you."

She took it, and as she turned it round and round I pointed out to her the different colored grains and explained how tightly they were held to the stick. When she had satisfied herself she offered it to me. I shook my head impulsively, saying, "Mistress Lora, keep it."

With flushed face she replied, "Nay, Master Beaumont, for I do not know what to do with it."

"Plant your own Indian corn bed, when the spring time comes and remember me."

Before she could reply I left her holding my stick of yellow and blue corn.

THE SECOND EXPEDITION OF DISCOVERY

AFTER the toils on the first discovery, the headmen decided that they would wait for the mending of the shallop to carry them by water. For several days after the return, work on repairing the boat on shore was hindered by stormy weather. This did not hold back the colonists, however, who went daily to their labors. The gray haired governor led the way in these toils, encouraging the men to do their duty by his example. All day long they worked in the cold and rain, living on stale bread, a piece of spoiled beef, a bit of cheese, with an occasional sip of beer. Though many had colds and coughs they gave little heed to them and went on in the sleet and rain, as if laboring under clear skies and harbored beneath their own roof.

Captain Jones and I gave ourselves over to hunting. I was disgusted with my adventure in coming to this new country, since I was spending my time shooting ducks, which I could have done equally as well in England, instead of seeking the great animals that I had been led to believe were stalking the forests. I chafed at this duck-shooting and challenged Captain Jones to go with me into the deep woods to seek big game. But the master mariner was not overfond of walking, besides he had a wholesome dread of savages, so that I could not get him beyond the fresh water ponds along the shore.

One afternoon, having had good sport, I brought aboard a goodly supply of ducks, which I distributed among the colonists. Going between decks to find one of the men, I was saluted with a smell of bilge water, and animal odors, that almost drove me back to the deck. I stuck to my purpose, however and groped through the darkness which was broken now and then by the rays from the horn lanterns. Though there were betty lamps, branch candle sticks, sconces, and single sticks

aboard, these were not used for fear of fire. The only entrance into the hold was through the great cabin or the forecastle, the deck hatches being battened down. As these openings were not in the air, there were no signs of freshness between the decks, where the men slept and lived next to the goats and swine.

Fortunately there were no horses nor cows aboard to increase the nauseous odors of this dark hole, though I could not conceive how it was possible to make it worse. The men with families had built thin partitions, making small cabins, which gave privacy without diluting the discomforts. Most of the men had for their beds canvas rugs beneath and sleeping-rugs above them. It occurred to me as I felt my way through the dismal surroundings, that they must have been strong lunged men to have existed in the foul smelling place. I only stayed long enough to deliver my ducks, then escaped to the deck, glad enough to once more be in the freshness of the sea air.

As I came up through the great cabin I saw a yellow singing bird in a cage, and a family cat lay on a rug. In one corner was a lilac bush which Mistress Rose Standish, wife of the captain, was bringing from Holland. In the warm days of the early voyage she brought it out on deck to drench its earth with water. I was told then the lilac was Captain Standish's favorite flower, so that Mistress Rose's devotion to this plant was likewise her devotion to him.

Captain Jones was cross and evil dispositioned this day over the slowness with which the shallop was being repaired, although the colonists were doing their utmost. He made little allowance for the cold and awkwardness of doing ship's carpenters work in the wilderness. After three or four days of wrath, he finally sent his own carpenter to aid, as he was anxious to start on his way to England. The common sailors joined in this discontent at stopping so long, telling the colonists that they would soon be set ashore.

This word coming to the ears of Governor Carver he very promptly called upon Captain Jones in the roundhouse. I happened to be present, and I thought the gray haired leader

looked grieved and care-worn under his responsibilities, but he was still gracious in his manner as he said, "Captain Jones, it has come to me that you are anxious to get away for England."

" 'Tis true," was the captain's curt reply.

"It is our desire to hasten your return, but before you leave us we must find a suitable place to establish ourselves."

"But, Master Carver, we can not tarry here while you seek out a proper place, our meat is low, and our beer has already fallen short, causing my sailors to grumble."

Quite shrewdly the gray haired governor answered the captain's impatience by saying, "Captain Jones, since you feel that we do not make haste, will you command the shallop on our next discovery?"

The captain's beadlike eyes sparkled as he quickly said, "I will go with you, as you say."

"It is now the twenty-second day of November, I fancy the shallop will be in condition shortly before the first of December, then we shall lose no time in going."

With this explanation of his hopes, and the appointment of the captain as the commander of the next expedition, the governor left the roundhouse.

Knowing what was on foot, and being tired of my narrow quarters, I once more besought Captain Standish, that I might be one of his party. I did not care to take orders from Captain Jones, preferring to set myself under the command of the military leader. There was no trouble on this score, Captain Standish did not hesitate but assured me a place any time I cared to go. This readiness of the colonists to welcome me gave me the conceit that I had at least gained their admiration if not their confidence.

I found winning the respect of the men colonists was an easy task compared to gaining the good will of willful Mistress Lora, who was now so shy of my attention, that she would not walk on deck at the same time I did. Once I forced a brace of mallards upon her, but before reching the door of the roundhouse she gave them away. On this same day of the interview between Governor Carver and Captain Jones, I came upon the

maiden speaking with Captain Standish, so that she could not run away.

As I came up the captain said, "Mistress Lora, Master Beaumont has already joined our next expedition."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the maiden in surprise.

"Truly," I broke in, "since I would know the country, the animals, the wild savages, and see where you would settle."

Then the captain, giving me a queer look, said, "Master Beaumont, you took to the ways of the forest so well upon the first discovery, I fancy you have already a liking for this new country."

"Nay, captain," I replied,"I care more for England than this wilderness."

Shortly the captain left us, and to prevent Mistress Lora from going likewise, I asked her quickly what she did with my stick of yellow and blue corn. To this she sedately replied, "It is amongst our garden seeds."

"But those belong to the colonists, whilst I gave the corn to you."

"Truly, you would have me plant the seed?" she asked in surprise.

"In your own garden and not in the common field," I explained to her.

After this I saw Mistress Lora several times upon the deck, even gaining her confidence long enough to ask after the many sick people who were hoping for an early relief ashore. On the third of December, I said to the maiden, "On the morrow the shallop will be ready and we start on the second discovery."

Looking up into the sky she answered sympathetically, "I am fearful you will be both cold and hungry."

Later on I went ashore and found the shallop only partially completed. Governor Carver being close by, I said, "The shallop will not be ready on the morrow."

"We dare not tarry longer, Master Beaumont, and must take the boat even though it is not whole," he replied.

"Then you will trust yourself in it, in its present condition?"

"We must," replied the governor.

The same evening the shallop was launched and brought alongside. There was considerable excitement on board, all the men being anxious to go on the voyage. Though we had come away from the first trip poorly, still that was mainly due to our toiling through the sands; now that the journey was to be made by sea, there were many volunteers. Everyone was busy with the cleaning of muskets, preparing food, and gathering of sleeping-rugs.

The morning of November twenty-seventh was cold with a gale blowing across the harbor. With this untoward greeting, I hastened back into the roundhouse advising Captain Jones to take along his sleeping-rug and an extra flask of aqua vitae. For myself I decided to leave off my steel bonnet, taking only my front and back plates and putting on an extra coat for warmth. The ship was rolling heavily when I came on deck the second time, being greeted with a cold blast of wind, I was half a mind to abandon the adventure. Some of the men were of the same opinion and stood shrugging their shoulders, as if they would at least like to postpone the starting until another day. But the leaders would not listen to a change of their plans, since they were fearful that Captain Jones was likely to set them ashore. As they bade their followers make ready, I thought that only men driven by dire necessity, would go abroad in such weather.

Governor Carver, Master Bradford, and the others stood unshaken on the cold deck. Captain Jones was equally as resolute, as he was anxious to rid the vessel of the colonists. With the men shivering, and the leaders encouraging them to their tasks, twenty-four colonists and two seamen were finally made ready to go.

Captain Jones, after taking a look at the weather, hesitated in sending the men down into the shallop, which was swinging heavily in the wash of the ship. The seamen advised the governor that the craft would not carry all the party. Governor Carver, not to be denied even by the elements, told the captain to take what men he could in the shallop while he would lead a second party along the beach.

Having agreed to divide the party, the men were sent over

the side, and the little craft pushed off. Deciding to cast my lot with the party going along the beach, I stood on the deck watching the shallop struggling in the seas. The other men were not anxious to start until they saw how their comrades fared. When the sailors brought the long boat, which was to take us ashore, they were swearing at the colonists for compelling them to be abroad in such indecent weather, managing the boat so stupidly, I came near falling into the sea. This so angered me, I picked up a boat-hook and threatened to break a head or two if they continued their tricks, with the result the party was soon safely aboard. Happening to glance up I saw Mistress Lora's eyes fixed upon me in curious wonderment. I tried to win a smile from her but she turned her glances upon her father instead.

On the deck of the vessel the wind had a taste of winter in it, but down in the boat, with the spray blowing, it whipped like a knife cut. Before we reached the beach my armor showed rust and my stockings were wet by the spray. Though we were uncomfortable in the boat, we were made doubly so by being compelled to leap into the breakers and wade ashore. The sea was to our knees, but the waves dashed upon us until we were wet above our thighs. Coming onto the beach with the salt water dripping from my clothes, and my fingers blue with cold, I could not help but feel that it was a piece of foolishness for me to be with them.

Our party was composed of the choicest spirits of the colonists, so that we pushed ahead without complaint. The shallop followed in the distance dancing on the waves, making me glad that I had ground beneath my feet, though it was almost as unstable as the sea. Before we had passed the first league the clouds, which had been hanging low, began sifting down flakes of snow. We drew our cloaks over our guns to keep the priming dry and matches alive. Gentle snowflakes soon multiplied until the heavens, the sea, and even the neighboring forests were hidden. Driving winds blew the snow into our faces, causing us to follow closely after each other for fear of straying away. We pushed our way through the blinding storm, setting our heads low and surging forward against the riotous

winds. On the one side we could hear the thunder of the surf upon the beach, and on the other the rushing of the tempest through the pines. Between these was our path on the wind swept beach, open and unprotected. Hoping for relief the captain led us into the forests, but the trees, which should have sheltered us, showered loose snow down upon our heads, driving us out again.

The shallop of course was lost to view so that the governor was growing worried about it, when we heard voices in the veil of snow. They were our own men but where they were we could not tell, until we came full upon the shallop riding safely in a little harbor. Clambering aboard, we were glad to rest. Governor Carver had no mind of tarrying, hoping that the snow was but a flurry and would soon pass. Instructing Captain Jones to follow as soon as possible, he struck off through the storm in search of the river.

As the governor thought, the snow soon ceased, giving us a clear view of our surroundings. We made fairly good headway and were satisfied with our conditions. This respite was short for the snow soon began falling again enshrouding us within its folds, shutting out the landscape and sea. With a steadfastness of spirit the colonists refused to turn back but strove on towards their goal.

As the night came on, we dragged ourselves along the wet beach through the blinding snow, sadly wishing for even the protection of the foul smelling ship, or even the snow covered shallop. Steel caps grew like pieces of ice, so that some took them off marching through the storm, with the melted snow trickling down their faces. Though the men endeavored to protect their guns beneath their besotted cloaks, they soon gave it up, and marched with them exposed showing the blackened and wet ends of the matches.

We were finally driven from the beach into the forests to make our rendezvous as best we could. The axes were in the boat, likewise the sleeping-rugs and the water. To push on to the river was impossible. Even if we could gain that point we were in doubt whether we would find the shallop. Those who had the strength, searched through the woods for fallen brush

with which to build a fire. Captain Standish, finding a rotten log, with his cutlass picked out splinters of dry wood. The call for flint, steel, and touch-wood brought all these to hand. While one of the men knelt in the snow to strike the fire, the others stood around shivering and hoping he would succeeed quickly.

The soft tinder was placed on cross sticks, while a cloak was held over the man to ward off the winds. Once, twice, he struck fire, each time we were expecting to see the little curl of flax smoke rise from beneath the cloak. Finally the man arose saying the tinder was wet and would not catch. Another man tried and failed. Master Bradford throwing down an armful of branches made ready his steel and flint. Feeling it was a matter of life and death to start a fire, one held his wet cloak over him, another man wiped out his steel cap and placed the flax tinder within it, while he knelt in the snow. Slowly Master Bradford drew back the steel, then with a quick jerk struck the flint. A spark fell into the flax, hung for a moment then expired. A second, third, fourth, and I know not how many sparks fell from the stone but none held. Finally tired of his effort Master Bradford arose. The men turned away without so much as speaking, confronted by the anguish of a shelterless night in the freezing storm.

Now it was evident that we were not to be cheered by the light and heat of a camp-fire, the weary men began casting about for resting-places. The oaks and birches with their bare branches offered little consolation. Someone sought the protection of a low growing pine, calling out from beneath its branches that the interlacing needles gave protection from the falling snow. With this advice the rest crawled beneath the pine shrubs. Even in this extremity, the generosity of the colonists showed forth, for as a man would find a tree that was larger and drier than the others, he would call loudly to his comrades to come and share his cold covering. As the last rays of light died out and the blackness of night shut in the forests, we sat wet and freezing.

Reaching for a piece of ship's bread, I heard the wavering notes of a song, which soon grew into a psalm. From beneath

the pines others joined the melody, carrying the volume of their worship above the roar of the winds. Then there was a lull and out of the darkness came a voice — a man giving thanks for his crosses. When he said his "Amen," the rush of the tempest once more filled the forests, leaving us cold and cheerless.

Master Winslow and I shared our pine with one of the commonality. This man had been on the first journey and had not recovered from its rigors and like the rest had been marching in wet clothes most of the day. His feebleness aroused my sympathy, but I was unable to relieve it further than giving him of my food and drink. It was only by the greatest exertion that Master Winslow and I succeeded in getting him under our tree. Once there, feeling around in the dark, we gathered together a few dry leaves to make a bed for him.

The icy blasts swept through the pines searching the remotest corners of our shelter. The sting of the cold drove myriads of pricklings into my flesh, drawing out the warmth of blood with excruciating pain, until I thought I felt the needles of ice forming in my veins. Like one of the great snakes of Ethiopia the frost wound me within its coils, squeezing muscles and bones beneath its weight. Though I knew the ice wind's breath and was conscious of it, I was helpless to combat it. Half alive and half dead, the creeping ice chilled our blood and froze our flesh until our minds were filled with anguish and our bodies racked beyond moving.

While the frost was slowly freezing the most robust, it was making sad havoc with the colonist under our pine tree. At first he complained bitterly, but as the icy fingers of the frost clutched him tighter and tighter, he became so numb he could not speak. We stood it for a time, then more dead than alive, we dragged ourselves out from beneath the pine, hauling our weaker comrade with us. He plead for us to let him lie down in the snow to rest. Knowing that he was freezing, we gave him a draught from my flask and began walking him back and forth.

Master Bradford and Captain Standish coming from their shelter advised with us. It required the effort of two of us to

keep the man on his feet, by our walking we made a well beaten path and at the same time brought warmth to our own bodies. When resting from toiling over our man, I went from tree to tree to see how the rest did and found them in a miserable condition suffering from the cold and exposure. Though my supply of rusks was meagre and my brandy flask small, I made both go as far as I could.

The sufferings of this night, as I felt the chill of the north winds creeping into my flesh and blood, are past my telling. Struggle as I would the icy numbness seemed to fix its touch upon me, until I would gladly have laid down in the snow to end my miseries. But my instincts kept me on my feet fighting off the cold and its rigors.

The first rays of the coming day found us walking our weak colonist in the snow thankful that we were all alive. Though it has been my misfortune to have been uncomfortable at other times in my life, I am free to say, I have never been so utterly miserable as during this wild night in the New England forest. Its horrors were never forgotten by those who endured them, and its ravages sent many of the colonists to an early grave.

The snow was upward of a foot deep, when the men one by one with their clothes frozen to their armor dragged themselves from beneath the trees. Standing around I could hardly recognize them as the men who left the ship barely four and twenty hours before. Their eyes were blood shot and faces so haggard from the night's exposure, many seemed ready to fall from weakness. Though the tempest had ceased there was little comfort for us even in the daylight. Brooms of pine boughs were used to sweep off a log, so that the weaker ones might sit while they nibbled at their bread. The water supply being in the shallop, the dry food stuck in their throats until it was moistened with a little snow.

While we were breakfasting in this fashion a wolf came out of the deep woods and circled around us looking as disconsolate as we felt. Soon the brute was joined by another and another until a band of the animals were seated on their haunches, just out of gunshot. The whole scene was so un-

canny I endeavored to have a shot at them, but my snap chance would not fire. So through our breakfast of frozen bread and cheese we were content to let them watch us.

After the cold repast, we made our way through the snow to the beach to look for the shallop. The breakers were rolling high upon the sands, and the sea was stirred with white capped waves, so that we questioned whether the little craft would venture forth. By ten o'clock the sea had subsided somewhat. As the boat did not appear it was decided to send two of the party back to the little creek, where we had left it the day before.

We had barely gone a mile when we saw off at sea a black speck dancing on top of the waves. We waited patiently until we could distinguish the men and the boat. As the shallop came opposite, we shouted and waved our cloaks, until Captain Jones seeing us turned the prow towards the beach.

It was evident that the shallop could not come close in so as to permit us to get aboard without wading through the surf. I confess I drew back from entering the sea, for when your flesh is chilled and your mind is filled with anguish from the cold, an ice bath is not an acceptable addition to your misery. The weaker members of the party stood looking at the boat, then at the sea, never offering to move. Captain Jones, who had spent a bad night, seeing the situation, waved to us to come on but the men steadfastly refused to stir. In fact many turned their backs to the sea and would have reëntered the forests, had we not detained them.

It was Captain Standish who suggested that the strongest take their weaker comrades on their backs carrying them through the surf to the shallop. It fell to my lot to be one of the beasts of burden. The water was stinging cold. I had trouble keeping my man out of the sea, and it was only by sacrificing my own comfort that I finally succeeded in getting him dry into the boat. One journey was all I cared to make, in fact all that any man in full strength could have endured. Both of us were hauled into the boat more dead than alive. Once aboard we wrapped ourselves in the heavy sleeping-rugs and lay quietly in the bottom of the boat.

Though we were in a sad plight, the governor refused to turn back, commanding Captain Jones to go to the river. Before reaching our destination most of the men were dry and warm, but the feeble ones could not stir from their rugs. A drink of water, a bite of cold meat, and a little rest refreshed the able-bodied somewhat ere the boat reached the intake of the sea, visited on the first discovery.

We soon found that the harbor was shallow for ships, though it was ample for fishing-shallops. These observations made, it was decided to land and once more look at the ground, Captain Jones going with the party. Only the strong were set ashore and for once landed with dry clothes. I was ready for the journey, going with the party as it trudged off through the ice and snow.

We marched all the afternoon through the deep snow, up steep hills and along narrow valleys, without coming upon a savage habitation. Captain Jones was desirous of taking up lodging early, though the rest were for going on with the search. As a matter of fact he began to think, that the finding of a suitable place to settle in the winter-time was not such an easy task as it appeared, when he was sitting snug in his own cabin. Though he was anxious to have the colonists out of the ship, still walking through the cold, hours at a time had too many discomforts for him to endure long.

This night the tinder was dry, though we had some difficulty in striking fire, we soon had a blaze going merrily. Crowding around it for the first time in six and thirty hours we were really comfortable. Rolling two fallen logs together, we set fire between them so that we were assured of its warmth for the night.

Gathered around the fire the next morning the colonists decided that neither the harbor nor the country, was fit for settlement. Masters Bradford and Hopkins like careful farmers, then advised the securing of the corn which we had left on the first journey, and carrying it all back to the ship for seed at the next planting season. The fields being across the creek, we were compelled to follow the stream down to where the savage's canoe was lying on the bank. Finding it in good

order, I lifted it with one hand and wondered that anyone could be so foolish, as to risk his life to its frailty. There were two oars in the boat so we launched it in the stream. Remembering the experience of John Billington, on our first journey when he was thrown headlong into the water, we were shy of entering, until Master Hopkins showed us how to do so, by stepping into the center, then stooping quickly but steadily.

Once across we struck a path, which we followed with some trouble as the snow had almost filled it. The pile of corn we found a rounding mound beneath the smooth white coating. Under this blanket of frost the earth was stiff making hard work for our cutlasses, but after some labor we rescued the grain, lifting it from its retreat in its wicker basket. This we left standing in the snow while we went on to the next fields, where, visiting two other clearings, we found corn, some loose and some still clinging to its sticks. This we gathered until we had burdened ourselves with about ten bushels of the grain. Both Master Bradford and Stephen Hopkins being satisfied that ample stock had been secured for seeding, we ceased further search.

It was well that the leaders came to this judgment for the ground was so frozen, that the cutlasses made little impression upon it. Lacking spades and mattocks, all we could do was to make holes in the ground with our short swords, and by inserting ends of saplings into them raise the hard ground in sheets. I could not help but think that if we had not made the first journey when the snow was off the ground, we would never have discovered the seed corn; so that after all it did seem that some kind Providence had directed the colonists to the fields, when they were free and the corn mounds stood forth boldly so that they could be easily seen and the dirt was fit for handling.

Captain Jones was not interested so much in the search for corn as he was in finding a place of settlement; so that when the colonists abandoned all hope of establishing themselves on this spot, the seaman began to lose heart in the expedition. Besides he had passed one uncomfortable night in the shallop and another in the snow, so that he was ready to go back to

the vessel. Governor Carver being made of sterner stuff was not ready to return, and as the weather had moderated, we could travel with some comfort.

The master mariner looking up into the heavens from time to time, prophesying a coming storm, suggested that he return to the ship with the sick and the seed corn. The leaders agreed to this and at once took up the journey back to the shallop. It was decided that only the feeble were to return, leaving the rest to explore the country. Captain Jones agreed to come back the next day. Having settled these points he hoisted sail and went out of the harbor with a favorable wind, never looking back, so glad was he to be shipward bound.

Once more plunging into the wilderness, we walked along strange paths without discovering a sign of the savages, until the light of day failed. Our rendezvous was cheered by a bright fire, so we were fairly comfortable lying on the brush beds.

We were up early and off down a well beaten path which we had seen the night before. This track was so broad, that Captain Standish made us keep our muskets in readiness, thinking it would lead into a savage village. Seeing the bright sky of a clearing ahead, a conference was held, at which it was decided that Captain Standish was to lead us boldly into the village. Cautiously and anxiously following the track we came into an opening filled with stakes driven into the ground, which we knew at once was the end of a deer drive. Again we were astonished, since we conceived that the savages hunted their game singly, not concerting together for the killing of many deer at once. At times we were prone to make light of the savages, but when we ran across evidences of their intelligence, such as the signal pile of wood upon the high hill at Cape Cod, the rope trap for deer, the artful birchen boat, and now this deer drive, we began to doubt ourselves, likewise, to see some shrewdness in them.

Discovering another path we followed it for five or six miles. Not finding signs of savages, we crossed into a valley to return. There we found a great mound. Being different from any we had seen, we decided to open it. First we removed

the boards that covered the earth, beneath which we found mats, bowls, trays, dishes, and other trinkets, all well and delicately made. After much labor we came upon a large and a small bundle from which came a peculiar odor. Hesitating for some time whether to unfasten them or not, our curiosity finally overcame our caution. The larger one was done up within a sailor's canvas blouse; unfolding it we were astonished to find a mass of red powder as fine as wheat flour, in which were the bones of a man with locks of yellow hair.

Master Hopkins, who was authority on all matters concerning the savages, said that the remains must be that of a European, since he had never seen or heard of a native with other than black coarse hair. This caused us to stand around and muse whether we were beholding the relics of tragedy or romance, whether the man's end was peaceful or turbulent.

Examining the smaller bundle, we found the same soft red powder and the bones of a savage child with coarse black hair. This perplexed us, and caused me to think that perhaps the European had found favor with a wild princess, such as saved the life of Captain John Smith in Virginia, and at his death he had been entombed with one of his own children. Many times this day and afterwards we discussed the man with the yellow hair, but our guesses always ended in confusion. Some of the trinkets we took away to show how the wild people wove from the barks and reeds. After closing the barrow of the man and the boy we made our way without stopping, back to the mouth of the creek where we found the shallop awaiting our return.

The occupants of the boat were greatly excited over the discovery made by two of the sailors, who had been hunting. It seemed that they had hardly left the banks of the stream, when they came upon two houses belonging to the savages.

As soon as the governor heard the seamen's story, he at once organized a party to visit the huts. The toils of the past two days had so worn our party that only seven volunteered to go. With the two sailors as our guides, we came up to the huts. Though there were no indications of their being occupied we advanced with arms ready for use. The details we

did not see until after we were assured that they were not indeed possessed of owners. Now that we could observe their constructions leisurely, we saw that the savages worked as ingeniously in their house building as they did in the making of their domestic utensils. For here we found a house made without stone, brick, or mortar, and bound together without pegs or nails, still withal it would face the fiercest storm.

After looking at the exterior, the men entered hastily gathering from the walls wooden bowls, trays, and earthen pots. I happened on a curious basket made of the shells of crabs, bound together in an ingenious manner, filled with tiny black seeds, which were as fine as grains of powder emitting a peculiar odor. There were other baskets woven deftly from rushes, but none so quaint as the one I happened upon.

Our time being limited, we did not tarry. Taking the trinkets and guns in hand, we pushed our way out through the low opening, replacing the mat over the entrance. Next to the hut we found a store of grasses, rushes, and reeds used in the making of the woven things. I took a handful of these to carry back to England.

With the wind coming out of the northwest, we set sail for Cape Cod. On the way I called the attention of Master Stephen Hopkins to my quaint basket and the tiny black seed. As he ran his fingers down among them, he said they were seeds of the tobacco plant, out of which the Virginia colony was now reaping great profit.

It was late in the afternoon when we approached the ship. While we were some distance away, a volley was fired, calling attention to our coming. There was the usual excitement among the women and children, as they peered over the railing down into the shallop to see if all the party had returned. Clambering up the side of the ship we were soon on deck. There interest was centered at once in the woven baskets and trinkets which we had brought back from the grave and huts of the savages. I tarried long enough to show my basket and seeds to any who cared to see them. Weary and tired I climbed up to the roundhouse, glad that the days of cold and privation were at an end.

THE THIRD EXPEDITION OF DISCOVERY

ONCE within the cabin I made haste to my sleeping-rugs, nestled in between them, and fell into a deep sleep, from which Captain Jones awakened me the next afternoon. I was still weary and after a warm drink and a couple of Spanish rusks once more slumbered not to awake fully until the following morning. So in six and thirty hours, rest had restored the strength that had been wasted during the night of sleet in the forests and the two days tramping through the snow.

While I was sleeping and taking my ease, the colonists were awake and working. The shallop, which was only half repaired, was again dragged ashore where the carpenters plied themselves to making it whole. Those who could not work on the shallop, labored in the sawpit, cutting boards, or else in the forest, chopping down and dragging trees to the pit. Many of the men who were on the last discovery were unable to move, owing to fever and coughs. The ship at its best was never warm; in the daytime it was bad enough, but at night the chill that entered the cabins made them uncomfortably cold.

The day of my waking from my long sleep was on the morning of December second. The colonists had been at anchor in Cape Cod Bay for three weeks, most of which time they were on their voyages of discovery or were preparing for them. Captain Jones, who had returned from his adventures ashore with different ideas of the ease with which a landing-place was to be found, sat in his cabin this morning drinking a mug of beer, when the cabin door opened letting in Governor Carver, Masters Bradford and Winslow. It was their custom not to be seated, unless they were invited; ordinarily Captain Jones would let them stand, but this morning he motioned them to take chairs. I think his two nights in the cold made him look

with patience on the men who suffered so stolidly. At all events he gave them unusual attention as Governor Carver began, "Captain Jones we have just come from the midst of our people, who are in great controversy as to whether they shall take up their abode here on Cape Cod or go on to the river which we have just visited."

" 'Tis a goodly harbor," exclaimed the captain with a nod of his head.

"For fish boats it is ample, but not for ships."

"What of the land?" asked the mariner, ignoring the governor's reply.

"That puzzles our people, some would have it that the land is cleared and ready for planting; besides the seed which we have found is natural to this soil. Then again they are divided whether we should plant ourselves without further searching. Some favor one plan, others another, so that they are filled with differences."

Captain Jones, who was not desirous of encouraging any plan that would require time to develop, at once said, "Cape Cod is a likely place for fishing. This being your great source of profit, what say you to settling here?"

"That has been hotly considered also and has weight with me," replied the governor. "There are great whales," he continued, "which play in the harbor daily, in the oil of which we see profits, were we once able to get the monsters on the beach."

Master Bradford now interrupted with, "Captain Jones, our people have already raised the question of the supply of fresh water at Cape Cod. There are no rivers or even streams, only ponds which we are fearful will dry in the summer."

"Besides," interrupted the governor, "some would have us continue our search as far as Agawam, a place twenty leagues northward where is said to be a fair harbor, with a brook of sweet water flowing into it."

Master Bradford did not wait for Captain Jones to answer but now put a question which I thought was uppermost in the minds of the colonists, as he said, "Some of our people conceive that so long as our butter, meat, and cheese last, the ship

will stay by us; but when they grow low, you, Captain Jones, will sail away and let us shift for ourselves."

I could see the captain knit his brow as he made haste to answer, " 'Tis my duty to carry this ship back to England, and I can say further, that when I sail, there will be ample meat and beer in the hold to take us there."

This information I felt was really what the colonists desired for they had little to say after the captain's outburst.

As they went out Captain Jones turned to me and said, "All the gold in Peru would not induce me to put myself in the place of these men. If they survive the winter, they will surely starve before their grain ripens; but long before harvest, the savages will overcome them."

I felt that the captain was speaking the truth, and my heart went out to the unfortunate people, whose fate seemed to be sealed with disaster. As I sat thinking over the colonists, I longed to go forth and carry off the maiden, that she might be saved from these miseries. Going out on deck I met her. She seemed so calm, I thought perhaps the captain and I had put the dangers too strongly. She made no effort to flee, but stood at the side of the vessel and awaited my coming.

She smiled so sweetly I would have torn a savage limb from limb, who would offer to do her hurt. Before I could speak she said, "Master Beaumont, you have been ill?"

"Nay, Mistress Lora, I was but resting."

"For a whole day and a night."

"Truly," I said with surprise at her manifested interest.

"Then you must indeed have been weary."

I felt repaid for all of my hardships by Mistress Lora's notice of them and replied, "My fatigue was indeed great, so I gave way to it."

She blushed deeply as she made haste to answer, "Master Beaumont, I was not in worry, but I wished to thank you for your stick of corn."

"So you will not forget me, Mistress Lora?"

With her roguish spirit showing out of her eyes she replied, "Not as long as the corn grows."

During the next four or five days I could see the colonists

in groups discussing their place of settlement. It was uppermost in their minds, and they spent hours together endeavoring to decide whether to tarry where they were or explore the country further.

Robert Coppin, one of the mates of the ship, who had been along this coast before, happening on Master Winslow during the discussion, told him of a navigable river flowing into a goodly harbor, north of Cape Cod about twenty leagues, where the land was rich and the fish a plenty. He said that while the vessel, he was with, lay at anchor, the savages stole a harping iron or harpoon, and the sailors had named the place "Thievish Harbor." There Master Coppin said the colonists would find sweet water, ample anchorage, and, much cleared land. This narrative so pleased Winslow that he made haste to repeat it to the rest; and, at a conference of the whole body, it was decided to have Mate Coppin lead them to this "Thievish Harbor."

This plan did not please Captain Jones, who would have the colonists begin their building at once and not be delayed by further searchings. But they had already decided that the land around Cape Cod was barren. Though they disliked exposing their people, still they thought it best to set forth once more, and explore the country for a more suitable plantation.

On Tuesday, the day before the party started on the third discovery, an end came near being made of all of us and the ship sent to the bottom of the sea. The Billington family of London, who were a quarrelsome and bothersome lot, had a son named Francis, about fourteen years of age. He was a likely lad but so meddlesome as to be in constant mischief. This day his father being ashore, the boy came across a fowling-piece, also a keg of powder with the head out. There were several others in the cabin at the same time who warned the lad to have a care; whether in anger or through carelessness no one knows, but the gun went off in his hands, almost over the keg of powder and next to the bedding. Strange as it may seem, neither the gunpowder, nor the beds caught fire, nor were any of the people injured. I was in the cabin shortly afterwards and considered it a miracle that we were not all blown to pieces.

Early Wednesday morning, this sixth day of December, of the year sixteen hundred and twenty, the colonists were up early, to see their third and last expedition of discovery set off. My experiences upon the other voyages aroused my desire for more, so that as soon as I heard of the forming of this third party, I at once arranged with Captain Standish to go. I had resolved to leave most of my armor off and would willingly have parted with my steel breast plates had I not been afraid of being spitted by an arrow.

There was a gale coming off shore that set my teeth chattering and filled the harbor with choppy waves. As I was on deck taking a look at the weather, I saw Mistress Lora standing in the lee of the mainmast. The wind had blown a touch of color in her cheeks, making her fairer than ever.

I was drawn to her saying, "Mistress Lora, this day bids to be a foul one."

The wind whipped a few strands of her brown hair across her cheeks as she replied, "Master Beaumont, why do you go forth in this cold?"

"It is my desire to see this new country and all it contains, so that I can entertain my friends in England with a truthful narrative of what I saw and did while away from them."

"Then why not bide by the ship, and go to the new plantation in comfort? I am sure you suffer from the cold and exposure the same as the rest do, but they are compelled to explore this desolate land, while you go through choice. Captain Standish told Mistress Rose in my presence, that one of the men on the last voyage would have frozen, but for the aid you rendered him."

"Truly, the captain speaks without my consent. What I did, was what any one of the party would have done for me had I been so feeble."

"Nay, I am fearful, that some would not have been so generous."

To draw her from this praise of me I said, "I like not yonder cloud, which seems to me to have a streak of snow."

Turning towards me and looking me in the face for the first

time, the maiden said, "It is a bold man that will go forth in such weather, sleep in the snow, aid his companions, and—"

Before she finished I broke in, "And give comfort to his enemies."

She gave me a curious look and boldly challenged me by saying, "We are no longer your enemy." Before I could ask her more she turned from me towards the great cabin.

I was in a cheerful mind as I turned back to the roundhouse to gather my things together for the voyage. This time I decided to carry my own tinder, so that we would not spend another fireless night. From my own supplies I brought forth a bag of Spanish rusk; though I could have carried many dainties on these expeditions, I refused to do so, eating ship's bread and cheese the same as the rest of the party.

There was no rush of volunteers to go, as there was on the other two voyages, the hardships of the past adventures having taken the desire of ranging the new country out of their hearts. The leaders made no effort to induce the commonality to go, leaving it entirely to their choice. The governor and his associates, however, showed their resolution and courage, volunteering to make the journey.

The London men showed their metal, for when it was left to the colonists to go or stay, Stephen Hopkins, Richard Warren, and Edward Dotey came forward like men and offered their services. The others of the party were Captain Standish, Governor Carver, William Bradford, Edward Winslow, John Tilley, John Howland, Edward Tilley, two seamen who had hired to the colonists, John Allerton and Thomas English. All told there were twelve colonists and seven of the ship's crew including myself. Captain Jones did not care to go, so Mate Clark was put in command of the shallop, with Mate Robert Coppin as pilot. As I related, Master Coppin had been on this shore before, and he it was who was to show the colonists "Thievish Harbor," with its river of fresh water, sweet springs, cleared ground for corn, and a harbor that would float the largest ships.

Coming out of the roundhouse fully panoplied, I was greeted

with a cutting blast that made my fingers tingle. In fact the weather was colder than at the starting of the second voyage of discovery. While I was greeting myself with this cheerless prospect, Mistress Lora came on deck. As she approached, she looked around to see if she were being noticed, came to me quickly and thrust a pair of woollen mittens into my hand. She did not say a word, nor did she wait for me to overcome my astonishment, but hurried past to where the men were preparing to lower themselves into the shallop.

Even if I could not use my tongue, I determined to show the maiden I did appreciate her gift; so, leaning my musket against the bulwarks, I drew the warm gloves over my cold hands. Though the wool warmed my tingling fingers, their glow was nothing compared to that which dwelt within me. Gallantly I approached the ladder which hung down into the shallop. The maiden was standing close by with one hand laid on the side of the ship, looking carelessly down at the men in the boat.

The other colonists being intent on the shallop, I stepped towards her; quickly laying my gloved hands across hers, with a little pressure I sent her my message of thankfulness. The maiden was taken unawares at my action, as I had been by hers, but she looked up and smiled, so I went down into the shallop with my heart in a flutter.

Once within the tossing boat, it was launched away; but a gust of wind, forcing us back against the ship, almost capsized us. This threatened disaster brought a cry of alarm from the deck, but we were righted in a moment and floated free. The wind was so strong off shore, that we were blown across the bay towards the sandy point. Though we rowed with all our might, we were in great danger of being swamped and cast upon the beach. While fighting this peril, two of the men were overcome with the cold. Those of us who could pull an oar were hard at the task, while the sailors made ready the sail.

The water came over the side covering us with spray, so that our clothes were frozen stiff. I had been within the grasp of coats of steel many times, but I did not fancy this coat of ice and wished myself free from it.

As soon as the sail was hoisted, we made headway, finally running under the lee shore where the wind did not trouble us so much. My breast and back plates being covered with ice, I unbuckled the straps and let them fall into the shallop.

Once on our way we sailed along the coast and found it so bleak and barren, I wondered at the glowing descriptions of the earlier explorers who wrote of its strawberries, lucious grapes, and the verdure of the hills. Surely I thought if they had seen this land now under snow and ice, their song would have been of another strain; but the writers happened here in the summer, while we were in the midst of winter.

Our little shallop proved to be a seaworthy craft, speeding along the shore at a round pace. Coming to a wide bay we sailed directly across it. On the other shore hard by the sea, we saw many savages at work over a black fish which they had hauled upon the beach. As soon as they saw us, they began carrying the flesh of the fish into the forests. We made no effort to go to them owing to the shallowness but sailed past them. Until sundown we searched the land but found no place suitable for a plantation. Using our axes freely, we made our night's rendezvous. There was ample wood so that we were again blessed with the light and warmth of a blazing fire.

With the coming of morning, forces were divided, part stay-aboard the shallop, the rest following along the shore. All day we ranged the forests, finding a burial place, a few unoccupied huts, some corn land, but on the whole the ground very indifferent. Late in the evening we came out upon the beach and saw the shallop standing along the shore seeking us. Captain Standish firing his snap chance called its attention.

We were so pressed for time, that Governor Carver determined to go as far as he could before nightfall, though we were tired enough to have made our rendezvous where we were. As night came on, it began snowing, making navigation difficult, but we continued on our course until we could not see where we were going. Wading through the sea, we came ashore and made our camp in the snow.

Captain Standish setting his sentinels round about in the

driving storm, warned them to be vigilant. About midnight the guard called "to arms." Springing to my feet, I saw Captain Standish standing by the fire, his feet apart, his musket cocked and ready for use, peering into the gloom of the forests, while two sentinels stood near by pointing excitedly among the trees. As I ranged myself alongside the captain ready for the fight, I heard a strange call from the woods, which the sentinels declared came from the throats of savages.

The other colonists came and stood with us, the glow of their matches lighting up their faces. Again and again came this shrill cry out of the wilderness. We stood looking into each other's faces, instinctively asking by our manner if anyone had ever heard such calls before. One of the seamen, after listening attentively, said it was the call of the gray wolf, which he had often heard in Newfoundland. Finding no fault with our active sentinels, and being thankful we were aroused by animals instead of savages we lay down once more to sleep.

The colonists were up before daylight, determined to reach Master Coppin's "Thievish Harbor" before nightfall. Fearful that the snow had so dampened the charges in their muskets so that they would not fire, several tested them, with the result that the trees echoed with their noise. To hasten their going the men took their empty guns down to the shallop that had been dragged upon the beach. Separating themselves from their muskets nearly caused them to come to grief, for they had hardly returned and seated themselves around the fire, when one of the sentinels came rushing in crying, "Savages!" Before I could rise an arrow struck my breast plate.

The men rushed wildly down to the beach for their guns, while Captain Standish and I made ready our snap chances. I could see in the twilight of the forests, figures darting here and there, taking refuge behind trees, all the while keeping up such cries and howling as I never heard before.

Captain Standish, not being able to distinguish an enemy, let go his snap chance bidding me to do likewise, but cautioned Master Bradford and two others who had their guns to withhold in case of assault, while we were reloading. All the while

our men were shouting words of encouragement to their comrades in the shallop. They answered back, "Well, well, be of good courage, be of good courage." At the same time shouting for fire to light their matches. Master Bradford hearing the call, throwing aside his gun seized a brand from the fire, hastened through a flight of arrows to the beach. Shortly there came a merry volley from that quarter, giving us ample evidence that their gun matches were blazing in good order.

Master Bradford then led a part of the crew of the shallop back to aid us, this reënforcement causing the savages to increase their shouts and arrows. I could see a lusty captain urging his men to attack. To show his defiance of our muskets, he ran from tree to tree until he came close to us, then from behind an oak let fly an arrow. Captain Standish, seeing this bold savage, fired his musket at the tree behind which he was standing. Though the bark flew, the man defiantly held his ground sending another arrow at us. Then I drew aim at the Indian captain, sending the ground flying around his feet, still he held fast. By this time Captain Standish, having loaded his piece, fired as the fellow put out his arm to shoot his arrow. The arrow fell to the ground, while the savage went off howling through the woods with a wounded arm, calling his people after him.

Seeing the enemy flying, Captain Standish charged out of our bush barricade, with his empty gun bidding us to follow. Then we gave a white man's cheer in defiance to the savage howl, chasing a quarter of a mile through the underbrush after the fleeing savages. Being out of breath we came to a halt, fired our muskets, and gave a mighty shout; but there was not a soul to be seen. As there was no one to fight, we returned to our rendezvous where the fire was still burning.

Seeking through the dead leaves that covered the ground for arrows, we found eighteen of them, some headed with brass and others with bone. My great coat which hung near the fire to dry had an arrow in each shoulder, the savages taking it to be the form of a man. Strange as it may seem there was not one of the party wounded, though our breast plates were

dented. We respected the shooting of the savages, for their aim was good and their shafts had force.

Launching the shallop, we hoisted sail and pursued our way along the coast, keeping a close watch upon the country. The morning passed without our leaving the shallop. In the middle of the afternoon clouds began to gather overhead and the wind blew in gusts off the sea. To make us more uncomfortable, it began to rain and sleet.

Though the waves tossed the shallop about, still we held to our course determined to reach "Thievish Harbor." Our little craft raced along until a wave carried away its rudder. A couple of seamen managed to steer the boat with oars, while those who were not managing the boat, crouched in the bottom, where we were fairly protected from the wind.

As night came on, the gale increased, blowing the sea into great waves that threatened to overturn us. Master Coppin, who was our pilot, stood up from time to time, vainly endeavoring to recognize some familiar object along the shore. A headland at one time he thought he knew, but later admitting he did not, we lost confidence in him. There were white breakers dead ahead rolling over shallow sands, so that we were compelled to stand out to sea. Though the shallop had proven to be a sturdy craft we were now in great danger.

While we were beating about the shallows and many had given up hopes of reaching the harbor or even dry land, Master Coppin suddenly shouted, "The Harbor! The Harbor! Be of good cheer!"

I arose to my feet but all I could see was a headland and low lying shores, apparently without a break.

The sailor's eye was better than mine, for as we headed ashore I saw a wide breach, through which we hoped to reach the harbor. As we were in the midst of the breakers a sudden blast of wind carried away our mast, sending the sail by the board, at the same time a great wave threw the shallop over on its side. I felt the boat going down and saw the curl of green waters rushing over the gunwhale; dropping my musket I seized the seat with both hands expecting to be swallowed by

the sea. Fortunately the wreckage fell across the opposite side, forcing the boat back to an even keel.

Stunned by the suddenness of the disaster, we sat for a moment not knowing which way to turn, then above the tempest I heard Mate Clark shout, "Oars, men! Get out the oars!"

While the seamen struggled at the oars, others began dipping out the water, using their steel caps as buckets. For the next few minutes we worked as we never did before. The seamen, finally getting their oars in place and pulling in the mast and sail, were able to hold the boat's head into the waves.

While the men struggled at the oars, Master Coppin again stood up and looked about him. Facing one way then the other he cried out in dismay, "The Lord be merciful, for I have never seen this place before."

With this outcry of his mate, Master Clark, who had borne himself well up to this time, seeing greater danger on an unknown sea than on the land, shouted to his men to run the shallop ashore. In the falling twilight we saw a cove ahead, filled with breakers casting themselves on the beach with the sound of thunder. Into this turbulent sea we were now drifting. I sat helpless not knowing when I would be thrown headlong into the billows. With my heavy armor I had little hopes of ever reaching shore.

Knowing my life depended upon relieving myself of this weight of steel, I worked furiously at the buckles until the last fastening was released and the plates slipped from me. Then I stood up in the darkness to see what the prospects were. I confess I saw little and what I did was poor comfort for on all sides were combs of breakers, whitened like the fangs of tigers rushing on their prey. The sea was in a tumult, boiling over the shallows like a caldron and beyond sounded heavy thunderings upon the beach.

The bow of the boat was almost in the surf, when I heard a strange voice out of the darkness shouting, "About with her, if you are men, row for your lives!"

Our new leader was Thomas English, one of the sailors under contract to the colonists, who seeing the danger, in the

emergency arose and took command of the shallop, grabbing the steering oar he turned the boat from the breakers out to sea.

We were indeed fighting for our lives, for row as hard as we could we seemed to be drifting into the surf. It was so dark we could not see our course. Without a light, the rain coming down sorely, our fingers so cold we could hardly grasp the oars, surrounded by darkness, tossed like a cork on an angry sea, we rowed only as desperate men could. When we were striving our uttermost, and our hopes began to give way to fear, there came out of the night the strong clear voice of Governor Carver, saying, "Be strong and of good courage."

Say what you will, this calm voice and strong words urged me to fight on, though but a moment before I began to feel my courage failing. Like a battle cry in a forlorn hope, it sent me back to the task determined to win. As this voice and message affected me, so it did the rest, for I could feel the boat give way under new strength.

Now that we had regained our courage, Master Clark plucked up his and standing in the bow urged the men on, declaring that he could see a lee shore where we could ride in safety. After struggling desperately, we finally won our way and came under this shore in the darkness, where the water was fairly quiet. Not being able to see the nature of the land and fearful of the savages we decided to stay in the boat until morning.

As the night advanced, the rain turned into snow. Having suffered beyond endurance, the men begged to be set ashore, lest they freeze where they were. For a time Governor Carver hesitated, fearful that the savages would fall upon them in their helpless condition. The poor fellows begged piteously, saying they would rather die at the hands of the Indians than sit and freeze. So those who elected to go were landed.

As I believed in the merits of the firm earth, I gladly made my escape from the boat. Though everything was wet and we had trouble to find wood in the dark, in time we had a fire going, lighting up the waters so pleasingly, the men in the shallop could not withstand its allurements. Though the

pick of the colonists were in the party, they were so affected by their previous exposures, they could not throw off the cold.

With the coming of the day we had a view of the land and found we were on a rocky shore overlooking a broad harbor. Having in mind an attack of the savages, when it was light Captain Standish led the strongest of the party off into the the cedar bushes to look at the country. To our surprise we found we had landed upon an island. By the time we had returned the sun had come forth from behind the clouds, giving us good cheer, but the men were so weary the leaders decided to rest all this day, which was Saturday; drying clothes, fixing guns, but mostly mending our bodies which were in a sad state.

During the morning we lay in our rugs upon bough beds around the fire. In the afternoon the colonists began to prepare for the coming Sabbath, gathering in a supply of firewood and doing such other things as would carry them through the next day without labor. In the evening as we sat around the blazing cedar logs, Master Bradford brought forth a Geneva Bible and in a clear voice read the first chapter of Joshua. This was a favorite with these men and though I have heard it read many times, never did it impress me so deeply as it did that night, when we lay upon this lonely island.

On the Sabbath day the colonists rested, while the sailors tried for codfish with poor results. Mate Clark and I made a circuit of the island, found it covered with red cedars and other low growing rubbish. As we followed the beach back, Clark kicked up a clam, digging down in the sand we found quantities of the shell fish. We feasted upon the clams, then gathered a quantity for the others; though the colonists would not partake of them, the seamen made away with them greedily

During the greater part of the day the colonists sat around the fire while someone read aloud from Master Bradford's Bible. Now and then one would walk to the seaside and look across the harbor, toward a great clearing, which could be plainly seen. Master Coppin had already declared that this was not "Thievish Harbor" and could give no account of the place. Still the clearing on the hillside, facing a good harbor,

was a fair prospect, so that they felt it might answer the purpose of a colony.

By daybreak Monday, we were up seeking clams, to break the flavor of the cheese and ship's bread. The colonists were glad this day to pluck the shell fish from the sand, calling them fresh fruit. Master Clark and his sailors soon had their supply stored away in the shallop; the colonists did likewise, so that their stomachs were treated to a surprise after many weeks of laboring on salt meats and stale food. Master Coppin had a new cedar mast in place, this Monday morning, December twenty-first, when the shallop was launched upon the waters of the harbor.

The boat headed for the great clearing. On the way Mate Clark took soundings, finding ample water to float the largest ships in places; but the harbor was mostly shallow and even dry at low tide. Satisfied with the sea, Governor Carver directed the seamen to steer toward an inlet which seemed to be the mouth of a stream running down from the hills through the great clearing. This prospect of fresh water, open fields, and deep harbor greatly pleased the colonists.

The tide was full so that the shallop under full sail beat up towards the inlet. The clearing proved to be much larger than was thought at first, covering about one hundred acres. From a high mound about an eighth of a mile from the sea it sloped gently down to a little cliff along the beach, showing a deep cut where the brook ran along one side of the field. It was surrounded on all sides by a forest of pines and leafless trees. Steering for the inlet we came upon a great rock that shelved from the shore into the sea, Master Clark called the Governor Carver's attention to it, saying it was a proper landing stage.

Some of the party were for going up the inlet, but Captain Standish with true military instinct said it would be dangererous, as the savages could pelt us with arrows from both banks This settled the argument, Governor Carver directing the seamen to steer for the great rock. Coming up to it a sailor sprang out of the boat with a short line, Governor Carver following him, while the rest of us scrambled over the sides

as best we could, glad for once to come to land with shoes and stockings dry. Those who had match-locks saw that their sparks were red. Captain Standish and I held our snap chances ready for action, not knowing how many evil eyed savages might be watching us from the bushes.

Though we made sure there were no savages around before landing, still we were fearful and advanced slowly, cautiously climbing the bank into the clearing. There we found old stalks of corn and the ground covered with wild grass and brush of three or four years' growth. Having taken a look at the clearing and measured the soil, we made our way through the brush to the top of a ravine, at the bottom of which was a brook, with sweet and ample water.

Mounting the stream we came to a spring bubbling out of the ground beneath the roots of a half dozen willow trees of more than goodly proportion. This discovery caused the party to stop and gather around the fountain, marveling at its freshness.

I saw Governor Carver first look down at the brook, then up, then gazing into the basin of the spring, he said, "For a situation, for a plantation, this seems to be the most likely. There is a good harbor, ample cleared land, abundance of sweet water and a hill on which to build our defences."

These being the main points in the plantation of a colony and this spot seeming to fill all of them, there was no dissenting from the governor's words. Though it was not decided then to settle here, the seed was planted in the minds of the men.

Master Bradford suggested they go to the top of the high mount in the clearing, from which to judge the sea and the land. Once more clambering through the low brush, we crossed the rolling land to the top of the mount. From there we could see that a narrow strip of land divided the harbor from the sea. Off to the left was the island where we first landed, which now was agreed should be called Clark's Island after the mate. A long narrow beach circled out from the land to the left, embracing the island within its sweep. As we stood and gazed at the stretch of sea and land, I half liked

this wilderness myself, while the colonists were all but settled in favor of this site for their plantation.

As they were beholding the landscape, Captain Standish paced off the top of the mount for a fortification. But the colonists were not so fast as the captain, deciding to look further. Taking up arms, we marched inland through the woods not even finding a savage's path to aid our travels. The country was hilly, in many places full of stones, intermingled with swamps and boggy places. There was an abundance of pitch pines and other noble trees, giving the colonists encouragement for their building materials. There was also much barren land with here and there a fruitful spot, where the soil was black and deep and on which the yeomen of the party looked hopefully. But they found no spot which gave them as much satisfaction as the great clearing, with its sweet water brook and spring.

Returning to the shallop they rowed up into the inlet finding ample depth for fishing-boats. The banks of the brook and inlet, too, rose at a gentle incline, affording room for houses and gardens. With this farewell look, it was then decided to bring the ship from Cape Cod, planting the colony in the great clearing or near by, if a more favorable spot could be found.

Sailing across the harbor the men gazed backward many times at the great clearing and the country around it. With a final look the prow of the shallop was turned toward the open sea and Cape Cod. Coasting along the shore we spent another night under the stars and about noontime the next day came in sight of the vessel.

There were no shouts of welcome nor calling back and forth as usual. This subdued feeling was felt by the men in the shallop, causing them to wonder what had happened during their absence. Master Bradford failed to see the face of his good wife Dorothy, hoping no doubt to be greeted by her in the cabin. But this was not to be, for during his absence she had accidentally fallen into the sea, meeting her fate in the waters of Cape Cod, this being the first tragedy that had befallen the colonists.

LOCATING THE COLONY AT PLYMOUTH

THE season of death had begun with the colonists while the party was off on the third discovery. We had not been gone long when Edward Thompson, a servant of Master William White, was taken. Little Jasper Moore, a bound boy in the family of Governor Carver, who had been ailing for some time, also came to his end. Then Mistress Dorothy May, wife of Master William Bradford, fell into the sea. Thus the home-coming was a sad one.

On the morrow after the return, the governor and all of his people went ashore to bring aboard the timbers and boards that had been cut from the trees and dragged to the saw-pits, making ready to leave Cape Cod.

I watched the ship's deck closely, thinking I would catch sight of Mistress Lora. As she did not appear I walked back and forth hoping she would come forth from the great cabin. Instead of Lora I happened on Mistress Rose Standish, wife of the captain. She was a dainty little body, cheerful and with a pleasing word for everyone. Through the captain I had made his wife's acquaintance. As I had great respect for him, she compensated me by showing me little attentions. I learned from Mistress Rose that the maiden was not ill, but for some reason kept to her cabin.

While we were speaking together who should come on deck but the maiden. As she and Mistress Standish were exceedingly friendly she came directly to us.

Mistress Rose being curious about me, after touching on many subjects, finally said, "Master Beaumont, from what part of England do you come?"

"Leicestershire, Mistress Standish.'

"An east of England man."

At this Mistress Lora spoke up with, "Master Beaumont, how came you to be at Plymouth?"

This was a question which I had not anticipated and hesitated before making reply. Seeing she misinterpreted my delay and knowing that soonor or later I would have to answer, I made up my mind to have it over with and replied, "Mistress Lora, it was a quarrel that carried me into Plymouth."

"And you were fleeing the country?" asked Mistress Rose. She was a soldier's wife and understood at once what had sent me away from England. Seeing I did not give a direct reply, she refrained from pushing the matter further.

But the maiden showed the willfulness of her sex and now that I had pulled my mask off partially, she would have me completely remove it. As soon as she could return to the subject, she said, "Master Beaumont, you did not say why you left England."

I could see Mistress Rose's cheeks flush and for fear that she might think I was a highwayman or a robber I said quite determinedly, "It was an affair of honor and not of my own seeking."

Mistress Standish again came to my aid saying, "You mean that you fought," at the same time she endeavored to change the subject.

The maiden was determined to know more. There was no denying the truth, looking boldly at her I replied, "I fought a duel."

"And you had to flee the country?" exclaimed the maiden with horror in her voice.

"Mistress Lora, do not judge harshly of me, since I had no choice. The man I fought was seeking my life and I struggled, as any other man would, to save it."

"That is the custom of England," explained Mistress Rose, "and no blame can lie on Master Beaumont."

Mistress Rose took my part so well that the maiden's fears were somewhat allayed; but I knew the end was not yet. To change the trend of the conversation I asked, "Mistress Lora, how came you to this vessel?"

"With my parents, from Holland," she answered.

"From Leyden?"

"Truly Leyden, and a city of great beauty."

"Yea, I have been there."

"You, Master Beaumont?" she exclaimed with surprise.

"Yes, Mistress Lora, I saw you there one November day about a year gone."

"That could not be, Master Beaumont, since I was in London not returning until the following December."

"But the Leyden Cathedral," I stammered.

"True 'tis a thing of beauty, but what of it?" she asked.

"On this November day my companion and I saw you passing through the Cathedral square with your father," I said insistently.

"Nay, Master Beaumont, it must have been my sister Fear."

"Fear Brewster," I exclaimed.

"She favors me greatly, though I am her elder."

"But I like Lora Brewster better than Fear Brewster," I said with a little laugh.

She did not reply but blushed prettily, turning toward Mistress Standish for relief, but she only smiled at her. Then shortly the two women went to their cabin, leaving me at the side of the vessel, deeply puzzled by this new situation. I had been making love to a cathedral as well as to a maiden, connecting the two together, only to find that they did not belong to each other. For a time I stood in great perplexity but the form of the maiden arose clearly above these doubts.

While the colonists were making ready, Captain Jones held a conference with Master Clark and Coppin. As I was interested, I approached the table where the three seamen were discussing a map on which Master Clark essayed to point out the harbor which we had visited. Master Coppin traced the course of our shallop, saying, "There is Grumpus Bay, and here is our First Encounter."

"Then," said Captain Jones, "this harbor which you saw must be within these beaches and is marked on Captain John Smith's map as Plymouth."

Both mates now looked upon the map and after an exchange of words confirmed the harbor as Plymouth.

Having fixed the place, Captain Jones said, "What say you

Clark, think you Governor Carver and his people are satisfied with the place?"

"So they seemed."

"And the harbor will float the ship safely? I shall never hoist anchor unless I know whither I am going."

The captain was so surly, I expected to hear him refuse to even go to the new anchorage. But both Clark and Coppin assured him that they had sounded the channel and harbor and found ample sea room. The captain then replied that he was content and would go as soon as the colonists were ready.

Shortly after this conference of the seamen, Governor Carver and the other leaders returned from ashore with a load of sawn planks which they quickly hoisted and stored on deck. They had evidently been considering the new harbor as a place of settlement while ashore, for they came at once to the roundhouse and finding Captain Jones in, Governor Carver said, "Master Jones, we have at length found a place of settlement."

"Indeed, pray where?" asked the seaman, expressing surprise, though he knew full well all the while.

"In a great clearing on a hillside, through which flows a brook, and in front of which lies an ample harbor."

"When would you go to this new place?" asked the captain.

"On the morrow," was the governor's unexpected reply.

So it was decided that after laying at the first anchorage at Cape Cod for a month and four days, during which time three journeys of discoveries had been made, the ship was to sail on Friday, Christmas Day, for the harbor of Plymouth, so named by Captain John Smith of Virginia. When the colonists left the cabin, they immediately returned to the shallop, devoting the rest of the day, to bringing aboard their tools and the wooden things that had been wrought on shore. When the last trip had been made, the shallop was lashed aft for the voyage.

With the coming of Christmas morning the colonists were on deck, not giving due regard for the holy day, according to my fancy and practice of the established church. There were no happy greetings or exchange of remembrances, but a stolid indifference to the gentle memories so dear to other English-

men. To them it was the same as any other day of the year. As I was curious to know the cause of this lack of appreciation of Christmas Day by the Separatists, though they were ardent Christians, I appealed to Master Winslow. He assured me that the holy day had become a profane day, celebrated by unlicensed drinking, bull and bear baiting, and abounding in other excesses, which they could not countenance.

The sailors in the forecastle and we in the roundhouse were looking forward to a feast of delicacies, and an extra allowance of beer, garnished with bits of citron and sweet ginger for the midday meal. Captain Jones and the rest of us grew happy under the prospects of a rich dinner, while the colonists held grimly to their coarse diet.

The boatswain whistle calling the sailors from their beer, they came grumbling from their quarters to loosen the frozen sails, and drag the anchor cables out of the cold sea, swearing oaths at the unfeeling colonists who would make them labor on this the greatest day of the year. The sails were soon set and the ship got under way. Mate Clark was in command as he had knowledge of the Bay of Plymouth. With a good wind off shore, Mate Clark headed the ship out to sea, expecting to come into the harbor from the ocean, rather than take the risk of coursing along shore.

I was glad to feel the ship working under me once more, as it meant that the colonists would soon be safe ashore, likewise, I would soon be homeward bound. As I sat in the little alcove, looking at the distant hills, I could not help but think how much more comfortable it was to go to Plymouth in a ship, than in the little shallop, in armor covered with ice.

While the plum pudding was steaming on the table and our throats were still carrying the sweetness of the roast goose, Mate Clark came in, exclaiming that owing to the high winds he could not take the ship into the harbor. Captain Jones looked hard at his plum pudding, then at Clark, his mind divided between his stomach and his duty. It was only for a moment, however, then he filled his mouth with the steaming sweetness, not deigning to answer Mate Clark until he had swallowed the tempting morsel. Though the ship were sink-

ing, I was sure that Master Jones could not tear himself away from the plum pudding until he had had his fill. So it happened. Though he did not linger long at the table, the captain made the most of it, by the active use of a great pewter spoon, which he plied rapidly and kept well filled.

The Christmas pudding being wrecked, the captain hastened out to the quarterdeck, making a hasty survey. The waves were rolling in the narrow channel, leading into the harbor, making it dangerous to enter, even for navigators who knew the waters. As I came out of the roundhouse, I saw Captain Jones looking doubtfully about him. Seeing he could not make the harbor he decided to return to Cape Cod. Giving a quick command, the ship rolled heavily on its side, pushing its square prow deep into the sea, as it made a wide turn and started back. We made the old anchorage about sundown, so that the first effort to enter Plymouth Bay ended in defeat.

This Christmas night while the colonists were saying their evening prayer, the sailors were in great glee, mingling their ribald songs with the harmonies of the psalms. While the colonists went to their beds and hoped for better things on the morrow, the sailors spent the night dancing and drinking, and saw with bleary eyes and clogged brains, the next day's sun rise out of the depths of the sea.

This day being Saturday and the wind blowing fair across the bay an early start was made for fear that the breeze would go down before Plymouth Harbor was reached. The sailors came from their quarters after their night's carousal, sleepy and quarrelsome. But Captain Jones waded in amongst them with his big fists and heavy boots, soon bringing the men to their senses; at least that was the term in which he phrased his brutality.

With the vessel once more under headway, Master Coppin took his stand in the stays. Mate Clark was forward on the forecastle-deck, while Captain Jones was aft on the poop-deck near the wheel, where he had a view of the ship. The failure of yesterday made the captain all the more anxious to succeed today. The colonists who were able, were out watching the proceedings. I was anxious that this day's venture meet with

success as well and went forward taking my stand with Mate Clark.

The weather being favorable, the ship came to the narrows leading into the bay about the middle of the afternoon. As the vessel ran into the breach, the captain sent the sailors aloft to take in sail, fearing to drive the ship too fast. The leadsmen were calling the depth of the water; and now and then Mate Clark would hold up his hand, signaling the wheelman to steer to the right or left. These were moments of breathless interest as the ship made its way between the shallows and over sandy shoals into the unknown harbor.

The ebb tide showed a broad channel along the inside of the wooded beach, which was between the harbor and the ocean. Captain Jones who did not fancy lying in the open roadstead, began working the ship down this channel and before he had gained his anchorage, the twilight began to fall.

During this maneuvering of the vessel to gain its quarters, the colonists were on deck looking anxiously at the surrounding country getting what hope they could out of it. Being greatly interested I mingled with them to hear what they might have to say of the prospect. Some held that the harbor was ample, others saw in the island a refuge from the savages, in case of need; another that the sand would give clams in case of famine. There was a feeling of joy among the common people that the voyage was at an end.

The headmen, who were grouped together forward near the ship's long boat, were in a different mood from the common people, for as they stood in the presence of the unknown they felt their responsibilities bearing heavily upon them. This day was one which they had looked forward to, even before sailing from Holland.

When Governor Carver broke the silence by saying, "Elder Brewster, this is our promised land," every member of the group around him said, "Amen."

Then it was that the Elder, as he looked across the harbor into the great clearing grown gray in the light of the departing day, said, "Moses came in sight of the land of Canaan, but another led his people into it."

There was not a touch of bitterness in his speech, although he had in his mind Master John Robinson, who was left in Leyden. The elder's words so fitted his own case, however, that those who heard him looked at each other saying, in their own hearts, " 'Tis true."

Governor Carver, looking at the great clearing, expressed himself with, "This hill country greets me better than yonder low land," pointing to the right where a river came into the harbor through a grassy plain.

Master Isaac Allerton, who was near by, replied, "But if we take possession of this cleared land, now, the savages will return and claim it at their planting time."

This thought had not come into the minds of the leaders, and they stood greatly perplexed until Captain Standish remarked, "The savages have not planted this field for several years."

"But they might return," insisted Allerton.

Master Bradford very cleverly answered, "We can take possession of the clearing, and if the savages return, we can pay their price."

To my notion he was right, and I felt sure that this great clearing would be chosen for the plantation, though there was a firm disposition on the part of some to seek further.

While the leaders of the colonists were standing on deck discussing the prospect of the land, Captain Jones had worked the ship, back of the beach, where he thought it could ride in safety. The light in the west fading and the shadows of the night spreading over the land made the great clearing a patch of yellow in the midst of the mass of black forests.

Then the governor and the headmen crowded to the side of the ship. For a time they looked in silence. With their faces set toward this wilderness, their courage challenged by its danger, they stood like men who felt a duty within them and girded themselves about to do their uttermost. Reverently the governor took off his hat, the others doing likewise, until every colonist stood uncovered; then in the hush of the departing day, they betook themselves to their cabin, feeling that they had at length reached their goal.

The next day was one of suppressed excitement, even though it was the Sabbath. Captain Jones and the sailors were anxious to be off, the colonists were in hopes to be rid of the ship, while the women and children were glad at the prospect of once more coming to dry land. While the hoar frost was still upon the deck, I heard the commonality out discussing the merits of the clearing against other parts of the country. After services the governor and the chiefest came on deck, walking back and forth endeavoring to ignore the presence of the great clearing in fixing their minds on holier things, but one by one they stopped by the side of the vessel and, like the common people, began discussing the country side.

The children did not take to the sullenness of the land as they fancied the country, which their elders had been seeking so faithfully, was to be clothed in flowers and everlasting sunshine. Some of the elders also found fault with its bleakness and for the moment were sorry they came. But most of the men looked at the barren hills and black forests with brave hearts and were impatient for the morrow.

In the evening the hearth boxes were brought upon deck, while the people gathered about the burning juniper, sending a greeting to the new shores in their songs. Governor Carver was impatient to have his men in their rugs, as he knew better than they, what the labors of the morrow would be. Gracious, not with fault-finding, but very wisely, the governor had the fires out and the men at rest, long before they expected.

When the last man had gone to his rugs, the governor still lingered, walking back and forth as if in deep thought. The embers of one of the sand boxes being left for the night watch, I caught the governor's face as he passed it from time to time in his lonely walk. I could see he was laboring under great mental strain. Once he stopped, I saw him turn his face heavenwards and wring his hands. Then turning to the side of the vessel he stood looking toward the land. No one knows what this silent figure suffered or what was uppermost in his mind but as he felt the hush of the night and the gloom of the great wilderness stealing across the waters, he must have had a glimpse of the toils, perils, anguish, and even the deaths of his

people. As he stood alone and unattended, I could only think of another one who spent his last night before Gethsemane in anguish for his people.

Out of the darkness the governor came back to the watch-fire. A fitful flame gave me a glimpse of his countenance, his high forehead and gray hair, his weather beaten cheeks and kindly face, and I felt that he was truly a man of courage. The flickering flame lighted the governor to the door of his cabin, leaving me with a picture of a prophet of old in communion with his God.

Sailors and colonists were up betimes Monday morning. The shallop which had been lying idly at the stern of the ship was made ready for the voyage to land. Though it had been snowy and stormy weather, there was no ice in the harbor. The men prudently decided to search the shores of the bay, before finally fixing upon a place to settle. Those who had not been in the great clearing would go there first to see what sort of a place it was. My heart was set on journeying with the party, so that when the shallop pushed away, I was one of its occupants, holding my musket across my knees.

Governor Carver pointed out the rock at the right of the inlet to Captain Jones, which now became the fixed landing-place of the colonists. Once ashore and having viewed the harbor from the high hill, tasted of the waters of the spring, seen the brook and inlet, and tested of the soil, the colonists began searching the neighboring country to make sure there was not a place near by, that would excel this spot in these favors.

First they ranged the woods and found the land lean and fat in places with an occasional oak, pine, and hemlock. There were some walnut, beech, ash, and birch trees and vines trailing from treetops, which promised grapes in their season. Under the dry leaves which carpeted the ground were strawberry plants, and a store of herbs, which I thought would please the matrons as well as Doctor Fuller. The inland country not pleasing them, the colonists turned to the beach, following it until they came to the river, which had been discovered from the ship. The tide being in, and being unable

to cross, they decided to abandon further search. Turning back we came to the great rock, returning to the ship before dark.

Every colonist who could leave his bed was at the side to welcome the return of the shallop. In their eagerness some of them wanted to know if they had selected the place of settlement, if they had seen savages, and a multitude of other questions, which no one endeavored to answer until the deck was reached.

Tuesday the colonists set off to explore the river in the shallop, which we found was a gentle stream but hardly worthy of the name. Though the land was flat and free from trees, fresh water was lacking. Having rowed around the harbor, going ashore at favorable places, Governor Carver expressed a desire of seeing Clark's Island on which we had first landed. This was found to be unsuitable owing to the lean land and lack of springs. Having examined the shore line of the harbor, the colonists returned to the ship with their minds set on an early decision of the place of settlement.

Happening on Captain Standish he told me a conference was to be held that night. As some favored one location and some another, an effort was to be made to get all to agree on one place. Captain Jones and I discussed the various spots and between us agreed that the great clearing was the best one. He was of the opinion that the headmen had already fixed upon it and were giving the commonality time to come to their way of thinking.

I was up Wednesday almost as early as the colonists and I think I was almost as anxious over the outcome of the conference as they were themselves. Meeting Captain Standish he told me a decision had not been reached; but as many of the colonists as could go were to take a final view of the sites on the river and the great clearing – the choice being between these two. Shortly the shallop was dropped alongside and the colonists took their places; there being room I was invited to go too.

First they rowed to the river taking a final look at the lowlands, then they started for the great clearing. Enroute the

colonists who favored the plains, extolled the merits of their choice; but the others held fast, refusing to decide until the great clearing had been looked over again. One by one the men stepped upon the rock and viewed the inlet, then visited the spring and saw the running brook. Governor Carver, with his long gray hair cropping out beneath the edge of his steel bonnet, then led the way to the top of the high mount, from which a view was gained of the clearing, the harbor, and all the surrounding country.

Grouped on the little hilltop the men called each other's attention to the soil and advantages of the place. Having given his people ample time and opportunity, Governor Carver decided to bring the selection of a place of settlement to an end. Three days had been lost since the ship came into the harbor searching out a location, so that the leaders were ready to act.

Then it was that the governor gave the first evidence of his authority on land, for, taking off his steel cap, in a clear, steady voice he said, that it was beholden for them to decide now whether they would settle on the banks of the river or in the great clearing. With this statement he put one place and then the other. With loud assent the great clearing was chosen as their plantation. So it befell the lot of this hilltop to witness the first working of individual government in this new land. Whatever may come of this theory, this spot will be hallowed or evil ground, in so much as the method becomes good or bad.

Filing down the mount the colonists went back to the banks of the inlet, where another conference was held over the location of the first house in the clearing. It was agreed that the sick men, women and children must stay on the ship, until the houses had been built for their protection. Having this plan in mind, Governor Carver suggested that all of the colonists join in building a common-house, for the protection of the men, while they were building their own huts. This was assented to and choice made of a site on the bank of the inlet. Twenty men, at the command of the governor set to work immediately to clear away the undergrowth.

So the colonists took possession of the great clearing and began their work of settlement.

A broad deer trail on the opposite side of the brook having attracted my attention, I decided to stay ashore. Before morning I wished I had not had so much sporting blood in my veins, for about midnight it began to storm and rain so that there was no protecting one's self from the tempest. The fire being extinguished we were compelled to sit through the rest of the night in wet clothes. The men ashore had not intended staying when they left the vessel so that they only had sufficient food for their evening meal. The shallop was to bring supplies the next morning, but the sea was raging so that it was impossible. In fact the wind was so strong we were fearful that the ship would be blown from its moorings and if Captain Jones had not thrown out all three of his anchors, it is my belief that the vessel would have been dashed to pieces.

About noontime when we had about given ourselves over to a day of fasting, we were gladdened by the sight of the shallop coming with stores. The little craft headed into the inlet where it floated safely under the covert of the banks. While the men built a brush rendezvous, I followed the brook trying my musket on the ducks and geese, bringing in a few fowl, an acceptable addition to our larder.

The wind being still high the shallop could not go back to the ship, but with a blazing fire and a brush bed, we lay under a rude shelter thankful for our blessings. All day Friday the shallop lay in the inlet unable to breast the high waves, so that our supplies again ran low. The colonists made the best of this delay by seeking sites for houses, locating timber, and searching for wild grass for thatching. I was compelled to take my drenching with the rest, grateful that my clothes did not freeze on my back and I was not pickled in ice.

It was Saturday morning, January second, before the storm abated so that a working force could come with felling and hewing axes to cut timbers for the common-house. Governor Carver accompanied by Stephen Hopkins led the way into the forests. Master Stephen who had been in Virginia and was familiar with the larch, which is used for foundation logs, carried a felling ax, marking the trees that were to be cut down. While the two notched the trees, the other began hew-

ing at them. Most of the Leyden men, being farmers in their early days, knew the knack of sending an ax into the heart of a tree.

While the chips were flying and the sound of axes echoed through the woods, a sharp lookout was kept for savages. Captain Standish wished to set sentinels round the choppers, but there were so few and so much to do, it was decided to take their chances against attack. But while they labored their match-locks stood close by with sparks in readiness.

Leaving the men at work I walked to the brook, following it until I came to a pool which the wild fowl used. Though I hid in the grass and hung around the place, not a bird came near. Then it came to me that the sound of the axes had disturbed the water fowl from their feeding-ground, which had belonged to them from time immemorial. No doubt with the first blow of the ax, these denizens of the waters took their flight to seek new feeding-grounds deeper in the wilderness. As my sport seemed lacking and fearful of going far from the clearing, I swung around through the woods coming upon the choppers unawares.

As they did not hear me I stood watching them. Master Edward Winslow in a rough kersey was hacking awkwardly at the trunk of a pine, on the other side of which was Master Allerton. Winslow, the gentleman, and Allerton, the tailor, were both merged in wood choppers. Beyond these two were Master Bradford and Elder Brewster hard at the same tasks, the former who had been a yeoman before going to Holland, could swing an ax with the sturdiest of the choppers; the elder was not wanting in experience, but was handicapped by his age.

Even the gray haired governor was at work cutting brushes from a fallen tree. Desiring to see what part Captain Standish was playing in this scene of toil, I shifted my position in the brush that I might see him. I found him astride a tree, laboring like the lowliest. As I stood watching this strange scene, an old adage came to my mind, which says that when master and man labor together a task is quickly done. There was no questioning but that they were working on even terms this day, but the end of the task I felt was in doubt.

Moving in the underbrush I stepped on a dry stick making a noise, instantly the choppers dropped their axes and seizing their guns brought them ready to fire. My yellow velvet coat saved me, one of the men recognizing it called to his comrades not to fire. The alarm having subsided I sat down on a fallen log to watch the men at work.

I had not been there long when I happened to spy Degory Priest, a hat-maker from Leyden. From the manner in which he handled his ax, it was evident he was accustomed to working with softer tools. Though his hands were tender, he was hard at work with an ax, doing his uttermost. He had been out in the night of snow and sleet and there contracted a cold which was fast making a wreck of him. His deep coughing attracted my attention as much as his awkward chopping. The poor fellow looked so weak and forlorn, I offered him a rusk and a swallow of my strong waters, which he received gratefully. As he sat down to rest I noticed his hands were bleeding. Taking one of them I saw it was covered with blisters, from which the blood was oozing. The dry stains on his ax handle indicated he had been suffering long and silently. Looking at his thin pale face I said, "My man, you are too weak to work."

Before he could answer he was taken with a fit of coughing and ere he ceased I thought he would fall from exhaustion.

When he had recovered his breath he said, "I know it will not be my lot to see my companions settled; but they have brought me thus far through their sacrifices, and what little strength I have left is theirs."

Stooping over to pick up his ax he fell forward in a faint. Forcing the contents of my flask between his lips, the warmth of the spirits soon revived him. As he would not listen to me, protesting that he must resume his labor, I did not have the heart to leave the man in his feebleness, so made him sit and watch me use his ax as best I could. When I succeeded in felling a pine tree, he would not let me do more, but taking the ax began trimming its branches.

When the shallop made its last passage to the ship at night I returned with it, so did Degory Priest, though I thought him

weaker. His face was flushed with fever, but his mouth was set as one who was determined to do his part.

Some of the men stayed ashore, but most of them returned to the ship to spend the Sabbath in rest. I must confess that I was so tired that I was content to stay abed, though the sun came in warm and comfortable through the windows of the roundhouse. I do not know what happened either on the ship or shore this day, further, than the men on land heard strange cries in the forests, which they took to be savages and stood by their match-locks most of the time.

Monday all hands were ashore early, including Degory Priest. I decided to stay on board ship.

The clearing was so large the nearest trees were at least an eighth of a mile distant from the location of the houses. When the first trees were cut the colonists were compelled to go deeper into the woods, so that most of the house timbers were dragged from a quarter to half a mile over the frozen ground. To understand the real struggle of the colonists in securing logs for their houses, one should know that the site selected for their settlement was upon a side hill, with the ground sloping away from it on all sides. This in itself was an obstruction, but the greatest one was the scarcity of available building trees. The brook with its steep bank shut off one half of the forests, then the savages had cleared the trees from the hill, so that the colonists could not look for timbers in that quarter. This left only a small portion of the distant forests from which to secure material.

At noontime I took my musket and went ashore in search of game. As I came up from the beach a long line of men, dragging a log, came towards me with their bodies bent forward and straining at every nerve, moving slowly. Every few moments the end of the log would strike an obstruction, or else dig its way into the earth, causing the men to stop with a jerk. Having gained their breath, they would again strive with their load until stopped by exhaustion; it was drudgery of the hardest kind, but every man including the governor had hold of the rope. Having neither horses nor oxen they were compelled to take the places of animals.

Coming closer to the toiling line I saw Degory Priest laboring at the rope. Both cheeks were flushed and the wild look in his eyes told the story of his feebleness. His cough was worse and at every halt he was compelled to sit down.

A dozen or more timbers were lying at the site of the common-house, which was to consist of one room twenty feet square. As soon as the log the colonists were dragging was laid with the others, they went back for more without so much as resting. Returning in the evening I heard the men off in the forests, and shortly saw a long line emerge from the trees, dragging the last stick for the day. Waiting until they had ended their task, I took my way with the few who were returning to the ship down to the shallop. As Degory Priest got into the boat I gave him a duck. He thanked me and drawing his coat tightly about his thin body crouched in the bottom, where the wind could not strike him.

During the night it began to blow and rain. I felt pity for the poor fellows who were ashore. There was no cessation in the gale in the morning, the waves running so high the shallop could not go ashore. Once or twice I saw Degory Priest on the deck, looking longingly towards land, as if he was being defrauded of a day's work. My compassion for the man prompted me to advise him to keep off the deck, but his impatience to be free of the ship was such that he would not heed it. Chafing under his enforced idleness, he went below in the evening still willful.

This day Mistress Lora came on deck and then I had but a word with her. She said that the sick were lying in their rugs, impatient to be ashore. Though Doctor Fuller was working with them day and night many of them were growing weaker. I watched her closely to see if she was being stricken by the fever which was raging, but the glow of her cheek belied the presence of the malady. Though I was duly thankful for this, still I began to be alarmed and wished that the men did not have to drag their timbers such distances.

Though the harbor was still in the throes of the passing storm, the next day the shallop was made ready for a trip ashore. Degory Priest brought up his sleeping-rug, prepared

to take up his abode in the clearing, and determined not to lose more of his life's time.

The sea calming, I went shorewards in the middle of the afternoon. En route to my hunting-ground I saw a fourth log of the side of the common-house rolled into position. Governor Carver's clothes were covered with mud, while he worked like a common menial with his subjects. A king, who would do thusly, would soon lose his throne; but this new form of government seemed to encourage the leveling of ruler and ruled.

Inquiring after Degory Priest, I was told that he was too weak to swing an ax. Later I came upon him, kneeling upon the cold ground, working feverishly with a sickle amongst the coarse yellow grass which was to be used for thatching. From time to time he stopped to cough; but as soon as the paroxysm passed, he took up his blade, laying to the right and left of him the winnows of straw. As I passed on I could hear him cough, which haunted me until I willingly would have gone back and done his work for him. I knew that my inteference however, would be futile, as he was determined to labor for his comrades as long as the breath of life was in him.

The struggle of Degory Priest excited my sympathy. I saw him the following day weaker than ever, mixing the clay to be used as daubing for the houses. He had a chill during the night. His comrades wished to send him back to the ship, where he could have the care of Doctor Fuller, but he steadfastly refused to go. He seemed so frail I expected to see him fall any moment. When I offered to send Doctor Fuller to him, if he would not give up his work and return to the ship, he looked at me and shook his head, saying, "Master Beaumont, it is too late."

In the afternoon not being strong enough to wield a hoe, he attempted to smooth the clay in the cracks, finding that was too much, he would not give up but sat on the ground handing chips to the daubers. Before sundown I helped him back to the camp. As I saw him crawl into the shed and throw himself heavily on his rugs, I thought his call from his toils would come before morning.

But Degory Priest was up and abroad by the time I had come from the ship the next day. There was the look in his bloodshot eyes and haggard face of the hunted animal when at bay and fighting a losing battle. Though his steps were short and tottering, his courage was splendid. He still had strength to pick up chips. My heart went out to him and I thought his heroism was past any that I had ever beheld. As he was moving feebly about his work, I saw him trembling as if about to fall, coming up to his side quickly I said, "My man, you should be in your rugs."

"I will be there soon, and forever," came out of his throat with a peculiar sound.

These were his last words, stooping to pick up a stick he fell forward on his face. There was a fleck of blood upon his lips and his breath came feebly from between his parched lips. We lifted him tenderly to carry him to his rugs. But he began his eternal journey, ere we finished ours.

So died Degory Priest, the Leyden hatter.

WHILE the men labored and strove upon the bleak land, the women, children, and the sick remained on the vessel. Captain Jones was now impatient to be off, as his sailors were beginning to be stricken with scurvy from living on stale meat. The forecastle was filled with moans and groans of the poor fellows. It was evil with the seamen on this ship, who seemed to be more brutes than men, for they showed no kindness to each other, even looking with selfish eyes on the possessions of their comrades who were ill beyond recovery.

Captain Jones rarely went ashore but sat in the roundhouse swallowing his beer, cursing his ill fortune that kept him on one side of the ocean, when he should be well along upon his return. As a matter of fact he was afraid to venture out of the sight of land. If we had not come from Cape Cod when we did, he might not have been able to have moved his ship at all. The captain was careful to conceal his fear from the colonists. Jones was surly enough at any time, but now as he saw his sailors lying sick and himself helpless, he drank his brandy more freely than his beer, so that his company was undesirable.

When Jones was ill humored he would storm and threaten the colonists, but they gave little heed to his moods; but it was when the mariner counted the cost of staying, calmly saying he must return shortly, they seemed alarmed. This fretting of the captain kept them toiling in the cold and sleet.

Fortunately for me and the colonists, there came on a few bright days, bringing cheer to those on board as well as to the laborers in the great clearing. I made the most of these days, seeing Mistress Lora frequently upon the deck with Mistress Rose Standish who was ever hovering around her. She was such a good companion I was glad to welcome her.

My interest in the present struggle of the colonists, excited my curiosity about how they came to plan this voyage, and

especially why they made it in the fall instead of the summer, when the sea was smooth and the land was dressed in green leaves instead of being covered with snow. I suppose I would never have heard of the wanderings of this band of Separatists had it not been for Mistress Rose whom I had come to know well. For one bright afternoon while I was standing at the side of the ship looking at the colonists laboring in the clearing, she and Mistress Lora happened along. I fell to praising the courage with which the men who were unaccustomed to drudging toils endured them.

Mistress Standish said that most of them were yeomen at one time.

"But not in recent years?" I asked.

"Nay, when they lived in England."

Then Mistress Lora spoke forth, "When a little girl in the north of England, I remember when a few of these men came to our house and spent the Sabbath day in worship."

Interested immediately at this bit of light on the early life of the colonists I asked, "Pray, where was this?"

"In the manor house of Scrooby Palace in Nottinghamshire."

Mistress Rose showing as great interest in the subject as I did, I at once appealed to the maiden for more of her story. Looking around the deck and spying a nook in the angle between the bulwark and the cabin where we would be protected, I suggested that we be seated there, while the maiden told her memories. Not knowing how well the two women could stand the air with its tinge of cold, I brought a pair of rugs and made them comfortable.

"My first recollection of my childhood," began the maiden, "was when Father kept a post-house on the Great North Road that led from Edinburgh to London.

"Being a postman gave Father a position in Scrooby, so that others looked up to him. I have heard Father say, that when King James came down the Great North Road from Scotland, his retinue was so numerous as to cause the ignorant people to say that the Scotch were making a descent upon England.

"Father was glad to welcome King James as monarch, for

he now had hopes that an end would be made of the great controversy that had been going on for many years, as to the ceremonies of the established church. The Scotch king being an ardent Presbyterian, Father thought His Majesty would abolish the forms of service as established by King Henry the Eighth and his advisers in his church; moreover, that they would be supplanted by the ways of the primitive church, formed after the dictates of the Bible.

"I know naught of these church differences," explained the maiden, "except what Father has told me, and narrated to others in my presence."

Then feeling that she must apologize to one that was a king's man and a firm believer in the established church, she said, "Master Beaumont, you must not judge Father harshly for what I am about to say, but if you would know our side, you must listen perhaps to some things which you have never heard before."

I replied, "Mistress Lora, it is my duty to listen to you kindly."

She smiled at me, and then went on with the ancient beginning of the differences, which, as she said, drove the colonist to come to the shores of the new country, by saying, "When King Henry the Eighth began to rule he was beholden to the Church of Rome, and for years was its champion. 'Tis said His Majesty fell out with that church, because the pope would not divorce him from his Queen Catharine of Spain. Father would have it differently, saying that the king was one of the wisest as well as the wickedest of men, conceiving the idea of controlling men's souls as well as their bodies. First King Henry had the pope delegate plenary powers to an English primate, so that all disputes could be settled in England, without being referred to Rome. This was his first step towards establishing a church of his own. Shortly the king took the powers of the pope's legate unto himself, making himself the spiritual as well as the temporal ruler of his people."

As I listened to the maiden's narrative of the origin of the established church of England, I imagined I could see the aged

rector of our chapel throw up both of his hands exclaiming, "Impossible! Impossible!"

"Father contends," she continued, "but for one, Master Cartright, who was so forward as to present a petition to Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, that she should surrender her temporal powers to the church Presbyters, all ceremonies would have been abolished in the state church. But as soon as Her Majesty felt this attempt of the reformers to gain a grip on her civil power, the queen and the nobles took sides against the reformers and their cause."

I knew that Mistress Lora was speaking truthfully for my own father and mother had told me how "their dear church" was assaulted by the "heretical crew" as they called the dissenters. Their bitterness towards the reformers was so great that they would not allow them on our estate. I imbibed their feelings and looked with contempt and hatred on them, so I could verify this much of Mistress Lora's story.

As the maiden looked across the bay where the nonconforming colonists were at work she continued with considerable animation. "Now it was that King James came riding down the Great North Road to our post-house on his way to London to mount the English throne.

"King James, as I have said before, was a Presbyterian and a noncomformist, so that Father welcomed him as a liberator of his people. With a 'God-speed and a safe journey,' the king rode from our post-yard.

"Great was Father's joy when he heard that our Presbyterian king had called a conference at his palace, Hampton Court, where the conformists and nonconformists were to adjust their differences.

"But the conference had hardly begun, when the king began to cross-question and abuse the nonconformist champions, not permitting them to speak in their own behalf. In bitter words he condemned them, saying that the dissenters' doctrine of 'no bishop,' would soon lead to one of 'no king.' Though the discomforted men endeavored to assure His Majesty of their loyalty, he would not listen to them, sternly telling them unless

they and their dissenting congregations made haste to come within the folds of the established church, accepting its doctrine and forms, he would harry them out of the kingdom.

"After this convention Father, who was ever a determined and conscientious man, made no outcry of his intentions, but straightway sought out a nonconformist congregation at Babworth, which had for its preacher Master Richard Clyfton, a graduate of Cambridge University. The nonconformists being incensed over the attitude of the king, began to stir the parish of Babworth against this new decree, claiming it was the right of everyone to worship God according to his own conscience.

"I have a distinct recollection of a pale faced young man coming to our house on a Sabbath morning," continued Mistress Lora, "and walking with Father across the moors to Babworth. The young man was Master William Bradford, who has clung to Father ever since in more than passing friendship.

"Master Bradford did not live at Scrooby, but in Austerfield, a little village about three miles away; though he had to walk eight miles to Babworth to church he rarely was absent, winter or summer. A vacancy occurring in the Scrooby Church, Master Clyfton wes transferred to our village parish, another Cambridge University preacher by the name of Master Robinson being his assistant. These two preachers, Father, and Master Bradford worked diligently among the farmers of the parish, who now became stubbornly set that they would not worship except in their own manner."

I said, "Mistress Lora, the farmers and yeomen of Leicestershire were equally as stubborn, for many of them held their coventicles in the woods."

"So they did with us, Master Beaumont, as you shall shortly see," she replied.

"For one year, the people worshiped in peace. Then, anon, one Sabbath, we came to the church to find its doors closed and the yard filled with pursuivants from the Court of High Commission. Father and Master Clyfton would know the cause of this action. They were plainly told that the prelates had decreed that unless the Scrooby congregation at once conformed to the ceremonies as established by King Henry the

Eighth, the doors of our church would rot off their hinges before they would open again to nonconformists.

"Not contented with taking our church," she continued, "these churchmen sent their constables and officers after the poor farmers until they were frantic. A minister of the established church was sent to the parish and the church was opened, and if a man failed to attend the services, his enemies set the officers after him. When he was arrested and brought before a justice, questions were asked him, to which if he answered 'Yea' or 'Nay,' he was caught just the same. This fine plan came from the evil heads of the prelates, and it soon had the dull farmers of Scrooby so perplexed that they dare not answer a warrant, but would flee to the moors instead.

"These apparitors or constables of the Court of High Commissions were a low and cunning lot, watching our house not only on the Sabbath, but observing closely all who came and went. In spite of this watch the people held meetings in the forests or in a lonely spot on the fens."

I could have told Mistress Lora of a conventicle of nonconformists which I helped break up one Sabbath day in Leicestershire near Beaumont Hall, but I was fearful less she would refuse to speak to me again.

"In the spring and summer," continued the maiden, "the outdoor meetings were not so uncomfortable, but the leaders knew that winter would put an end to them. To meet in a house would mean that the whole congregation would be seized and hauled to prison. At this juncture Father told of how in Holland, where he had been, the people followed their own beliefs in their own way, furthermore, suggesting that they all move thither. In September of 1607, the post-house was taken from Father, and a keeper of the established church put in his place. Constables were thick and persecutions many, so that in their desperation the people after much prayer, decided to separate themselves from their country as well as their church.

"Although laws were formed at London forbidding nonconformists from leaving the kingdom without license, the farmers of Scrooby began laying their plans for leaving England. The

strong hearted were ready and anxious. The weaker members began excusing themselves. But those who would go to the number of about a hundred men, women, and children made ready.

"Master Clyfton and Father going secretly to Boston, arranged with an English master of a bark to set the company across the North Sea. When they returned, word was given out that all must repair to Boston, a rendezvous being arranged on the dock.

"We were to have gone on board the bark on a certain day, but its master failed us. We were compelled to spend the night at an inn, which was beset by coarse men drinking ale.

"We lingered through the next day, fearful each minute would bring the constables upon us for leaving England without a license. Under cover of night we made our way to the vessel. But the people were doomed to disappointment. The master of the vessel had conspired with the constables and when he had us aboard sent word to the officers. The servitors of the church coming aboard, in the name of the king arrested the congregation. The men, women, and children were forced into small boats, but not until the men had been robbed of their money and the women treated to many indignities. Though it was night, we were dragged ashore. I remember the scene of this landing, with the flaring torches lighting up the brutal faces of the constables, and the jeering crowd of townspeople. As we walked along, a rabble followed us, calling us cruel names.

I bit my lips in anger that the maiden should be so treated and began to see that after all, she had reason for looking with suspicion upon me.

"We were led to prison," she continued, "instead of Holland. While the Boston authorities sent off to London for instructions what to do with us, the leaders were examined daily. We were confined for weeks and finally turned loose in the streets. Seven of the leaders were held in prison, so that the rest of the company did not know what to do. Master Bradford fortunately was released and at once took charge, leading the party back to Scrooby.

"Though the zeal of a few of the congregation grew cold after the trials of this adventure the rest were more determined than ever Through this winter, the people, who had sold their possessions and been robbed of their money by the constables, lived as best they could. In the meanwhile as Master Clyfton's ardor cooled, Master Robinson's increased, so that he was more forward in the matter of our second exodus. Lacking money our position seemed helpless, but we had many sympathizers among the rich, who secretly sent their means, until in the spring of 1608 we were again amply provided.

"Master Bradford and Father this time journeyed to Hull where they found and contracted with a Dutch captain, who promised were we once aboard he would sail his lugger across to Holland. It was arranged that this seaman was to meet us on a lonely common between Grimsby and Hull, where there was an intake of the sea. These preparations being made, the party entered the boat on the stream Idle, and floated down its sluggish current to the river Trent. There a bark awaited our coming which was to carry us to our rendezvous with the Dutchman. The boat was so small that only the women and children could crowd into it, the men being compelled to walk across the country about forty miles.

"The winds that blew us to our destination churned the sea into great waves. Coming to the intake and finding the Dutchman had not appeared, our captain to be free from the rough sea, ran his bark into a small creek. Father and the rest of the men came safely across the country, and boarded our vessel while the tide was out and it was lying helpless in the soft mud. It was decided that part of the men should go aboard the Dutch ship, the rest of them remaining on the bark until the tide floated it.

"In this we were disappointed, for the first boat load had hardly gotten aboard when the Dutch captain perceived a great crowd of constables with bills and guns coming across the common. Seeing that the country was aroused, he did not stop to pull his small boat from the water, but set sail with a few of our men. Most of them, however, were left on the beach, while we were fast in the mud.

"Abandoned and helpless, the women were once more submitted to the insults of the coarse constables. Master Robinson and Father told the men that were left to scatter and run, while they stayed behind to protect us. Master Bradford was aboard the lugger, which soon disappeared under full sail.

"Again were we carried before the magistrates and a second time thrown into prison. In our plight we were sent from one magistrate to another, until we were worn out and the justices likewise, as they did not know what to do with us. Finally seeing there was no law to prevent wives joining husbands, and not having homes to go to, we were again set out on the street.

"Having failed twice to move the congregation in a body, Pastor Robinson and Father began sending them over to Holland secretly, in parties of two and three. No one dared to be our friends openly, but after night the poor people of Scrooby came to us, bringing what money they could raise by the sale of their own cattle. Having seen all across the sea, we were the last ones to take the ship for Amsterdam. So we parted from the established church which persecuted us and in many furious and bitter words called us 'Separatists.' Instead of making us out a people who would worship as our conscience would tell us, we were accused of crimes against church and state, and were compelled to flee from England because of our disgrace."

"Separatists you were called in Leicestershire," I said.

"Truly," was the maiden's answer, "and did you ever suppose that you would journey with such outcasts to America?"

"Never, "I replied.

At this juncture Mistress Rose moved about as if uncomfortable, suggesting that the maiden finish her story at some other time. I was anxious to hear the rest, the day being warm, and there was no knowing when we would be able to sit on deck again. I offered to get cushions and went after them in spite of their protests. Returning and finding Mistress Lora ready to go on, I made them comfortable and taking my seat on a timber, facing the maiden, she again took up her narrative.

"We found the men in Amsterdam, who had escaped on the Dutch lugger," she continued, "though they were many days reaching land, being driven by a great storm up opposite the coast of Sweden. Having reached Holland the next serious problem was how we were to live. The men being farmers were at a loss in a great city, like Amsterdam, confronted by strange people, who spoke a language hopelessly puzzling.

"The task of earning daily bread pushed the men cruelly. The sturdy ones went amongst the shipping to aid in loading vessels. Others sought hard labor, but all were turned aside because they could not speak the language.

"In Amsterdam there was a congregation, known as the Ancient English Exile Church, under the teachings of Master Francis Johnson. In our extreme need these Englishmen came to our relief, otherwise many of us would have starved. My Father who was ever diligent found little employment. But all were patient and industrious in spite of their want. In time they began to learn various trades. So we struggled through the first year, most of us thin, gaunt, and hungry.

"As there were bickerings and scandal in the Amsterdam church, the leaders of our people began to turn their heads towards another flight. Coming far and enduring much to worship in peace, it was thought wise to move again. It was decided that Leyden would be a suitable place for our final resting. In the year 1609, all our possessions were put on canal barks and we set sail for that city.

"Again poverty pressed us. In Amsterdam there were many places to work, in Leyden few. Those who labored divided with those who did not, so we lived as one large family. Pastor John Robinson became a teacher in the university; Father instructed young men in French and German, thereby gaining a scant living. Master Bradford learned silk dyeing; and Edward Tilley became a silk worker. One man was driven to one device and another to something else, until through necessity, the farmers of England became tradesmen of Holland. During the season of these labors they held steadfastly to their worship, the toils of the week being forgotten as they sat on the Sabbath day and often two or three times a week,

under the teachings of their beloved pastor. As a matter of fact our people were a government unto themselves with Master Robinson ruling over them.

"Our lot was so severe that some, who fled from England, returned smothering their consciences, rather than endure the hardships. There were some, however, who came over afterwards, giving what comfort they could to us from their estates. Among them was Governor Carver, who having married a sister of Pastor John Robinson, made him a visit. Finding himself of the same mind as our people, he gave up his possessions in England and came to live in Leyden.

"Master Edward Winslow was not with us in the beginning, but came over to Holland of his own accord. Happening on some of our people on the streets in Leyden, he came to a more intimate acquaintance with us. Being of a serious turn of mind, he tarried for a while, then married Elizabeth Barker, and likewise, became a member of the congregation."

At this juncture, the maiden turned to her companion, saying, "Mistress Rose, you know how the captain came to us. I fancy had the war between the Dutch and the Spaniards been maintained, Captain Standish would still have been fighting in Holland."

Mistress Rose answered, "Lora 'twas the love of adventure, I fear, that brought Captain Standish on this voyage."

As they were inclined to argue more fully on the coming of Captain Standish, I asked the maiden, "The addition of Masters Carver, Winslow, and Captain Standish to your Leyden party gave you good hopes?"

Then she replied, "Truly, but we had begun to prosper before they came. Father, through the aid of an English merchant by the name of Thomas Brewer, secured type at which he worked until he could set them in order for books. At this time we lived in a narrow lane called the Steucksteg; from these lowly quarters we afterwards moved into a larger house on the Choorsteg Vicus Choralis close by the cathedral. There in an upper attic Father toiled secretly with his type.

"Though we were prospering and were not in need of the necessities of life, a new sorrow came to the leaders of the

congregation. The cause of it was, that the children were not following in the footsteps of the elders; some of the young men were joining the Dutch navy, others were off in distant seas in trading vessels, while the young women grew comely in the sight of the men of Leyden. The head men saw that when old stock was no more, their children would be absorbed by the Dutch, and the church for which they had endured so much would come to an end.

"Our elders, conceiving that they were called to establish the church upon its primitive foundation, were greatly disturbed. They met many times at Pastor Robinson's house in the Klokluis to discuss what they should do.

"In the autumn of 1617, the agitation for the removal to America began in earnest. The people were divided at once, the timid ones holding that the distance was great, the winters cold, and the savages fierce. Then again they argued that the voyage was entirely too much of an undertaking. The courageous answered that all great adventures were full of trials and agreed that such an undertaking was not to be entered into lightly. These daring spirits made the most of the fact that the great truce between the Dutch and Spaniards was shortly to come to an end. They argued if the Spaniards should be successful, they would be more cruel than the Virginian savages. There was much wrangling and contention until finally those who were willing to make the voyage, formed themselves into a party.

"Having decided to flee from Holland, the next discussion was over the selection of the country. Some favored Guiana, where the ground produced freely and quickly; and many became so fixed on going there that they finally said they would go there or stay in Leyden.

"Pastor Robinson, Master Bradford, and Father favored Virginia. This selection also caused much discussion as the people feared they would come under the royal governor at Jamestown, and under the Court of High Commission, which drove them from England. As Virginia seemed the most suitable, it was decided to send Governor Carver and Master Robert Cushman to London; first arrange with the Vir-

ginia Company of London for land; second, to secure a charter from King James that would grant them religious freedom in the wilderness.

"That part of the new world lying south of the mouth of Hudson's River was given to certain merchants, and adventurers, who organized the Virginia Company of London. These men being pledged to plant colonies in this distant land, you can understand that Governor Carver and Master Cushman were made welcome and encouraged by the officers and stockholders of the company.

"But getting King James's consent to religious liberty even in the far-away forests of America was a more serious matter. Father knew Sir Edward Sandys who was high in the king's favor, also others of equally noble station. All these powerful influences were brought to bear upon His Majesty, but he steadfastly refused to grant the liberty. All that the king would say was, that if we went to Virginia he would not look upon us as enemies of the church or state. This delay brought our affairs into the year 1618.

"The king's refusal to grant the people religious freedom was a great disappointment. Many declared bluntly that it was only a scheme of the church prelates to get them in their power, but the leaders were still strong for going, seeing fairness in the king's attitude. After much discussion and great wrangling, the majority of the people agreed to put their trust in the king's word and decided to go to Virginia.

"At this same conference it was agreed that a new committee consisting of Robert Cushman and Father be sent to London to secure as broad letters patent as the Virginia Company could grant and upon the most favorable terms. Setting off at once, they came to London only to find the Virginia Company in a turmoil. Sir Thomas Smith who, tiring of his position as governor and treasurer of the company, signified his desire it withdraw. When Sir Edward Sandys was elected to take his place, Sir Thomas found fault and drew the company into factions. I have heard Father tell of how he and Master Cushman went from one person to another, endeavoring in vain to get them to act upon the charter.

"Weeks and months again dragged along while the two men were trying to secure action upon the grant. Finally in June, 1619, a patent was issued in the name of Master John Wincob, a goodly man of Lincolnshire, who was not of us in Leyden, though the leaders confided in him fully.

"By this time the ardor of the Leyden congregation had begun to cool, owing to a mishap which befell a company of Separatists who had previously set out for Virginia under one Master Blackwell, an elder of the Amsterdam church. This Master Blackwell, conceiving a plan of establishing a colony of Separatists on the Virginia coast, set sail with a large company of friends from Amsterdam. For weeks we had been waiting for some word of how our acquaintances fared in the new land. While the Leyden people were in the midst of planning for their charter and moving, word came from Master Blackwell – and evil it was. For of one hundred and eighty on board the ship, one hundred and thirty were dead before they reached Virginia, Master Blackwell dying and most of our Amsterdam friends.

"While the pall of Master Blackwell's expedition was still upon us, a party of Dutch merchants in Amsterdam began negotiations offering to give us free shipping and cattle, if we would agree to settle in New Amsterdam on Hudson's River. This offer once more gave heart to the head men, as they saw a prospect of making the voyage. Freedom of religion being granted, Virginia was forgotten for the moment.

"While the negotiations were going on with the Amsterdam merchants, Master Weston, a London merchant, came to Leyden. He announced that if we would give up our plans with the Dutch merchants, certain London men would advance sufficient money for the voyage. Master Weston being known, his word was taken as though the matter were finally settled. The Amsterdam merchants were notified of the election of Virginia, thus stopping further dealings with them.

"A solemn day of fast was then set on which to make an end of the talk of the voyage. All day long the people kept within the walls of the pastor's house, praying and discussing, discussing and praying over who should go and who should stay.

Finding that many more were willing than could be conveniently taken, a choice was made of those who were to go first. A majority of the congregation deciding to stop in Leyden, it was agreed that Pastor Robinson was to stay with them.

"Ere Master Weston returned to London, he asked that a contract be agreed upon, whereby the merchants would be assured of the return of their money. The conditions I do not remember, further than that for seven years all were to work as one people: the crops, the profits of fishing, and trucking with the Indians were to be held in common during this period, then to be divided equally between the colonists and merchants. Master Weston had a convincing manner withal, so that the people confidently began to sell their possessions and make ready for the voyage according to his word.

"Governor Carver shortly went to London carrying with him the agreement which Master Weston and the colonists had determined upon. When the London merchants heard the terms of the contract, they began to find fault with it, demanding certain changes. A new paper was sent to Leyden which they refused to sign, insisting that the old one met their minds in fairness. The London merchants were stiff necked, until Master Cushman secretly changed the contract to meet their views without letting he people in Leyden know what he had done. So many conflicting statements of what the London merchants wanted and demanded came at this time, that no one knew what to believe.

"In June, 1620, there came a breach between Master Weston and the Leyden church over the contract, which threatened to put an end to the voyage. Instructions were sent to Master Robert Cushman that he must be firmer in his dealings with the London merchants; he replied with such words, as made many sorry that he had been entrusted with the business. Master Weston, who had evidently been acting in bad faith, now wrote that if he had not already risked so much he would withdraw, but to save what he had invested he must go on.

"The next we heard was that one, Master Reynolds, an English sea captain, had arrived in Rotterdam to fit out a small ship, which was to be carried to Virginia to be used for fishing.

Pastor Robinson, Master Allerton, and Father had already planned for this ship and were holding off its purchase until it was definitely settled what assistance was coming from the London adventurers. Now that Master Weston had declared they were prepared to go on, Father and his associates went to buy the ship. When they returned from Rotterdam, saying that a vessel had been purchased, the people felt that the voyage was really to be undertaken. From this day forth no one gave thought but of preparing for his journey to Virginia."

"What of the London people?" I asked curiously, desiring to know how they came to be mixed with the Leyden party.

Replying to my question, the maiden said, "Master Beaumont, while we in Holland were preparing to go, another party was forming in London, who were strangers to us but friends of the London adventurers and merchants. Priscilla Mullins told me but the other day that the first she knew of her family's coming was in June a few weeks before sailing. Her father was one of the London merchants who was advancing the money and evidently came on that account. When Masters Weston and Cushman contracted for this ship, it was lying at the London docks, there it stayed until it was repaired and made ready for the voyage. While Governor Carver and Master Cushman represented the Leyden church, the Londoners named Master Christopher Martin to act as treasurer for their funds."

At this point I interrupted Mistress Lora, asking why the London people were taken, when there was not sufficient room for those from Leyden.

"Master Beaumont," she replied, "the London merchants would have it that they were to nominate certain families who were to go on the voyage. Pastor Robinson endeavored to find out who they were to be and what trades they possessed, but got little satisfaction."

Mistress Rose was not so much interested now and complained of the cold, so that I brought her another rug and would have done as much for the maiden, but she would not have me, saying she would finish her story some other day. I begged her to go on fearing it would be some time ere she had

another opportunity. My insisting pleased the maiden. Giving me a smile, she took up her story by saying,

"Pastor Robinson conceived that the people should have some definite plan of government fixed in their minds before they left Leyden, and began working on such forms of control with the head men. I remember one day when there came to our house the pastor, Masters Bradford, Allerton, Winslow, Captain Standish, and Father. Mother, my sisters, who are still in Holland, and myself at the time were busy sewing. In this room littered with threads and cloth cuttings, the men held their conference, while we kept on with our work.

"I overheard Pastor Robinson saying that he was greatly perplexed about a governor for the colony, when the people landed in America. He was fearful that the Virginia Company would try to appoint a governor, which, in fact, would be one of King James's choosing.

"As near as I could understand, Pastor Robinson held that the people should have a voice in selecting their ruler. Masters Winslow and Allerton could not agree with this universal power, holding that only a few of the wise men should select their ruler. But the pastor supported by Master Bradford and Father, after much laboring with the others, got them to agree that all the people should elect the governor instead of a few.

"On the following day, for Pastor Robinson was now holding forth to his people thrice a week, the plan of granting power to each adult man was submitted. Then it was that the new method was put in effect, first, by having those that were going on the voyage separate themselves from the others; second, by having these men select their ruler on shipboard. Master Carver, who was away at Southampton purchasing supplies, was voted governor of the Speedwell without dissent."

Then with a smile the maiden said, "Mother had a brood of chickens which bothered her, almost as much as caring for the rest of the family. One old hen, she held, was well seasoned and would stand the voyage to the new country better than the others, and insisted that she would have it in the great cabin with the rest of us. Then there were flowers and bushes to be brought, with the earth so dug that it stay firmly around

the roots. Mistress Rose can vouch for these labors, for she has her own lilac bush, sleeping in its Dutch soil.

"During the month of July everyone was busy. Rumors were flying from lip to lip that this person had decided to stay and that one had determined to go, that Mistress Fuller had finally decided for Leyden, and that Captain Standish would take a linked coat of mail. To add to this confusion came many differing messages from England, so that one was not sure what was true and what was not. Amidst these various rumors the day of departure was fixed.

"As time went by, the repairs on the ship lagged; and it became evident that a later date must be fixed for our leave taking. After a conference with Captain Reynolds Friday, July thirty-first was finally agreed upon. Some of the people doubted it, but it proved to be true enough.

"Though Friday was the day of our departure, Thursday was given over to fasting and supplications. Early in this day all of the congregation gathered under the roof of Pastor Robinson and there communed with each other. As a farewell message the Pastor discoursed upon a text from *Ezra,* viii, 21.

"When the day wasted and the candles were lighted, the people were called from their fasting to a feast which had been prepared as a farewell entertainment. Our people were ever given to this exchange of fellowship and hospitality. Though some were in tears, most of them were in good humor forgetting for the moment the separations of the morrow.

"Early Friday morning, we gathered at Pastor Robinson's house to bid farewell to those who were left behind. With heavy hearts we walked along the Repenburg, to the canal barges on which we were to go. The people knelt on the paved way whilst the pastor prayed. Many sobbed bitterly. But we made a brave show of courage and quieted their fears by saying we would soon see each other again. Then the bitterness of the real parting came. Stepping on board the barges, we began our journey through the canals to Delfthaven where we were to take our ship.

"On Saturday morning we were driven fast by our fates,

for the sun had hardly shown red when our barges approached the docks. Captain Reynolds, our English pilot, was walking back and forth impatiently on the quay. As we came near he shouted the wind favored sailing and no time must be lost. In a moment all was confusion. I confess I had looked upon our going as a sort of an excursion. Throwing my arms around my sister's neck I wept, but before I had finished my cry, the barges were at their moorings and the people going ashore.

"There was great confusion on the ship's deck. Though our heavy furniture and supplies were already packed in the hold, the things we brought with us were piled pell-mell about us. As we were standing watching the sailors clambering up and down the masts, I heard the coarse voice of Captain Reynolds shouting to Master Robinson that he was ready to sail.

"Gathering around our beloved pastor for the last time, he bade us sing a melody. We felt more like crying than singing. Then we knelt together on the deck for the last time. Our pastor with clasped hands and face looking upwards petitioned for our safe carriage across the seas. By his side knelt Father and close by him Masters Bradford and Winslow, who were comforting their weeping wives. Stealing a look around the deck, I saw the tears streaming down the cheeks of the men and women.

"While we were at prayer, Captain Reynolds moved impatiently among the sailors, as if he would hurry our parting. As our pastor ceased speaking a silence fell upon us, and all stayed fixed upon their knees, unwilling to move, fearing the end. One of the women could stand the strain no longer, throwing her arms around her husband's neck she wept aloud. Then as one people we arose and began our farewells.

"Captain Reynolds, mindful only of the state of the tide and winds, hurried all ashore. Leaning over the side of the ship I saw the white faces of the women and the calmness of the men.

"The rasping of a sliding board as it fell on the quay cut off the ship from the shore. The captain gave a command.

I saw the cable slacken at the bow, then a Dutch sailor unloosened the end on the quay and, holding it a moment, dropped it heavily into the sea. As the breach between the ship and our friends widened I felt a pang of sorrow; our worldly ties were breaking. As we drifted away from the pale faces on the dock, we began to sing a psalm, sending this last message across the water, so that even the stolid Dutch people were affected to tears.

"Captain Reynolds essayed to add to the scene by the discharge of three of his small cannons. When the smoke had drifted away and the air once more cleared, the faces on the quay were whitened blurs but the wavering melody came from their lips as a last farewell message from their loving hearts, and we were started on our voyage to Virginia.

"Ere we reached the sea Master Bradford said we were 'Pilgrims' and thus the name was fixed upon us."

During the recital of the maiden's narrative the sun had sunk well down to the tops of the trees along the clearing, filling the air with the chill of evening. So I hastened her that she might finish her story ere the men came from their labors ashore.

To my urging she said, "Our voyage down the channel to Southampton was a pleasant one, arriving on Wednesday morning, August fifth. This vessel, the Mayflower, was already at anchor, having come around from London the week before and was now taking on its supplies.

"Everything went well until Saturday. Master Weston, the London merchant, had arrived the day before with an agreement, different from the one that had been settled upon, insisting that it be signed before the two vessels sailed. Master Weston, making this demand on the eve of departure, angered the men so that they refused to sign, saying it was not in accordance with their understanding. Master Weston in great wrath said, 'Then you must stand by yourselves, for not another penny will be advanced you,' and left the ship.

"Our people were in great distress for they owed the merchants of Southampton one hundred pounds and had no funds to pay. Master Carver who had been in the town purchasing

supplies was puzzled what to do. Master Allerton suggested that a part of the Dutch butter be disposed of. Though this was taking part of the supplies, they decided to do so rather than submit to an injustice. So the butter was taken ashore and sold. On Friday morning, August fourteenth, the two ships set sail for America."

The maiden continued, "If I were to follow the doings of those two vessels it would take me past nightfall, so I will say that apparently Captain Reynolds and his crew on the smaller vessel who were under contract to stay in the new country for a year tired of their bargain, and began to conspire reasons against going. First the captain discovered a leak so that we put into Dartmouth for repairs, so that it was September second before the vessels left that port. A second time the voyage was begun, the 'Pilgrims' as Master Bradford would call us, hoped they were at length safely started.

"Captain Reynolds in the Speedwell could not keep up with the larger vessel and complained that he did not have sufficient provisions for the voyage; little attention was paid to this, until he reported that his vessel was filling and was likely to sink. Some would have it that the captain worked the hull intentionally by carrying too much sail. At all events the two ships turned back to Plymouth, though they were past England by one hundred leagues. Finding that Captain Reynolds would not carry his ship to Virginia, it was decided to abandon it and all go in the larger one. There were about twenty of the colonists who had become discouraged. These were put on board the Speedwell and sent back to London.

"The Leyden 'Pilgrims' were now placed on the great vessel and Master Carver made governor. Though the stay at Plymouth was made pleasant by entertainment of friends in the town, our people were uneasy lest they be cast ashore in winter time and left to freeze and starve. On September sixteenth, Captain Jones set sail, that being our third departure for America. Master Beaumont, you know the rest better than I do, since you live with the master of the ship."

Mistress Lora had hardly ceased her story when we heard the dipping of oars in the sea; looking up, we saw the shallop

filled with Pilgrims coming from their day's task. Mistress Rose went to the side of the ship to welcome the toilers, while I lingered by the side of the maiden.

As I gathered my rugs together I said, "Mistress Lora, I thank you," and held out my hand to her. She did not hesitate this time to grasp it in a friendly manner.

FEAR OF INDIAN ATTACK

AFTER the sunny afternoon on deck, when the maiden had given her memories, we were not so distant. Though the weather was bad, the rain and sleet coming out of the dull clouds with greater frequency than I liked, there were few days we did not see each other. As I sat in my alcove I would keep a close watch. When I saw her white hood, I would saunter out for an airing. Once upon the deck, I would take the opposite side on which I had seen the Pilgrim maiden, then coming around the end would come upon her as if unexpected, and was surprised at her presence. At such times the maiden's cheeks would grow red and with sparkling eyes she would ask how the day found me.

Though they were simple questions, they pleased me. Then we would walk the deck together or tarry at the side of the ship looking across the bay where the men were at work in the clearing, until her mother called her or the darkness drove us in. The more I saw of this Pilgrim maiden, the more I recognized her rare spirit, and the more anxious I became about the log houses.

From the maiden I learned that though there were twenty-four married men, only eighteen had their wives with them, besides these were fifteen single men. As all could not build houses, the leaders divided the colonists so that they made nineteen households and each of these were intended to build a house. For the sake of protection, the houses were to be built on both sides of a lane, running parallel to the brook, from the sea up to and including the high mound. Houses on one side of the lane were to have lots running back to the brook, while the others were to face them. As it was manifest the plots along the brookside would be more convenient to the water, a dispute arose at once as to who would have them.

This contention was overcome by the casting of lots for the

choice plots. Afterward as I watched the colonists play with their fates, I thought surely this new form of government was working wonders with men's characters as well as their ruling; for there sat Govèrnor Carver with power to divide this choice land between himself and his lieutenants, wthout raising his hand to take this advantage. In England, a nobleman would have said I want this plot, the remainder you can fight over. Here the governor took the names of the nineteen households, writing them on nineteen pieces of paper and cast them in his hat, each man drawing by lot.

The first choice went to Peter Browne, then the name of John Goodman was called out, and after him came Elder Brewster. John Billington was followed in succession by Master Isaac Allerton, Francis Cook, Master Edward Winslow, and Captain Standish. In all fairness the men played at the game of locating themselves, so that no one had an advantage over the other.

The drawing of the lots being on Wednesday, I went ashore Thursday morning, January seventh, to see what choice the men made. After looking over the ground, Peter Browne selected his site next to the common-house, where he was near the sea and the brook; John Goodman who had second choice, fancied the ground alongside Browne. The men went along the bank as the selections were made so that each one knew what he was choosing. The elder, having third choice, selected a site next to Goodman's.

As the rest went on up the hill, I tarried on the ground selected by the elder, going down to the brook in my examination. There I found that the spring and the willow trees clustered around it had fallen to the elder's lot.

This same evening Captain Standish came into the round-house, saying that the ground had been divided and that Mistress Rose would go ashore the next day to view their building site. My heart filled with the hopes that he would say the maiden was to be of the party, but in this I was disappointed. We had a quiet chat and an exchange of healths from our pewter mugs.

On the morrow I was about the deck early, for the Pil-

grims did not tarry long in their beds, being up and away before the break of day. Captain Standish coming out of the cabin, I stopped him and said if he would trust me with the safety of his wife, I would bring her ashore after the sun had taken the chill out of the air. He was not prepared to assent to this arrangement without first considering his wife's wishes. Coming back shortly, he said if I would accept the burden of two women, that Mistress Lora would go ashore as well. Gravely I gave my promise of seeing them ashore and the captain went off with the men.

About nine when the sun broke through the clouds, I climbed down to the deck, to be confronted by the matron and the maiden ready for their voyage ashore. Since the falling overboard of Mistress Dorothy May Bradford at Cape Cod, the women were not trusted to go down the ladder to the boat, without a rope fastened around their waists. I passed the rope around Mistress Rose with deliberate calmness and held the other end until she stepped into the long boat in safety. For some reason the rope did not act as quickly with the maiden as with the matron, as I was very much longer in adjusting it to my satisfaction.

As we approached the shore I could see the walls of the common-house rising above the tops of the brush, growing along the top of the low cliff facing the sea. We could hear the chopping off in the forest and now and then see the men going to and fro. Half way up the clearing the men were at work on a platform on which to mount the cannon, the dread of the savages being such that with the building of the first house, a fort was raised to protect it. While the sailors held the long boat, I handed the ladies out on the great rock.

The men having already worn a beaten path through the shrubbery of the clearing from the rock up to the common-house, I led the way up this narrow footing with my snap chance loaded and thrown over my shoulder; the maiden quite naturally fell in behind me, Mistress Rose coming last. In this manner we came up to where the men were laboring, long pine logs strewing the ground, where the men had dragged them.

Governor Carver with his hose and doublet coated with mud was hard at work on the chimney. Some of the men wished to make the chimneys of stone and gathered a small pile for this purpose, but the frost held them in the ground so tightly the plan was abandoned, and Master Stephen's clay chimney was adopted instead. The governor was hanging over a pile of sticks and mud, daubing in the clay with both hands. A look of surprise came over his face as he saw us. I fancied that it was a bit of his pride, as it was his habit to be neatly clothed.

Mistress Rose suspecting it otherwise said, "Governor Carver, Master Beaumont under the captain's orders has brought us ashore to view our building plots."

With both hands covered with clay the governor straightened himself up on the narrow platform, making a dignified picture of an artisan at work. For a moment he stood looking down upon us then replied, "I fear you will not profit much by looking on the land now."

"But we would see how well you have located us," continued Mistress Rose.

"The best we could do, Mistress Standish, was bad enough at this season."

"It will improve with spring," she answered cheerily. The gray haired governor answered, "Truly," then went back to daubing the chimney.

Being anxious to show the maiden her dwelling place, I edged away from the working men, taking both of the women with me, leading them up a path through the brush towards the high hill. Coming opposite the willows that grew around the spring, I came to a standstill; breaking a way through the undergrowth, we came to the top of the bank overlooking the brook. The willows were the largest trees left in the clearing, the savages even in their fight for food respecting the ancient monarchs.

Leading the way down the bank to the stately willows, we stood over the water as it came from the ground and flowed into a little pool beneath the roots down to the brook. The trees gave her as much pleasure as the spring, for laying her

hand on the rough bark endearingly, she said she trusted they would know each other better. Turning from the willows, the maiden knelt upon the ground and bending over drank deeply of the waters, so worshiping at this wilderness fountain. Mistress Rose would taste the waters as well, so I laid a stone close to the pool from which we both drank.

Having viewed the site of the Brewster home, Mistress Rose would see her own. Leading them back to the path, we made our way through the brush up to the incline where Captain Standish was at work on his platform fort. He was tugging at the end of a pine log; his clothes covered with mud and torn in places. The timber once in place, he struck his hands together to brush the clay from them. The captain was devoted to his wife and was pleased to see her, as well as to show some courtesies to Mistress Lora and myself.

Proudly the captain showed us about his log platform on which he proposed to mount the cannon, now lying in the hold of the vessel. This fort was lodged about half way up the incline, overlooking the clearing in which the houses were to be built. Standing on one end of a log the captain pointed out the land and the sea. This was the first view of the harbor and the wideness of its waters that the women had from the land. As I was silently looking oceanward, Mistress Standish slyly said, "Master Beaumont, see you England?"

Struck by this queer question I answered, "Not so, Mistress Rose."

"You were looking so intently, it came to me perhaps you were dreaming of your home country."

" 'Tis yours as well," I replied hastily.

"Nay, this is our country now," and she looked around her.

"If you but know my thoughts Mistress Rose, they were not of myself but your poor people, when the ship returns to England."

The captain set his jaw and answered, "Our lot has been cast on this shore, and here we must go on."

"At what a sacrifice!"

" 'Tis no sacrifice, but our duty," he answered.

"And the women?"

The captain's voice softened, "Would that I could take their burden."

The cheery voice of Mistress Rose brought us away from our doleful subject, back to the work at hand, so that we were soon interested in the new log fort.

We did not tarry long in the brush as Mistress Rose was satisfied in seeing her home site. With this desire of hers gratified, we turned back to the path and followed it down past the common-house, where the men were working at their tasks. With a word from the governor who was still laboring over the clay chimney, we went on down to the great rock on the beach, where the long boat was awaiting us. The sun was still high when we reached the ship. I lingered on deck, hoping Mistress Rose would take herself to the great cabin, but she tarried until I was compelled to say a "Good day" to both of them, instead of to one as I wished.

The day following the trip ashore, I was seated in the alcove. The heavens being overcast, I did not choose to venture out. I was in a surly mood over a base act of Captain Jones. One of the seamen happening to find a herring washed upon the shore seized upon it as a delicacy. Captain Jones shortly came into the boat and spying the fish, immediately took possession of it, sending it to the cook with orders to prepare it for his own table. In spite of his sick sailors and the colonists who needed the juices of fresh foods to nourish their ill bodies, he ate this lone herring himself.

This little act of meanness was still sticking in my throat, as I sat in the alcove ready to flame up at him. While in this mind I was looking off over the bay at the far-away forests. Of a sudden my eye caught a peculiar haze in the sky; looking again, to my great astonishment I perceived it to be a column of smoke rising above the tree-tops. Rushing to the window I saw it was dense and was curling from an active fire. Not content with the view, I hurried on deck. There could be no denying that the savages were abroad, signaling an alarm to each other. This message could be none other than the presence of the colonists in the clearing. I decided not to alarm the women, but carry the discovery quickly to the men ashore.

Hurrying to the roundhouse I plucked my musket and its trappings from its fastenings. Captain Jones was seated over a mug of ale. I called his attention to the smoke; he looked at it dully from the window, but made no move towards the relief of the colonists. Giving him a look of disgust I left the cabin.

Leaping into the long boat, I bade the sailors row me ashore with haste. I was in readiness to leap when the boat touched the rock, and ran up the bank, coming out of breath to the common-house, where the men were laboring. Seeing my great haste, and surmising something was wrong, they dropped their tools, seizing their pieces. Calling the governor, I pointed out the column of smoke which was still rising in a cloud. There was no thought of work now, the men gathered around, looking at the menacing thing.

The gray haired governor lost no time. As we were still idly gazing at the smoke, he set off his musket to call the men from the woods. Those who were working on the hillside came running down the path. To my surprise Captain Standish was not with them. Hurrying up the path I let my snap chance off. Several men came running from the forests, leading them was the captain. Seeing me on the hillside with the smoke still coming from the throat of my piece, he turned towards me. Without waiting for him to speak I pointed to the column of smoke.

He took one glance exclaiming, "Savages!"

Without stopping to explain, Standish turned and ran towards the common-house with me following at his heels. There we found the men in confusion, some of them pale and scared, while others were nervous and restless not knowing which way to go or what to do. This was not surprising, for how could you expect farmers to take on the ways of experienced soldiers in the presence of danger. Captain Standish took command, ordering the men to get within the walls of the common-house, there he instructed each man to push out the mud from between the logs making an opening for the muzzle of his gun. Within the log fortress the men made ready for the attack with surprising willingness. All day long we lingered within the

common-house, expecting that the savages would come from the forests.

As night came on, sentinels were posted and the fire on the hearth stones was covered, so that we sat in the darkness, broken here and there by the red spark of burning gun matches. The men being tired and weary from their labors, I suggested to the captain that he send them to their rugs, while we stood guard.

Standing in the shadows of the half finished house, Captain Standish opened up a question which was on his mind and that was my duel with La Valle in Devonshire Hall. He was not sly or artful in questioning, but bluntly asked me of the combat. With our ears pricked for the least noise, I quietly told him the beginning and ending of the difficulty.

When I came to the part where the man endeavored to blind me by lowering his candle, the captain laid his hand upon mine saying, " 'Twas most unfair, Master Beaumont."

As the dull light of a gray winter's day ended our night watch, the captain and I aroused the men from their hard beds. Though the column of smoke had disappeared, the colonists were fearful of the woods. This fear caused Governor Carver to decide on a bold plan, and that was to seek the savages, finding out quickly whether they were bent on peace or war. As it was to be an expedition of adventure I at once declared myself ready to go with them. Without further ado, we set off in the direction of the smoke with Captain Standish leading the way.

Many times we stopped at sounds in the forests which we fancied were footsteps of the wild men. Then we came upon on overgrown clearing, on the farther side of which we could see the tops of bark houses. Taking a final look at our guns, we advanced boldly towards the huts to find them unoccupied. Though we ranged the woods all the rest of the day we did not see another house nor a sign of the savages.

I am free to confess that we were disappointed, it being the desire of all that fear of the savages be confirmed or dispelled. At night we returned to the clearing, where we found the men still in the common-house anxiously awaiting our return. Feel-

ing that there was nothing more to do, I decided to return to the ship, leaving the colonists alert and active against surprise.

The next day it rained so hard that I was content to stay within my dry cabin on the ship, but I was still uneasy about the men on shore, and from time to time looked out of the window to see that all was well.

Happening out on deck shortly before twilight I met the maiden; without waiting, she said, "Master Beaumont, why did you not tell us of the smoke?"

I was somewhat abashed at her unexpected question but made haste to reply, "Mistress Lora, I would not frighten you unnecessarily."

"We have come through too much to be fearful now. What of the savages? Did you find them?"

"Nay not one," I answered.

"Do you think we will be at peace or at war with them?"

"I do not know, neither can I fancy. With Captain Standish on guard, you may be sure that the savages will not come upon the colonists unawares."

"But will they attack?" she insisted.

Then I blurted out, "Surely, they will," speaking the truth as I felt it.

It was a cruel thing to say, and I saw my mistake before the words had left my lips. Her face grew grave. From where we were standing, I showed her the light reflecting from the new yellow thatched roof, which was now almost spread over the whole house. Then I tried to allay her fears by saying, "When the common-house is completed the arrows of the savages can not penetrate its walls."

She replied anxiously, "But the men can not live within the walls always."

When she pushed the matter of the danger of the savages, I fended it off as best I could; but I could not encourage her in the belief that the men were dwelling in safety ashore. I was in constant fear myself and wondered why the savages had not already attacked. Feeling as I did, I could not conceal my uneasiness and I think the maiden left me with a heavy heart, though I did my uttermost to relieve it.

Now it was that a great fear of the savages came upon the colonists. The incident that stirred this dread occurred several days after we had seen the column of smoke. My entrance into the affair was entirely through the solicitation of Mistress Lora. One afternoon as I was gazing out of the window of the cabin, exceedingly tired from the exertions of a morning's fowling in the marshes, I was startled by the door being thrown wide open and Mistress Lora rushing in exclaiming excitedly, "Oh, Master Beaumont, the savages have carried off John Goodman and Peter Browne."

"What!" I answered.

Again she repeated, "The savages have carried off John Goodman and Peter Browne, and I would have you know it."

Before I could speak she began to excuse her coming by saying, "Perhaps I came too quickly, but I thought Captain Jones and you would like to know."

Scurrying around I buckled on my armor. With musket in hand, I hastened to the deck. There was great confusion. The women and children, ranged along the side of the ship, stood with fear and trembling.

The maiden was among them with pale face but perfectly calm. Seeing me in my armor she came to me quickly, plucking nervously at my sleeve she whispered, "You will protect Father?"

"With my life," I answered as I went down into the small boat.

The sailors lost no time rowing ashore. Hastening to the common-house, I found the colonists drawn up in battle formation. Advancing to Captain Standish, I asked, "Where are the savages?"

"Indeed, we have not seen them."

"What of John Goodman and Peter Browne, and why this preparation?" I asked hurriedly.

"Four men," replied the captain, "went forth this morning armed with sickles to cut wild grass for thatching. Midmorning John Goodman and Peter Browne went on to discover a new place, bidding the other men to follow; when the two had bound the cut grass, they proceeded to the place

where Goodman and Browne were to be but failed to find them. After vainly shouting and searching for their missing companions, the men came running back with the report that they had been taken by the savages. Governor Carver with several men is now searching for them, and we are standing at arms ready to go to their aid in case of need."

Not seeing the elder I asked, "Where is Elder Brewster?"

"With the governor."

"Pray, how many are in the party?"

"Four, besides the governor."

"Five men, alone in a forest filled with savages!" I exclaimed in amazement.

"That is all we could send."

I felt that my pledge had been given to the maiden for the safety of her father, and as a Beaumont it was now dependent upon me to fulfill the promise, even at the sacrifice of my own life. "Captain Standish," I exclaimed, "send me forth with others for their relief, for they will surely perish."

He did not answer at once but walked back and forth with his long sword dragging at his heels, while his men looked at him wonderingly. After he had made a turn or two, he said in his quick decisive way, "Master Beaumont, if you will go after the party, you may have two or three men."

"As many as you please," was my reply.

The captain then asked for two volunteers; these came quickly, for the colonists were anxious now to bring the savages to close quarters. Tightening my powder and shot-belt, I started with my two men on the path of the governor's party. Coming to the spot where Goodman and Browne were last known to be, I examined the ground carefully and found where the brush had been broken down as if the men had fought manfully for their lives. This evidence seemed to confirm our suspicions that the two had been carried away by the savages.

With this feeling we again took up our march, stopping to listen from time to time if we might hear sounds of savages or of the governor's party. The dread of the wild men was upon me, as well as on the others, for I did not know their way of

fighting, nor could I forget the terrible stories of the sufferings of some of the Englishmen in Virginia, who had fallen into their hands. If they had been men of valor and fought in the open, my mind would have been at ease; but this leaping from tree to tree and shooting arrows into one made me quail.

In the daylight we followed the governor's party by broken bushes and markings of their feet in the wet soil. But the sun set, leaving us in darkness surrounded by high hills. It was useless to go farther, nor could we return. Leading the way up to the crown of a high hill, I bade the men prepare for the night. While I was bending over tinder preparing to strike a spark I was startled by the report of a musket. Springing to my feet I listened for another, not hearing it I seized my gun; calling over my shoulder for my men to follow me, I started off on a run in the direction of the report.

All I could think of was that disaster had overwhelmed the governor's party and perhaps we had heard the last shot of the tragedy. As we hastened along over the rough ground, there was another gun-shot, this time nearer than before, so that I had hopes of coming to the rescue. A great hill was in front of us, the top of which was clear of trees. As we came out of the forests I thought I observed something unusual at its crown. I kept on at a rapid pace until I stumbled over a timber. As I rose to my feet I caught a glimpse of a half finished house.

While I was standing dazed at my discovery, there was a flash and a roar of musket down by the common-house. Taking our leisure we went down the path hesitating whether to smile or get angry. We forgot these different moods, when we found that the governor and his party had returned in safety. Walking over to a log in front of the fire, I stood my gun against it and began munching a stale piece of bread, which I found in the pocket of my greatcoat.

Though darkness hung over the trees making it impossible for the men to see, still some of them set forth to seek their companions. I stayed back resting under the new thatched roof of the common-house. Master Bradford a few days before had been suddenly and grievously stricken. He was

lying now upon his thin bed, watching with anxious eyes the preparations of the men who were going forth to the rescue. Though he was weak and trembling, he urged the men to be on constant guard against surprise, giving what cautious advice he could. One of the men, who was going, loaned me his sleeping-rug; stealing into one corner of the fireplace, I lay down on the stones and was soon asleep.

I was awakened during the night by the men returning from their search. The wind was blowing cold, pinching the hands of the colonists. The morning was brighter, but the dead grass was covered with hoar frost, and the ground was like iron. All work had ceased, the men devoting themselves to searching for the savages. Captain Standish, marshaling his little army of ten, prepared to lead them in pursuit of the elusive savages; only the strongest men were chosen, for the party was to go far and fight if necessary. Governor Carver was unable to leave his rugs, on account of his exposure the night before, so that the men were without the advice of their governor and Master Bradford.

The members of the army of ten having been selected, being assembled in martial order, without drum or bugle, yea, without even a flag, marched off determined to storm a savage fortress if necessary to release their companions.

All day long we ranged over hill and dale. The men were in a dangerous mood and I am fain to say it would have been ill with the savages had they fallen foul of us. Abandoning all ideas of secrecy, we strode on dead sticks and kicked the leaves about recklessly. Though well beaten tracks were followed long distances not a savage was seen nor signs of the missing men. At night we returned to the common-house faint from fatigue and lack of food. Feeling the need of sleep and rest, I left the colonists preparing their rugs and returned to the ship with the comforting thought of a warm bed and safety.

It seemed but a moment since I had said a praise to the man who invented the bed, when I was aroused by great shouting of, "The savages! The savages!"

Leaping from under my rugs, I hurried to the window.

There I saw flames enveloping the common-house, and lighting up the surrounding forests. I could see figures running to and fro and fancied they were the savages dancing around the funeral pyre of the colonists. Governor Carver and Master Bradford I knew were lying helpless in their beds, though the others might have escaped. Stunned by the tragedy, I stood looking helplessly at the leaping flames until I was aroused by the cries of the women.

Dressing quickly I went on deck. The women were walking back and forth, wringing their hands and sobbing. I could see the flames clearly and now and then hear the report of a musket; with each report the cries of the women would increase.

Mistress Standish was standing at the side of the ship looking helplessly shoreward. As soon as she saw me she came to me; grasping my arm she turned her pale face up into mine making a silent plea for aid. Her voice trembled with emotion as she said, "My husband! My poor husband!"

"Perhaps he has escaped."

"Not from these savages, for they see by night as well as by day."

"As for Governor Carver and Master Bradford," I said, "I am not so sure, both being ill; but Captain Standish was in good health yesterday, perhaps he will fight his way out." Just then there came the sound of several musket shots in rapid succession.

With a shudder she put her hands to her ears, turning her back to the burning house, to shut out the sounds as well as the sight of the tragedy. I touched her arm gently to let her know she had my sympathy. Looking up she said confidently, "Oh, Master Beaumont, can't you do something?"

Fool that I was, I had been standing watching this cruel thing without a thought of going to the relief of the men in danger. Without stopping to answer, I ran into my cabin; seizing my musket, I hurried back on deck. Hastening to the side of the ship with others to go down into the long boat, a sailor held us back saying the tide was out, making it impossible to reach the shore. The long shaft of light from the burning

house lighting up the muddy meadows, confirmed the words of the sailor.

Mistress Standish having followed me to the side of the ship heard the sailor's words, which she felt was a sentence of death passed upon the men ashore. Drying her tears she stood at the side of the vessel with a silent prayer to wait for the tide to turn. The flames grew lower and lower and finally died out, leaving the shore in darkness and the ship in desolation.

When the flood came in from the sea, the men who were on the vessel came upon deck in their armor. With heavy hearts they prepared to go ashore. The time coming for me to go down into the boat, Mistress Lora came close to my side and whispered the Pilgrims' hope, "Be strong and of good courage."

In the dim light of the early dawn I turned and, looking into her pallid face, went down into the long boat feeling that my bravery was an empty shadow compared with the Pilgrim maiden's.

Approaching the landing we could see figures running back and forth; but in the uncertain morning light we could not tell whether they were friends or foes. Sitting in the stern of the boat, I had a full view of the land. The fear of the sailors caused them to stand off, until one of them said that an arrow would not carry above sixty paces. With this assurance they pulled the boat in closer until the tall hats of the colonists were plainly seen. We gave a shout of joy which was answered with a "Well! Well!" from shore.

Whether this call was to urge us to hurry or come at our leisure we did not know. As the dread of savages still was uppermost in our minds, we took it that they were crying for help.

The tide would not permit us to land at the rock; waiting until the keel of the boat struck, we leaped overboard, holding our pieces above our heads to keep the powder in order. Captain Standish who perceived our alarm held up his hand to stay us, at the same time shouting something which we could not understand. This only urged us to greater efforts, splashing the water on all sides we came ashore out of breath.

Then we learned the cause of our alarm. The captain said one of the men arose early and built a big fire. In his desire to warm the room, the man piled on pieces of pine, sparks from which were carried up the chimney lodging in the thatching. Before the men could rise to beat it out, the flames spread over the whole grass roof, leaping upward like a signal fire.

Governor Carver and Master Bradford being unable to move quickly had narrow escapes from the explosion of loose powder, which was in a keg between them. Sparks were dropping onto the clay floor before they could drag themselves out of the burning building; and they were barely out when the keg exploded with a loud report. The fire spreading rapidly prevented the men from rescuing their muskets, which being set off by sparks we mistook for a combat.

Our minds being at ease, Captain Standish bade Mate Clark to row back and relieve the alarms of the women and children. Those of us who came from the ship went on up the bank. The ground in front of the house was littered with rugs, and tools, thrown around in confusion. Governor Carver was sitting in his own great chair, the rungs and legs of which were charred, too sick to be interested in what was going on. Master Bradford was half lying and half reclining on his rugs with his back against a log, feeble and exhausted. The other men stopped preparing breakfast to tell how the accident happened.

To my utter surprise the fire had only burnt off the straw thatching, leaving the rafters and side unharmed. Glowing ashes still clung here and there on the beams, sending up little ringlets of smoke, while the clay floor was covered with the burnt wisps sifted down from above. The green roof timbers though badly scarred were in good order; all that was necessary to make the common-house whole again was new straw.

I had hardly stepped in the house when I heard a great shout. Running to the doorway I saw two men dragging themselves across the clearing at a snail's pace, recognizing them at once as the two lost men. They were in a pitiful plight. Goodman's feet were frozen and swollen so badly his shoes had to be cut off; while Browne was almost in as bad a

condition but was able to walk. For two days and nights they had wandered through the forests without food or shelter. As soon as they could talk, they told of hearing after nightfall roaring lions and other great beasts, though they saw nothing larger than a gray wolf. In all their wanderings they declared they had not seen a savage, nor signs of their habitation.

As soon as the excitement over the return of the lost men had subsided, the colonists began to consider their own condition and to prepare for the Sabbath service. While I was viewing the wreck of the roof, I heard one of the men say, " 'Twill be another Sabbath ere we worship ashore."

Promptly Elder Brewster spoke up, "Not so, for we worshiped in Scrooby with only the sky over us, so we may do likewise here."

Men with whisks of coarse grass and small pine brush swept the floor clean of the ashes and half burnt straw, while others brought in the chairs, guns, and other things from the path, making room for the rugs and the feeble near the fireplace. Order coming out of confusion, everything was made ready for the coming of the women and children from the ship.

The chill of winter was in the air, but the sea within the harbor was undisturbed except for a gust of wind which now and then sweeping in from the ocean, lost itself in a swirl of pine trees. The dark shadows of the unlimited forests moved me with reverence, and the spirit of the unknown land filled me with awe. Into this picture of the wilderness came the shallop floating in from the sea with its touch of color from the white, grays, and blacks of the hoods and dresses of the women and children.

The men on shore were crowded around the rock awaiting the coming of the boat, showing the effects of their struggles in the new country; the mud of the brook had stained their coats and stockings with blotches of yellow. The buckles on their shoes were the only bright spots, the leather being sadly worn. Though their clothing was rough and the worse for wear, under the tall hats the faces had been made clean by the waters of the brook.

As the shallop came on slowly, I could see the women and children were still laboring under the impression of their scare. In silence the shallop approached until it touched the rock, then as the women and children stepped forth, they embraced the grave faced men.

Now that all were ashore the men with guns on their shoulders led the way with their wives and children following closely after them. At the door of the common-house the line of colonists halted at the same time crowding close up to it, that they might see the damage done by the flames. Some looked at the scorched wood and silently marveled, while others said, " 'Tis the Lord's will." Then one of the men fell to telling the story of the disaster, showing the blackened floor where the half keg of powder stood that came so near ending the existence of Governor Carver and Master Bradford. So they sauntered around and conversed, until the elder standing in the doorway called them to service.

It was a strange scene that greeted my eyes as I came to the door; the women and girls were seated on boxes, bales, and benches made from half cut logs. Each wore a shawl thrown loosely around her shoulders, varying from the red of the child to the white one of the maiden; though they were pale and careworn, there were comely faces among them.

The most pleasing sight to me was the Pilgrim maiden. This day she wore a white woolen hood with a soft frill of Dutch texture around its edge, setting off her face with its delicacy. Her brown hair was combed back from her forehead, leaving a few stray tresses falling down over her temples, covering her cheek in their silky folds. If you would, call her eyes blue or gray, I would not dispute which color they were, for both colors played in them and won you to her. A white woolen cape caught at her throat by a loop of silk thread, she wore over a dress of modest gray broken by cuffs of white, relieving the primness. If an artist had placed her there in her colors of gray and white, he could not have added a whit to her beauty; for she was all grace and loveliness, as she sat under the shadows of the half burnt beams, with the sun showing her beauty more fully than it would have been possible for

the dull shades of the stained glass windows of an English cathedral.

The women and children having found their places, the men entered. Captain Standish did not give over his caution, ordering the men to take their guns with them with matches in a glow. Having given the boxes and benches to the women, the men stood with stocks of their weapons resting on the floor, steadying them with a firm grasp on the muzzles. Governor Carver was seated in his chair, while Master Bradford occupied the elder's, both of which were blackened by the fire. Captain Standish motioned me to enter. Taking off my cap I stepped inside taking my stand near the door.

Once within the forest cathedral there came a hush over the worshipers, which caused even me to bow my head in reverence. The calmness that came over them was from no earthly power and under its benediction they sat and smiled as if they were in the midst of peace and plenty. This reverential silence was broken by the shrill notes of a pitch pipe, as the leader sounded to catch the opening notes of a psalm. It was the twenty-third psalm as set to music by Ainsworth, beginning with these hopeful words, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters." It was one which all knew and the melody dedicated the wilderness of New England to their worship.

When the last notes of the psalm had ceased, Elder Brewster arose and opening his Bible began reading. His text has gone from me, for I confess I was not familiar enough with the book to know it, however, it was a message of hope and good cheer, for so these people interpreted even their disasters. Doctor Fuller, Governor Carver, and Stephen Hopkins, arose and prophesied, giving their own versions of the meaning of the verses read. Another psalm was sung, then the elder took his text for his sermon, which was not of my knowing. All I remember is seeing the tall thin form of Elder Brewster standing in front of the broad fireplace, with a kindly smile lighting up his face, telling the people to be unmindful of their privations, unheeding of their sorrows, but ever holding steadfast in

their trust in Him who would preserve them even in this wilderness.

Now that I think of it, this first service was a singular one, with the grave faced men standing along the wall of rough logs, holding their guns in readiness, and with the sun reflecting upon their steel armor. Now and then a little particle of ashes would sift down from the burnt wisps of thatching, as a reminder of the disaster of the night. The kind faced women already showed their cares upon their foreheads, and the children watched with curious and even envious eyes the strength and faith of their fathers. Then there was the courage of the elder in standing in the presence of the overshadowing forests and uttering words of cheer. Truly the faith of these people alone held them on this side of the sea, for without it they would have fled back to their native land.

I must admit I did not profit much from the sermon, for I was too busy watching the color come and go in the Pilgrim maiden's cheeks to be interested in anything else. As she sat in the sunshine it came to me of a sudden that her face was paler than usual, and what I had taken for a healthful glow was a flush of fever. I said a hearty "Amen," when the service came to an end.

I tarried at my station as the people went out, hoping to have a word with Mistress Lora, but her mother was at her side, so that my only reward was a look. The roofless house affording little protection, the people found seats on the logs and boxes outside, there they tarried eating of their dried meat, Holland cheese, and hard bread.

Though I endeavored to see the maiden alone or sit close by her, the father and mother blocked my approaches, besides some of the young men grew familiar, so that I was compelled to sit at a distance. Now that my suspicions of ill health were aroused, I could see that she was not herself.

When the time for the return to the ship came, I had become desperate and determined to speak to her at all hazards. The women and children were to go single file, guarded by the men. As the line formed, seeing the maiden take her position back of her mother, I pushed my way in so that I was next to

her as her guard. For this piece of audacity I was rewarded with a smile. As the maiden stooped over to pluck a handful of wild grass I said, "Mistress Lora, last night's scare has ailed you?"

"Why so?" she asked, still holding the wisps of grass.

The procession taking up its line of march, she could not reply further. Once she looked over her shoulder as if to make an answer to my solicitation but changing her mind went on. As I trained alongside the shallop to aid the maiden, the mother artfully came between us. Backing away, I stood upon the beach. Watching her face, I was sure I read signs of coming sickness. As the shallop pushed away, the women and children waved a farewell. A few strokes of the oars and they were gone, but the face of the maiden lingered with me. I could see the gaunt spectre of fever fastening its grip upon her, and I felt my helplessness at the same time.

PROGRESS OF THE PLANTATION

DOCTOR Fuller did not return to the ship and as my one great desire was to know the character of the fever, that I fancied was threatening the maiden, I left my cabin for a cold bed ashore. He was so attentive to the governor and Master Bradford, I did not have an opportunity to speak to him. In the evening while sitting with Captain Standish in front of a blazing fire, I casually asked him what manner of disease was ailing the colonists. His answer was, "Coughs and colds from exposure."

"But the women," I said artfully, "have not been from the ship, still many are down with fevers."

A queer look came across my face, as the captain said, "We will consult Doctor Fuller, for I have no knowledge of such matters."

Then he called the doctor to us and we three sat down on a timber facing the fire, while he told us of the various maladies which were attacking the colonists. Of the men he said the cold days and nights they had spent in the forests, wading ashore at Cape Cod as well as their diet of salt meat, brought on their complaints. The women he said, like the men, were suffering from scurvy on account of the lack of the sweetness of fresh meat and vegetables.

I saw hope for the maiden and asked, "If those who are ailing could have wild duck's flesh, would that restore them?"

"Truly," replied the doctor, "but fresh vegetables will work a more speedy cure."

This was all the information I desired. Rising from the log, I went out into the night and walked up the path until I stood on the mount overlooking the harbor. I could see the lights on the distant ship, and in my enthusiasm I made a secret vow that the maiden should not die.

Before daybreak it began to rain, driving us from the roof-

less house. Stumbling through the dark we found what shelter we could under the shed, which had been hurriedly thrown up over the provisions and tools.

With the coming of the daylight, I betook myself to the brook, hoping to find a chance duck; it was still raining so that I was wet through, having the greatest difficulty in keeping the powder dry. The great flocks of ducks and geese which I had seen at the first landing had now gone, so my only hope was to decoy a stray one into my hands. Though I heard the chatter of fowls from time to time, and stole along quietly, still the end of the day found me without a single one in my provender bag.

Wet and muddy from my day's labor in the marshes, I returned to the clearing, only to find the men huddled under the shed, with the sick occupying the dry places under the board roof. The fire smoked much but burned little, owing to the wet wood; but I had no desire to return to the ship.

Disappointed in not finding ducks, I decided to try my fortune in the plains along the river, which were some distance to the right of the clearing. Crossing a swamp, in which grew a low vine with red berries, I picked a handful, hoping in my desperation that these might have some virtue of relief for the maiden. I had just dropped the last berry in my pocket, when I was startled by a great bird flying out of the bush. It was not a goose, neither was it an eagle, nor did it stop for me to examine its worth or beauty, but went off with great flapping of broad wings into the neighboring forests. Fancying its companion was near by, I walked along slowly holding my gun in readiness; coming up to a clump of shrubs, there was a rustling in the grass and beating of wings as another bird mounted from the earth. Though it was a rule not to shoot a gun for fear of attracting the savages, I forgot this regulation and, taking hasty aim, fired. The bird stopped in midflight and with a whirl fell heavily to the ground; dropping my gun and unmindful of the bushes, I ran at utmost speed and seized it by the legs for fear it might escape.

It was a beautiful bird, with a thick armor of bronze feathers tipped with black and white, red head, and a bunch of long

silky feathers like hair hanging from its breast. The tail was long and heavy, as I spread it out in fan shape I thought of the peacocks of France. The bird was a strange one to me, so that I did not know whether its flesh was good to eat or not.

Picking the fowl up, I found it weighed upwards of twenty pounds and as I held it, its head touched the ground. Dragging it back to where I had dropped my gun, I tied the legs of the bird together with a snatch of grass and hung it over the barrel of my gun. My joy was that of a famishing man coming suddenly upon a spring of cool water in a desert. A song of gladness was in my heart, as I came up to where the long boat was swinging with the tide close by the rock. The seamen were all anxious to see my prize and asked me where I shot it and all about it. Mate Clark was ashore the sailors said, so I started up the path in search of him.

Ere I was half way up the bank I thought of Governor Carver and Master Bradford and their sickness, fancying they would look with longing eyes upon my fowl, I turned back to the boat and threw the bird in the bottom of the boat. Throwing my coat over it I sat like a miser over his gold, waiting for Mate Clark to return. A colonist happening down to the boat, I put my foot on the coat and glared like an ogre for fear he might ask what was beneath it. I was surly enough when the mate came back empty handed. When he had pushed off, I uncovered my prize and asked him if he had ever seen its like.

Master Clark gave one glance and said, "A turkey."

"Pray, what of it?" I asked as I gripped his sleeve. "Is it good to eat?"

Picking up a clawed foot of the fowl, he replied, "Its flesh exceeds that of a duck."

I could have shouted with joy. The boat was too slow in reaching the ship to suit me, now that I knew the value of my prize. Captain Jones was on deck and spied my "turkey" as Mate Clark called it, as soon as we came alongside. I could see his bead-like eyes snapping with anticipation of a feast, so I decided I would trust no one with the fowl but myself. As I came over the side he asked to relieve me of my burden, but I held on to it firmly.

Feeling its flesh the captain asked, "Shall we have it roasted at once, Master Beaumont?"

Having in mind his devouring the lone herring, I was determined that he should never have a taste of this fowl in his throat. Turning on him I said, "Captain, this is not for us, but for the colonists."

"Since when have you joined the Separatists?" he asked sarcastically.

"Captain Jones," I replied, "I have not gone over to them nor do I intend to; but when men and women are lying sick unto death for the want of the flesh of this fowl, neither you, myself, nor any other well man is going to touch it. These people are of our flesh and blood and though you and I do not agree with them, we must respect their sufferings." It was a long speech, but the man nettled me and I wanted him to know that I was ready to support the needy because it was but human kindness to do so.

When the captain heard me through he said, "As you will," in a disappointed air and went off, leaving me holding the fowl.

I was greatly puzzled what to do next. I could not take it with me into the round-house, as I had declared I was going to give it to the colonists; nor could I take and give it to the maiden, though I longed to do so. As the presence of the strange bird caused the women and children to come out of the cabin, I was in hopes the maiden would come too. Mistress Rose was among the first to marvel at the bigness of the bird; from her I learned the maiden was not so well. This made me more anxious than ever that she should have the fowl. While I was standing over the great bird, one of the Brewster boys came along the deck.

Before he could ask any questions I handed it to him saying, "This is for you, now make way and see that it is in the pot quickly."

The boy stood holding the bird with his mouth wide open in amazement, while I went into the round-house, pleased that I had gotten the fowl into the family, even though I failed to give it to the maiden herself.

I was glad to be back on the ship. My hunger was such that I could hardly wait for the evening meal to be prepared, so that when the serving-men brought on the meat I gave little heed to it. It was so delicate, I asked the captain whence it came. He declared it to be a fowl made sweet from feeding on acorns. Its tenderness found favor with me, and its daintiness was such that I wondered a wild goose had not pleased my taste so fully before. The captain pronounced his opinion of the flesh by eating heartily of it and calling for more. Between us we sang the glories of the dish, until I felt ashamed of myself for being such a gourmand.

On the morrow, I met the maiden face to face on deck. She was pale and thin and I felt that after all I was too late. With a smile she said, "Master Beaumont, why gave you the great fowl to us?"

The truth was now on my tongue so I replied, "Mistress Lora, if you would know I gave it to no one but yourself."

"But the sick?" she answered in her generous way.

"Nay, but you are ill and I sought the bird for you alone."

"My feebleness is but of a moment and of little importance. Though you gave us the fowl there were many of our people and the poor sailors who needed its nourishment more than we did, so we divided the flesh, sending part to our sick and the rest to the forecastle."

"And you did not partake of it?" I gasped.

With a gentle smile she said, "It was not meet that I should, when others needed it so much more."

"You gave it all away?"

"All to those who felt the want of it."

Like a flash there came into my mind the delicacy of the meat which had been served in the round-house the evening before. "To whom gave you the fowl?" I asked as calmly as I could.

"To Captain Jones," she assured me frankly.

My face grew black, and she drew back from me as she had never seen me in temper before. Gently touching my sleeve she said, "Master Beaumont, why this anger?"

I hotly exclaimed, "Do you not know, that my heart was set

on the flesh of this fowl nourishing your failing strength? It was by merest chance that it came my way, and I brought it to you and you alone. Know you not, that Captain Jones betrayed your trust, and that he and I ate this fowl while you who needed it went without?"

As she looked up into my face and said, "Perhaps Captain Jones is ailing," I felt my hatred leaving me.

"Nay, he is not ailing, but he should be."

"What mean you, Master Beaumont?"

Plucking me by the sleeve the maiden talked me out of my passion. But for her the captain and I would have come to blows over this act of meanness. Having been calmed by her gentleness I went back to the roundhouse, feeling guilty of having deprived the maiden of her own. Though my anger was softened, I could not let Captain Jones think that I did not have knowledge of his deceit, so when I came in I said, "Our turkey feast was a surprise to me."

"Truly," he replied, feigning the use of a favorite expression of the colonists.

"Nay, not truly, but surely," was my sour reply. If I had multiplied words with him, we would have come to blows; feeling he was not my match or equal, I sat in silence in my wrath.

The common-house being completed, the colonists began building a small house to be used as a storeroom for their tools and provisions. Under the spell of many hands the second structure was soon ready. Though it was cold and the waters of the harbor exceedingly rough, the men began to take the goods ashore at once and pile them in the storehouse. Hogsheads of oatmeal, barrels of bread, and casks of pickled meat were lowered into the shallop and rowed ashore. The sailors, who were hoping for an early sailing, did not complain of the going of the firkins of butter, pickled salted eggs, and bags of dried codfish, that littered the deck.

If I were to enumerate the bags of salt bacon, salt beef, and pork that the colonists now took ashore, one would think they fared well. So they would, but for the fact that these meats were so poorly cured, they were mostly tainted. While I was

on deck watching the unloading, the hoops of a barrel broke, emptying its contents on the deck. As it was spoiled, Captain Jones shouted to his sailors to throw it overboard. Richard Warren who was nearby stopped this "waste," as he called it, saying poor as the meat was, the colonists must use it.

"But Master Warren," I urged, " 'Tis not fit to cook, saying nothing of eating it."

"Master Beaumont, we have counted on every pound of this meat being proper; if it is not we must use it or starve, ere another harvest comes."

"Surely, you would not have your people eat this stuff?"

"I would not have them, but they must."

So the spoiled meat was gathered off the deck and sent to the pots of the colonists, though its odor was such that the sailors handled it at arm's length. The only delicacy I spied in the whole cargo was a hogshead of dried cows' tongues. That it might not bring too much relief to the colonists in some manner it slipped into the sea, which of course did not add to the sweetness of the contents.

Captain Jones permitted the sailors to aid in getting the store up on deck and into the shallop, but the colonists must row or sail the boat ashore and handle the goods as best they could. On fair days the boat would be ladened deep with bundles of hoes, spades, axes, cooking spits, iron kettles, and frying pans, with a small table now and then on top of the cargo. On rough days the unloading went on just the same, but the quantity of goods taken was much less.

The landing of the supplies could only be done when the tide was in, so that the men worked on the buildings part of the day, bringing the stores ashore when they could. Rowing and sailing the shallop was the easiest task connected with this work, the real labor was getting the provisions up the bank into the storehouse. It was located on the banks of the inlet, so that the boat with its cargo was floated into the mouth of the brook and made fast. Unloading the light utensils was not difficult, but the hogheads of oatmeal and casks of meat were like so much lead, requiring every well man to lift them. Saplings were laid down on which to roll the barrels, but I

have seen them toil half a day on one hogshead of oatmeal, for it was of great weight, being trampled in the cask so hard it required a sharp adz to cut it out.

As soon as the storehouse was filled with provisions and supplies, the colonists devoted all of their time to building their own houses. As many of the men were sick, it was thought best that a separate building be erected for them, thus taking them from the common-house, where the sleep of those who labored daily, was broken by the cries of the feeble. The sick-house was the last one built in common; the reason being that some of the men worked beyond their strength, whilst others held back savoring of laziness.

This shirking soon came to the eyes of the head men, so that they decided that those who would live in their own houses must take off their fanciful ideas and do their own building.

As I have stated before, the single men were distributed among the households, so that there were four or five men to each house. Some of the industrious households were ambitious for sixteen feet residences but as the timbers had to be pulled by hand long distances, most of them were content with huts fourteen by twelve feet or even smaller.

Elder Brewster with the others began laying foundation timbers for his hut on the bank of the brook above the spring. I found fault with his site as it was nearer the path than the brook. But the elder did not consult me, and went on cutting and dragging timbers for a house, which, as I stepped it, was to be about sixteen by twelve feet.

For the first time I conceived what was to be the lot of the colonists in these mean log huts, for they were nothing else. With clay floors, damp and cold from winter's rains, without light and little heat, men, women, and children were to be huddled together like so many cattle. But as I was not to live in them I went on my way to a marsh a short distance from the clearing.

From time to time, I peered over the tufts of grass, but the marshes and forests seemed to be deserted by every living thing. Though I was uncomfortably cold I decided to linger on in my grassy covert. Hearing a rustling, I made ready

for wild men or beasts. Fearing savages, I lay quietly as the footsteps approached. A twig snapped close by me, then a red deer with spreading antlers stalked in front of me, larger than I had ever seen in England. Taking aim, I let off my piece. Through the cloud of smoke I saw the buck stagger and then fall. Finding it was too heavy for me to carry, I lifted the animal into the branches of a tree to keep it out of the reach of the wolves, while I went back to the clearing for help.

" 'Tis lean sport to-day," said the elder, seeing me returning empty-handed.

"Only a red deer," I replied calmly.

"A deer, say you?" exclaimed the man who was helping the elder.

"Yes, and it is so large, I must have your aid to bring it in." The man dropped his lever at once, making ready to go with me.

The elder stopped him by saying, "John, though this fresh deer's meat would be a relish, we must console ourselves with our barreled meat for the present. Unless we get the logs up and the thatching on these bright days, we will be out of doors when it rains."

"But the sick men?" I said.

"Truly, Master Beaumont! Go John, but return with haste."

Between us we brought in the red deer and threw it on the ground in front of the common-house. Master Bradford who was still ailing came to the door, and stood looking longingly down at the buck. Though I did not fancy him, nor was he overly fond of me, still in his need I put aside my dislike and said, "Master Bradford, this deer except one quarter is for the colonists."

Elder Brewster was still at work when I threw my shoulder of venison at his feet. Looking at me in astonishment he asked, "Why bestow this upon me?"

"For the use of your man," I answered.

"Nay, that was a simple thing, and not worthy of reward."

"Without your assistance I could not have brought in the deer."

After looking at me, then the venison, the elder finally said, "Master Beaumont, this is very fair of you."

Then a thought came to me and I replied, "As I am returning to the vessel, perhaps you would like to send this meat to your family at once."

He looked at me saying, "Master Beaumont, if you will."

Leaping at the opportunity, I lifted the haunch of venison on my shoulder and was off with it, lest the elder would change his mind. Picking up my musket at the common-house, I went on to the boat thoroughly satisfied with my cleverness.

I clambered over the side of the ship and for the first time made straight for the cabin door, knocked bravely on it, and asked loudly for Mistress Brewster. Giving the matron the venison I said, "This comes from the elder, since he was at work and could not bring it, he bade me do so."

"That was a kindly thing, Master Beaumont."

"I believe he said he fancied a broth," having in mind this would most fit the case of the maiden.

The mother looked up in surprise, "Then he must be ailing, for usually he has no choice of cooking."

Then I had to explain, "Perhaps, Mistress Brewster, I was hasty about the broth," and for fear that I might say something more that would put me at fault, I left with a civil bow.

Captain Jones, who happened to see me take the venison to the common-house and also seeing me come away without it was inclined to chide me. "So you have been feeding the colonists," he said as I entered the round-house empty-handed.

"Is there a king's law against it?"

"Not so, Master Beaumont; but why feed them?"

"Because my fancy prompts me to, Captain Jones."

"Then, Master Beaumont, your fancy is well established since Mistress Lora is a fair maiden," he answered impudently.

The insolence of the man in playing with the name of Lora was more than I could stand. Clenching my fists I made a stride towards him, when I seemed to hear her saying, "Slowly Master Beaumont, slowly." To my own surprise I turned on my heel and strode to the alcove on the other side of the ship, where I sat and cooled my anger.

I was glad that I did not have words with the captain, for the next day he, too, began to feed the colonists. He came on a flock of wild geese and killed a number, giving part of them to the passengers. So that his generosity made me think well of him again.

My kindly feeling towards Captain Jones was short lived, however. As we sat at the table the next day with our mugs of beer filled and plenty in the hold, there was a knock at the door and one of the colonists entered. The man explained that Master Bradford desired a small portion of beer. As the captain listened to the simple request there came a scowl over his face, and bringing his clenched hand down on the table, he shouted, "Not a drop, not a drop!"

I sat in perfect amazement, while the man with red face and bowed head left the cabin with his empty bucket. Captain Jones was beyond my understanding. One day he was all goodness and the next day would come forth such baseness I could have throttled him with pleasure. So mottled was he that I could not judge whether the fair or foul was going to be to the fore.

I might say that Master Bradford got his beer, for the same day I sent him a little citron cask that was liquid tight; there was no citron in it, but if one cared to listen he would have heard the wash of its contents, when the seaman put it on his shoulder to deliver the cask.

On this Sunday, I found Mistress Lora Brewster on deck seated in a great chair, wrapper in rugs and mufflers. I could tell by her pale wan face that she was coming down with the sickness that had attacked the colonists. I could do no less than ask her what ailed her. She answered a weakness seemed to be coming over her which she could not throw off. Looking up plaintively she said, "Master Beaumont, I am so tired of the ship, if I could only go ashore."

"Mistress Lora, it is colder on land than on the ship."

"True, but we have been on board so long I am tired of it. Sick as I am, I had them carry me forth on deck, that I might once more see the land and breathe the fresh air. I feel sure were I once ashore, I could throw off the fever."

"Think you so?" I asked.

"I am sure I would."

Seeing the maiden was tired, I picked up the chair and carried her to the door of the cabin. When I lifted her into the room, such a nauseating smell greeted me, I did not wonder that the maiden was anxious to escape from it. Coming back into the sweet air, I made a vow that Mistress Lora would be ashore soon, if I had to turn laborer to hasten her going.

Life on the ship was tiresome. I had nothing to entertain me but hunting water-fowls. I dared not go far from the clearing for fear of the savages. So I went back and forth to the nearby marshes, watching the progress of the buildings as I did so. Through the cold and ice the men labored. One day happening up the beaten path that ran between the huts, I found the elder putting on the grass thatched roof. Climbing the rough ladder to see how the straw was bound in place, I noticed he was using a poor quality of grass. As I stood on top of the ladder I could also see that the elder's fingers were raw, from pushing the thatching needle.

With the thought of the sick maiden urging me on, I made bold to say, "Elder Brewster, your straw is both coarse and short, and I am fearful will not shed the rain."

" 'Tis the best we could find, Master Beaumont," he replied, at the same time tying a knot in his binding cord.

"If you will but send your man with me, I will lead him to where the grass is long and fine."

The elder stopped his work and looked at me as if inquiring what interest I had in the roof. I began to think he was going to resent my interference when he curtly said, "John, go with Master Beaumont."

Leading the way we shortly came to a grassy plain where there was a quantity of fine roofing straw. Setting the man to cutting it with his sickle, I bound it in bundles. My companion seeing the size of the sheaves, shook his head and said he could not carry such weight. I bade him cut on while I swung two of the bundles on my back making for the clearing.

Before reaching the brook my breath came fast and my arms were tired. When I staggered up the hill under the burden,

the elder stopped, looking at me in amazement. Throwing down my load at the foot of the ladder I kicked the short thatching to one side. "Where is John?" asked the elder.

"Cutting grass," I replied, catching my breath as best I could

"What do you intend to do?" he now asked curiously.

"To carry it," I replied as I went off after another burden of thatching.

I kept the man busy cutting while I carried the straw, so that by night we had a quantity of fine thatching lying under the eaves of the hut. I did not go back to the ship but went to my bed on the floor of the common-house tired, but happy under the first labor I had ever done.

There was more room in the common-house, now that the sick men had been removed to their own shed. I lay in a corner and from my rugs watched the fire curl up against the chimney back and fancied looking into my own fireside. My fatigue soon carried me off and I slept soundly on the hard clay floor.

I made neither explanation nor offered excuses this day as I cut and carried in the straw. When there was a good store on the ground, I made the man stay and assist the elder on the roof.

At noonday the elder coming down from the roof said, "Master Beaumont, I have naught to offer you but codfish and hard bread."

"That suffices me," I replied, and sitting down on a log, I ate with a relish food that I would have thrown to the hounds in England. Clouds began to gather in the dull sky, promising foul weather. I did not tarry long at my food, but crunched the dry salt fish as I made my way to the grassy fields. I felt that by incessant labor the roof might be finished, keeping the rain off the clay floor of the hut. At every trip from the field with sheaves of straw, I saw the thatching growing closer and closer to the combing.

Night coming on, the elder's man gave me a look as if seeking encouragement from me to quit work. I did not even glance at him, but went back for more straw. As the twilight descended I gathered up my last bits of grass, binding together such a bundle as I had not carried before, determined that it

should not only be sufficient, but there would be some to spare. My labors in the field being at an end, I mounted the ladder to see what manner of roofing the grass was making.

The elder and his man were on the last row of thatching, though the night was coming on apace, I felt that with a brave effort the roof could be completed. The man, instead of bending to his work, now stood up straight endeavoring to blow the cold out of his fingers. The elder spoke to him sharply, but he answered that he could no longer hold the needle. Crawling over the thatching, I took the steel, bidding him serve us with straw. Though thatching was new to me, I conceived it to be easier than being a beast of burden. In the faint light I gathered a handful of straw, bound the thick ends to a beam, bending the long ends over. Running the needle back and forth I sewed and tied the thatching until my fingers grew stiff and cold.

As we worked the clouds grew heavier overhead. This only caused us to labor the faster. Side by side we kept to our work though the light of day had completely failed. Neither of us had spoken a word. I had no thought but that of finishing the thatching, and I think he was so perplexed by my action that he did not know what to say. My fingers were so cold, that all I could feel was the stiff straw and I went on blindly binding. A drop of rain fell on my hand. I shook it off and went on tying and bending the grass. The helper said he could not see. Neither of us spoke to him. Several drops of rain came in quick succession, but I only strove the harder.

Ten minutes of daylight would have sufficed, but in the cold and darkness we stumbled along awkwardly and slowly. The pattering of the rain on the thatching made us gird ourselves more firmly to the task. The wet grass grew like ice; still we labored on with our hearts set on finishing the roof.

In the darkness and rain, the elder and I labored in silence. At length I picked up a great handful of straw. Fitting it into a narrow space I bound the stems with the hempen string; bending over the heads of grass, I filled the closing gap, and thus finished the thatching.

Wet, cold, my fingers worn to soreness, with an ache in my back, I descended the ladder. Going around to the door of the house, I stepped within, listening to the rain beat upon the thatching. Surely, I thought this was an ill habitation, the smell of the new floor and the dampness of the green logs pervading the darkness.

I was so tired I am sure the elder must have thought me surly, as I left him without as much as saying "Good even." I went back to the ship so completely exhausted, I could hardly drag myself on deck.

Looking out of the alcove window the next morning the rain coming out of the leaden sky, my heart warmed with gratitude for I knew one colonist's hut that was dry. By noon the rain ceased so I could go on deck. The shallop was alongside being loaded with cooking utensils, small tables, a spinning wheel, big and little chairs, and such other domestic articles as would come from an English home. As I stood idly by I wondered who was going ashore.

My thoughts were so taken up with the speculation that I did not hear footsteps approaching, and did not know of anyone's presence until I heard Mistress Lora saying, "Master Beaumont, I have come to bid thee farewell."

"But, Mistress Lora, you are not well enough to make the journey."

"I am so anxious to leave the ship, I am even willing to go in a snowstorm."

Somehow I had never realized before that her leaving the ship meant that she was going from me, and from thenceforth if I was to see her, I must go to her. There were to be no more casual meetings on the deck, nor little surprises. While I toiled at thatching, my thoughts were to get the maiden ashore quickly, but she looked so pale and thin now, I half wished I had not been so willing.

Seeing my sore and scratched hands, "What ails your hands, Master Beaumont?" she asked sympathetically.

"It is the cold," I replied at the same time putting my right hand which was the worst in the pocket of my greatcoat.

"Nay, the cold cracks them open, but does not prick them."

"But Mistress Lora, this New England cold is different from other country's," endeavoring to laugh off the subject.

"That does not come from the frost, I am sure," she persisted.

I could not bear to see her sad, so with a cheery face I said, we should see each other from time to time, until the sailing of the ship for England.

While I was speaking, the elder, his wife, and his two lads came from the great cabin. The mother bore a crate within which was the Dutch hen which she had brought from Leyden; so careful was she of the fowl, that she would not trust it to other hands. The matron and the lads went down into the shallop first, followed by the maiden. While her father fastened the rope around her waist, she gave me a look, which I answered with a smile.

I peered over the side as they sat in the shallop ready to push off. I should have said looked at the maiden. With one hand laid in her mother's, she sat in the stern of the boat looking at me. She seemed so feeble, I could not dispel the thought that perhaps this was her last journey. The word coming to cast off, the men sank their oars deep into the sea and Elder Brewster and his family bade farewell to the ship that had carried them safely across the great waters.

During the night I woke with a start, as if an impending mishap was hovering over me. Leaping from my rugs I rushed to the window, stumbling over a chair on my way, and looking shoreward. The blackness of the night held full sway. I heard the winds whistling dolefully through the rigging, and the sound of the ship's timbers creaking as it rolled in the sea. Half awake I felt these things casting a gloom upon my spirits. Then it came to me that the heart of the ship had departed.

With the coming of the day, I fancied my cares would go with the night. This was not to be. I sat so glum at breakfast, Captain Jones ventured to say I was sour company. I did not reply for I was not interested. The food stuck in my throat. Turning away from the cabin I came out on deck. Everything was as it was the day before, there was the same

pile of garden hoes, fishing nets, hewing axes, and hempen ropes, littering the deck just as I last saw them. A half dozen sailors were loading the shallop, exchanging oaths and small talk over their work, while a row of children hung over the side of the vessel watching them.

The whole scene around me was disjointed and the ugliness of the things caused me to turn from them. It seemed strange that but a few hours before, these same sights were so acceptable to me and now were so disagreeable. Though I endeavored to free myself from their dullness, it clung to me in spite of my efforts until I returned to the roundhouse and threw myself on my rugs. As I lay thinking it came to me what little real interest I had in the colonists. Though I had gone in the frost and ice with them, it was love of adventure that prompted me to it. My apparent aid was due to sympathy of a suffering people. Personally I disliked Masters Bradford and Allerton. As to the rank and file, I did not care for them at all. With the exception of Captain Standish and his wife and Mistress Lora I had made no effort to be more than passing friendly with the others.

I saw the virtues of the gray haired governor, the sturdiness of purpose of Master Bradford and the elder, and admired the courage that held the colonists to their designs. The entering of a friendly communion with them never entered my mind, and I am sure did not occur to them. So far as they were concerned my attitude now was the same as it always had been, one of human sympathy.

I determined to go ashore at once and see how well the maiden fitted in her new thatched home. Putting on a new waistcoat, I took down my snap chance, making believe I was going on a fowling expedition. The cargo being removed, the ship was high out of the water, so that reaching the small boat was becoming difficult. But I succeeded in gaining my seat without wetting my new waistcoat, which was a very important matter to me.

The landing rock seemed more friendly than ever. Though it had been my stepping-stone many times, I never appreciated how well it kept my feet out of the sea. The narrow path had

been both broadened and hardened under the trampling of many feet, until it was fairly good highway to the top of the bank.

The common-house, storehouse and sick-house were all under cover. There were also four family huts completed, including the elder's and Captain Standish's. Many of the colonists had made beginning but sickness prevented them from finishing their tasks. The path was littered with big and little timbers, dragged with infinite toil by feeble men from the forests. These lay where they had dropped them, many never to be moved by the hands that had brought them so far. Master Bradford had made a drawing in the order the houses were to stand on both sides of what he called the "street." In a manner the houses along the brook were to face those on the other side of the street, so that there was a broad lane between them. This roadway was now a wide stretch, overgrown with brush. Through the undergrowth ran a path down which the logs were dragged and the people walked in going from house to house.

Standing at the foot of the street I could see the rude houses of logs with their crowns of golden thatching. The half dozen log huts, clinging to the hillside of the clearing, was the beginning of the plantation and habitations which these same yeomen would have scoffed at in England.

Passing the house of Peter Browne, I saw he had it almost ready for the roof timbers. For a week or more he had been in the sick-house and work was at a standstill. Next to Browne, John Goodman was laboring as best he could with his frozen feet. But he was chopping away, as I passed by, determined to get his thatching on as quickly as possible. Next to Goodman's was the elder's with its new straw covering.

I was walking up the path with my head bowed low in thought, when I was hailed by John Billington. His house, which was now ready for the roof, was just beyond the elder's, so that I was still dreaming when he called to me. As I did not respond at the first call, Billington shouted a second time, "Master Beaumont! Master Beaumont!"

Big John was thatching and, as I could clearly see, was making a bad job of it. Climbing down the ladder he came

to where I stood, saying, "Master Beaumont, I am making out poorly with my thatching, and ask your aid."

"My aid! John, nay! nay!" I answered taking his asking me in good nature.

"But you are a thatcher and worked for Elder Brewster," he went on stupidly, "no man ever worked after night in the rain and cold unless he was well paid for it." The fellow now became so aggressive, I did not deign to reply but started on my way.

"Master Beaumont," he shouted after me, "I will pay you well."

I turned on him with a sneer, saying, "John Billington, if all the things in your house were pure gold and you offered them all to me, I would not hire myself to labor for you, or any other living man." I left him scratching his head dully and with a puzzled look upon his face.

As I have said before, Captain Standish had finished his log house and Mistress Rose was at home. Turning to my right a few paces I was on the log step, rapping for entrance. Mistress Rose's cheery voice welcomed me. Entering I found the matron in front of the chimney place, piling chips on the fire to dry the clay floor. Seeing me, she quickly cried, "Welcome! Master Beaumont."

"Mistress Standish," I replied gallantly, "I salute you, and wish you a happy life in your new house."

She looked at me curiously to see whether I was jesting. Seeing I was serious she replied, "Master Beaumont, this is but a small space to live in."

"Yes, but it will grow larger when the captain can have leisure to build."

"'Tis far better than being shut in on the ship," she said hopefully.

Before I could be seated Mistress Rose showed me her miniature house. It was without windows and unless the door was open there was no light except what came from the fire or the tallow candles. Making the best of her lowly quarters, Mistress Rose would show me the rude shelf on which stood a half dozen or more books. Taking down Cæ-

sar's *Commentaries*, I opened the volume to find it thumb worn and well read. Then there was a book on artillery tactics, and the rest were the lives of soldiers or military subjects.

"This," she said, "is the captain's pride."

"Pray, what is yours, Mistress Rose?"

Turning to the chimney-corner, which was filled with cooking spits, ash pans, pot hooks, and baking kettles, she said, "This is my kingdom."

Having finished the survey of Standish Hall, as she mirthfully called it, Mistress Rose asked, "Master Beaumont, what say you as to our comfort?"

Looking around at the bark of the rafters, the coarse logs and earthen floor, I replied, "Mistress Standish, I think your roof will turn rain."

It was unkind of me I know, but how could I truthfully praise a mean hut, which was so small that there was barely room for three persons to move around and so low that I could touch the rafters. Mistress Rose reading my mind, smiled at me in such a manner I made haste to say, "This is but a makeshift, which will lead to better things."

She did not answer me but changed our conversation by saying, "The elder and his family moved yesterday."

This gave me an opportunity to ask, "How fares Mistress Lora?"

"The journey fatigued her."

"What says Doctor Fuller?"

"He says little except that she is in a fever, and must be watched."

From the Standish hut I went directly to the door of the Brewster house and rapped on the door. The mother's voice bade me enter. Somehow I could not open the door but stood like a yokel, until Mistress Brewster came. She was so surprised at seeing me that she did not offer to let me in.

As we stood facing each other I heard the maiden coughing, which alarmed me.

"Mistress Lora, is not so well to-day?" I asked.

"The journey tired her," replied the mother.

"Does she want for anything?"

"She neither eats nor sleeps."

"What says Doctor Fuller?"

"He has little to say, more than she must be watched closely." Just then the maiden began coughing again.

I turned from the door with the knowledge that Lora was at length in the throes of the fever which had been fatal to many of the colonists and bid fair to end the worldly labors of many more. With a sense of my helplessness and her weakness I went down to the spring. Standing close to one of the willows I looked down into the clear water. The loneliness of the ship again came over me, making me feel that I was adrift with little hope of relief.

I did not have the heart to tarry long with Mistress Rose. When she asked me about Lora, I replied, "I am fearful for her," and went down the path with a heavy heart. Once within the ship's cabin, I sat in the little alcove looking towards the Brewster hut, with the feeling that my sun was fast setting in the gray west.

SICKNESS AND DEATH

THOUGH the days of winter brought their chill and frost, still withal, as yet there was not the cold that set the earth like iron, filling the sea with ice. Captain Jones was struck by the openness of the weather and marveled that it was like Virginia in its mildness. This soft weather was varied now and then by cold blasts, giving the colonists a taste of what might come to them were the winds once set firmly to their work. So far it had rained immoderately sometimes two or three days at a time. Such was the condition of the weather up to the very day that the Brewster household moved ashore.

During this night the soft winds swerved into a chill that made me shiver under my rugs and sent crystals of ice floating upon the harbor. After a fearful night I decided that I would reside ashore if for no other reason than that I might get out of the cold. The ship, being well unloaded, rolled heavily in the seas. One of the seamen coming in, a blast swept through the door making my teeth chatter. This cold left me undaunted for I had made up my mind I would go as soon after breakfast as possible.

Though I begged and pled with the sailors and showed gold, I could not get a boat's crew to take me. Being the first time I had ever been refused, I turned to Captain Jones for relief; but the master of the vessel looked upon the rough sea and shook his head.

I must confess that I could not find much fault with the men for not venturing forth, for the wind was not only cold but the sea was in great turmoil. At any other time I would have rested in patience, but now that I had made up my mind to go I walked around like a caged animal. Even if I could not be ashore, I did the next best thing, which was to sit in the alcove and look across into the clearing, where I could see the thatched roofs.

As I sat there I decided I would find out when Captain Jones proposed returning. As he was almost at my elbow I said to him, "Captain, when do you sail?"

Looking out of the window without glancing my way, he replied, "Master Beaumont, I would sail to-day if I dared."

"What prevents you?"

"If you were to visit the forecastle and see the seamen sick and helpless, you would know full well what keeps me here."

Desiring to settle the point firmly I said, "Then you will not sail until the sickness passes?"

"Not until spring, Master Beaumont, for no master would dare go to sea in mid-winter with most of his crew dying."

The point of sailing being settled I at once decided to broach my living ashore as the ship was decidedly uncomfortable. Besides, Jones, himself was a disagreeable companion, so that I felt I had rather be on land. After thinking over the matter for a few moments I asked, "Captain Jones, what would you say to my living ashore until you sail?"

He turned upon me, as if he could not believe my words, "What, have you gone over to the Separatists?"

"Not so! Captain, not so!" I replied hastily.

"Then why would you go ashore to live with them?" he asked in disgust.

"I have no idea of living with them, but by myself in my own hut. Since the cargo has been removed the ship is uncomfortable, besides the ice is forming in the harbor, so that I will soon be a prisoner, and as I have come so far to hunt, I desire to go ashore where I may be assured of fowl and deer and some warmth."

The captain heard me through, pushing aside my reasons he spoke in bitter sarcasm, "Master Beaumont, I have fancied for some time that you had conceived a liking for these people, and that you soon would be one of them."

I did not care to waste words, so I calmly replied, "Captain Jones, you may be at ease on the score of my casting my lot with the colonists. My life began under conditions which are so fixed in my mind that I would not abandon them; and as long as I hold to my family pride, there is no possibility of my

ever joining the colonists. To begin with, they would not have me as I am; and I would not give up the traditions of a Beaumont to become one with them."

"Sometimes men forget their ancient glory."

"Not a Beaumont," I replied determinedly, "once a Beaumont, always a Beaumont, now and forever."

I think the captain got it into his head, that family pride and tradition were not a mere passing fancy with me, furthermore, that I had no intention of joining the colonists. Though going ashore to live had but come to my mind, while we talked, I decided that I would take steps to bring it about without delay. I knew it involved building my own hut, which I could not do without the consent of the colonists, for I also knew how this personal government worked and furthermore that I was under its rule and not under King James's.

After my talk with Jones, I sat in the alcove wondering what I could do to pass the time, when I remembered his reference to the sick seamen. Though the ship was rocking fearfully, I managed to make my way to the forecastle, where the men lay in their bunks. I was greeted with such foul air, I stepped back on deck to gain new resolutions to enter.

A lighted lantern swung from a cross beam. Under its dull light I saw a group of sailors playing at cards, and another casting dice upon the floor, being busily engaged they did not notice my entrance. Around the cabin were beds, most of which were filled with ailing men. As I stood hesitating what to do one of the sick groaned aloud. There was a cessation of the dice game for a moment as a player with an oath warned the man to keep still. A cry for water was greeted with more curses until my passion was aroused, walking quickly across the room where the men were at play, I shouted, "You pirates."

One of the gamesters, his face red with anger leaping to his feet shouted, "What right have you to stop our game?"

"This right," I exclaimed and reaching down, I picked up the dice and put them into my pocket. "When you give your comrade a drink and make the rest comfortable, I will return the dice and not before."

Some of the men were ashamed and shrunk away in the

gloom to see what their comrades wished, while one or two sat stubbornly. Taking down the lantern I went to the sick beds myself. They were indeed in a pitiful condition. The men had their clothes on to keep warm, and their faces had not been washed for days. Some, being past aiding, lay unconscious, muttering to themselves. My heart was touched by their utter helplessness.

The barbarities of the sailors were beyond a landsman's belief. Those, who were well, hung like harpies over their comrades, barely waiting for the breath to leave their bodies before seizing their belongings. One of the men, being helpless, pledged his goods to a strong seaman, if he would but give him food and drink unto the end. The sick man held on until he bid fair to recover, then his comrade cursed him for cheating him. The carpenter, boatswain, gunner's mate, and five of the crew were already buried at sea, and it was plainly evident that others would soon follow. I understood now why Jones did not sail.

The next day the air was filled with frost and cakes of ice floated in the water. My chances of going ashore were poor. I was determined to go, however, if I had to float ashore in the long boat by myself. Seeking Mate Clark I told him I was tired of the ship. He shook his head.

Seeing the state of his mind, I said, "Mate Clark, I must be set ashore, whether or no."

"But, Master Beaumont, I dare not put the seamen to task against their will."

"Not against their will, Mate Clark, but by their will," I replied.

Seeing the sailors were to be won over, I began to cozen them with words and gold until I had all but one of a boat's crew. I put aside my pride and prepared to row myself. With Mate Clark and his men bundled to their ears we made the trip. It was so cold I was glad of the chance to row rather than be a passenger. Reaching the beach with some difficulty, I stood on the shore ice near the landing rock and saw the boat turn back with the cold changing the sailors' breath into little puffs of curling frost.

Being all impatience, I hastened up the frozen path to the Standish hut. The door was closed and there was an echo to my knock which filled me with apprehensions. The second time I knocked brought Doctor Fuller with an anxious look upon his face.

The doctor, slipping out, closed the door, saying, "Mistress Rose has been taken suddenly ill, Master Beaumont."

I was filled with anxiety as I asked, "What hopes, Doctor?"

He bowed his head and said, "The Lord's will."

"What of the captain?"

"He is with her."

Then I mustered up courage to ask, "How fares the Brewster family?"

"All in fair health except Mistress Lora."

"And she?"

Again he said, "The Lord's will," in a tone which was not encouraging.

I asked the doctor if I could be of service or relieve the captain in any manner. Shaking his head he stepped back into the hut, leaving me upon the log step. My position was now an awkward one, as the door which I had expected would be opened to me was closed, and I could not get back to the ship. My only hope was the common-house which was open to the men without homes.

Owing to the cold the colonists were indoors, so that I was content with a rough bench at one side of the fire. There was more or less small talk in which I did not join, being busy with my own problems. Asking for Governor Carver and finding that he was at home, I decided to interview him on the subject of securing land on which to build a hut.

The governor was enjoying the comfort of his fire, when I knocked. Bidding me enter, he made me welcome to his own big chair. As my mind was filled with my plans, I made haste to say, "Governor Carver, I came to this country, as you know, on an adventure. Since the ice is coming into the harbor, interfering with my sport, I desire to build my own house within the clearing."

He drew his chair nearer the fire and made ready to answer

but I did not give him an opportunity. "You understand," I continued, "that I would occupy the house only until the return of the ship. I have no intentions of staying with you. Besides being of military assistance, my musket will supply the people with fresh meat. At all events I will not be a burden and may be of great good."

He shook his head as he replied, "Master Beaumont, you have been of more than passing kindness to our people; as for myself I would welcome you, but the power of granting land does not lie with me but in the consent of all the colonists. I must first know their will in such matters."

I could not conceive but that he would act first and refer the matter afterwards to his subjects, so I said, "There is a vacant property next to Captain Standish, to whom was that alloted?"

"John Rigdale," replied the governor promptly.

"What would you say, if this John Rigdale would give his consent to me to build a house next to Captain Standish, occupying it until he recovers from his sickness?"

The governor did not reply at once but stood looking into the fire as if puzzled. Having thought the matter out, he turned to me with the light of the fire showing a smile on his kindly face as he said, "Master Beaumont, that is a matter between you and Goodman Rigdale."

This John Rigdale and his wife Alice were both lying ill on the ship. Their conditon was such that I felt they could not recover for some weeks, if at all. If I could but gain their consent I would arrange with the sailors to build me a hut in short order. Rigdale was out in that night of sleet and cold of the second discovery, and I gave him more than one taste of the contents of my flask, so that he felt kindly towards me.

Taking my adieu of the governor and his warm fire, I made haste down to the landing rock, firing off my gun to call Mate Clark and his men to come for me. The sailors were still grumbling when they reached me. Giving little attention to their words, we pushed off and were soon aboard.

I found Rigdale between decks, ill both in body and mind. Making known my plans, he readily gave consent to my building on the land allotted him.

When he had finished, he said, "It seems sad that I should come within sight of land and not be able to go to it, but lie here and end all things; so it must be." This brought on a fit of coughing. I held his head, until he was comfortable, his wife being ill in the great cabin, where the women lived. Leaving him with a word of cheer, he answered, "Master Beaumont, make the house comfortable for yourself, for I shall not live to use it."

Captain Jones was sitting idly in the roundhouse, when I returned from my visit. "Captain," I asked, "if I should hire the sailors to throw up a log house for me, what say you?"

"I would say you were foolish, but the sailors can do as they wish."

This easy consent of the captain came as a surprise. I lost no time in finding Mate Clark and through him arranged for the men to go ashore the next day to begin their work of building. Though the sun went down behind the clouds, I was not affected by its cheerless exit, but looked forward hopefully to the morrow.

Accompanied by the sailors, I went ashore early the next morning and pointed out the location of my house. Mate Clark had the building in hand, so that I was at leisure to go to the Standish house to learn how Mistress Rose did. The captain was coming out of his hut with his musket, going in search of fowl.

"Master Beaumont, you are abroad early this morning."

"How does Mistress Rose?" I asked.

"Better now that the pangs of the first attack are past. The doctor says, if she has fresh broth of fowl or squirrel, she will mend the quicker."

"We will hunt together." I replied.

Then I told him of my plans to build close to him; and we stopped for a moment, looking over the ground I had selected. This pleased the captain for I think he had a liking for me and I am sure I had for him.

As we went into the forest I asked, "How fare the other sick?"

"Badly, Master Beaumont badly."

This gave me a fright, and I made haste to ask, "Does the elder and his family improve?"

"Nay, Mistress Lora is neither better nor worse but is still in the grip of the wasting fever."

This message made me more determined than ever to decoy a duck or hare within my grasp. We went directly to the marshes where in other seasons ducks were plentiful. Though we lay in the cold reeds for a long time not a fowl came our way. Thinking the ducks were feeding on the beach we left our shelter for the shore, where we saw a few diving fowls at such a distance we would not waste our shot.

Returning to the woods, we stood like statues among the trees. Tiring of our stand, we sat down on a fallen tree, the captain facing one way, while I looked the other. While I was half dreaming, half waking, I was aroused by the quick movement of the captain followed by the report of his gun and turned in time to see a gray squirrel in mid-air. He was in great joy over his success, meager as it was, it fulfilled his hopes for the day. I would not let him tarry, but had him go back at once while I stayed on, hoping for a duck or goose to add to the captain's larder.

When I was by myself, my fancy began to work and I could hear all sorts of strange noises issuing from the trees. I gave little attention to them but sat silently awaiting in hopes that another squirrel would appear. But the spirit of the woods stood guard over its subjects this day and kept them from me. As the sun began to strike low I betook myself again to the beach, but not a note of chattering fowls did I hear.

Heavy hearted, I started back along the shore toward the clearing. The waves were washing back and forth, sending up seaweed and other drifting things. Watching the turmoil of waters, my eye caught something white in a great bunch of sea-grass. Looking a second time more closely, I saw the thing move. Dropping my gun I rushed into the water, grasped the wet mass and rushed to shore. Throwing the grass from me there whipped out of it a fair sized fish. Making haste to seize it, I carried the herring back to the clearing as carefully as though it were a goose or turkey.

The captain was tasting of a pot of broth which he had made, when I entered the hut. Mistress Rose lay behind her curtains, which she proudly called "her tapestries," so that I could not see her. The matron being provided for I was determined that Lora should have my herring. How to get it to her was the problem as I stood around with my hand on the fish as though it would leap from my pocket.

The captain brought forth a large pewter spoon from the pot, in which was a bit of broth. Waiting for it to cool he said, "We shall have enough for Mistress Rose and some to spare."

"Captain Standish," I replied, "I have heard of fish in a broth as well as squirrel, if you will add my contribution to yours, Mistress Rose and Mistress Lora will both have ample without robbing each other." At this I drew forth the herring from my pocket.

"Master Beaumont, this is kind of you, to deny yourself."

"Nay, Captain, I would that the fish were a red deer."

All the while we were talking, the pot was at work with the squirrel and fish, doing its utmost to flavor the broth with their flesh. The other members of the captain's household were single men, as he was not blessed with children. These men the captain stood to one side, feeding them on smoked meat, hard bread, and stale butter. He did not stop to eat himself, though he had been without food since morning.

My heart went out to the captain, as he poured the steaming broth into a pewter platter, and pushing aside the hangings, with endearing words gave the nourishment to his wife. I stood in front of the fire waiting, keeping a close watch on the pot, lest its contents burn.

The captain came back with his empty platter. Looking down into the kettle he said, "Another measure will give Rose her morning repast, the remainder I will take to Lora."

Measuring out his portion he picked up the kettle. Then turning to me he said, "You take it and say that I sent it for Lora."

It was a nice little touch of Captain Standish's, for he knew full well I was anxious to go, but did not want others to guess my desire. I went down the path with sweetness of the broth

steaming up making me glad I was the purveyor of goodly savours.

With some trepidation I knocked at the Brewster door. There was a call of "Enter." This time I did not hesitate, but opened the door and stepped in. A burning sconce and a blazing fire filled the room with light. Overhead the mottled bark of the oak rafters showed dark against the golden thatching. There was the same kind of curtain as in the Standish hut, dividing the room into sleeping and living apartments. But why dignify the narrow low chambers with the name of apartments, rather call them rooms where men slept so close together on the clay floor that they could not be comfortable, and the women had little privacy.

The elder stood in front of the fireplace, evidently wondering what I had in the steaming kettle which I offered him saying, "Captain Standish sends this broth to Mistress Lora."

"Say you Captain Standish sent this broth?" he asked suspiciously.

"He did," I answered, I am fearful with some abruptness.

It was evident that the elder suspected that I had used it as a ruse with which to gain an interview with Mistress Lora. For this reason he hesitated in accepting it. I held my temper, at the same time forced the broth onto him.

On my way back I stopped opposite the site of my hut. I was surprised at the rapidity with which the work had progressed. The bottom timbers were in place, and I could see that in a few days I would be in my own chimney-corner.

It was now so late that I was compelled to stay ashore. Though the captain's hut was crowded, he would not hear of my going elsewhere, offering me space on the floor near the fire. The other men had already ranged themselves in their rugs, so that the captain and I sat in the shadows of the chimney speaking in whispers.

From time to time, the captain would go to the curtain, standing for a moment, then come back and say, "Master Beaumont, our squirrel and fish are better than doctor's herbs."

Part of the time we sat in silence, then again whispering, until I told the captain we must not keep watch together, but

that he must go to his bed while I stood guard. It was a great compliment of the captain's friendship to me, when after much pressing he finally betook himself to rest. Though he was master of the house, he did not crowd himself close to the fire, but stepping carefully over the sleeping men, he lay down next to the logs which was known as the "cold bed."

From time to time I laid wood upon the fire lighting up the interior of the cabin, showing the forms of the row of sleepers distinctly and casting uncanny shadows on the curtain. Once Mistress Rose asked for a drink. I did not have the heart to waken the captain but essayed to give her the water myself. She did not recognize me in the dark, taking me for the captain, she patted my hand.

I went back to my seat in the chimney-corner, pitying her that one of her station should be ill in such quarters.

I was leaning over the ashes of the fire, looking in the coals at the castles which I had known in England, when I was startled by someone touching me on the shoulder. It was the captain who had awakened of his own accord and now bade me to take to my rugs. Following his example, I made my way to the "cold bed" next to the logs and slept until the men began to stir in the morning.

Captain Standish, preparing the broth, left from the night before, gave it to his wife, not deigning to touch a portion for himself. While the frost was still on, we took ourselves to the woods to hunt. Again we stole along the brook and lay in covert places in the reeds for ducks, but none came. Amidst the trees we sought squirrels, hares, and finally in desperation would have taken a wolf. As the hours went by and we failed to find game, the captain became uneasy, wondering how his wife did so long without nourishment. I felt sorry for him and would willingly have gone any distance to have secured even a red squirrel.

When the sun set, we were empty-handed. I had just whispered, "Shall we go?" when there was a crackling of twigs. At the same time we saw the head of a red deer. Our guns went off together. The buck leaped high in the air, staggered a few steps and fell. Standing over the fallen deer,

the captain took off his hat and with bowed head said a silent prayer, while I stood by paganlike – but said one in my heart.

With the prospect of this feast, we forgot our hunger, our day of toil, and woeful feelings. Under the burden of guns and deer we hurried through the shadows of the forest. We both felt that now there would be ample for Mistress Rose and the other sick, so that the worry of providing for them was off our shoulders for the present. Arriving at the hut, throwing the deer on the ground, the captain made haste to tell his wife what there was in store for her. As we were dressing the deer I suggested, "Captain, what say you to taking a quarter to the elder?"

" 'Tis too much to carry him at one time, for he will give it away. We had better keep the supply and send it as he needs it."

Acting on the captain's advice, I cut the choicest bits of venison and laid them on a piece of bark. The captain being busy in preparing his meat, I asked, "Shall I take this venison to the elder and say that you sent it for Mistress Lora?"

"As you will," he replied, as he worked under the light of the torch.

This was all the encouragement that I needed, for he had hardly finished speaking before I had picked up the bark with its burden. My knock at the Brewster door brought the usual response of "Enter."

The elder and his family were eating the evening meal as I laid the meat down. "This," I said, "comes from a deer which Captain Standish killed."

There was no hesitation this time in accepting the gift, nor did the elder raise any question of my connection with it. The mother arose, took the meat and at once began to prepare to serve it.

I had spoken loudly so as to give Lora notice of my presence, as she made no response to my presence, I asked boldly, "How does Mistress Lora?"

"She is sleeping," replied the elder in a low voice.

With what feelings I went forth from that lowly house no one knows, for I now conceived that with proper food, Lora

would soon be out of danger. With this determination, I returned to the Standish hut where I found the captain had already prepared broth. With the comforting thought that we had provided amply for the next few days, we both lay down on the floor and slept peacefully.

The next day having leisure, I took full notice of my log hut which was being raised like magic under the toil of the sailors. As it was almost ready for the roof, I showed Mate Clark where the best straw grew and left the thatching in his hands. While we were in the swamp we came upon a flock of ducks and I, in an off-hand shot, killed four which I gave to Mate Clark and his men. So quickly had the deer relieved me from the tension of hunting from necessity that I gave these fowls away willingly.

The head men of the colony had an idea that much of the sickness arose from living in the cramped quarters on board the ship, so that every effort was accordingly made to encourage the people to go ashore. There were now seven private and three public houses completed with others started. It soon became evident, however, that the land would not heal the ailing, in fact, those who were on shore began to be taken with the same maladies as those on board until every hut was filled with the sick. Doctor Fuller's face grew serious under these conditions and he labored day and night with his drugs and simples.

The great sickness filled the sick-house to overflowing with men, women, and children. The common-house was likewise filled with beds of rough boards to keep the feeble off the clay floors. Governor Carver, who was none too well, began to show the strain as he saw his people failing through the various ailments. Some were down with scurvy, others with lingering lung trouble, while others suffered with quick coughs and high fever. Nearly all the men who were on the exploring expedition and who had waded through the cold surf at Cape Cod were ill.

Coming from the ship to view my own house, I stopped in the sick-house to see what manner of place it was. The room was about fourteen feet square with clay floor, the rough bark

of the logs showing in the sides and on the rafters overhead. There was no light except what came from the fire and a single candle which was lighted in midday. Within this hut, the men lay on one side and the women and children on the other. Owing to the cold, the door was closed, fiilling the room with a sickening odor from many feverish bodies. The hot fetid air coming in contact with the cold logs turned into hoar frost on the bark. There were only the bare necessities, a rough bed, a few thicknesses of canvas to lie upon with a rug or two to cover them. There was not a delicacy, nay, not even comfort such as a chair or a pewter jug of water at a bedside.

Sick at heart, I was about to turn from the scene of discomfort, when I caught the pathetic look of a lad of twelve, whom I had often seen on shipboard. I could not leave him without on encouraging word. Stepping over to speak to him, he put out his hand hot with fever and said, "You will soon be back in England?"

"Yes, my lad," I replied wondering what was in his mind.

Looking up pleadingly into my face, he said, "Mother is in England. Tell her that I thought of her and that vou saw me. It will please her."

There was not a whimper or note of complaint in the lad's voice as he gave me this message. He was a man at heart and lay dying as an Englishman should without a murmur. I gave the little feverish hand a squeeze and went out with the tears running down my cheeks.

Stopping at my hut, I found it ready for thatching. John Billington was watching the men at work when I arrived. He did not grate on me as he did on the others, as I only smiled at his forwardness and stupidity. "Master Beaumont," said Billington, "how comes it you do not strive for yourself on your own house?"

"Simple enough, John, I have others to do the work."

"Why have others when you can do it yourself?"

"Because I would not soil my hands by laboring."

Big John became personal as he said, "If I forget not, you soiled your hands and pricked the blood as well when you were thatching Elder Brewster's house."

Not caring to discuss this matter with him, I started off saying over my shoulder, "Truly I labored once but that was on Elder Brewster's house."

Before I reached the Standish place, I noticed the red deer which we had left hanging at the side of the house had disappeared. I found the captain chopping fire-wood. Seeing me, he rested from his labors which gave me an opportunity to ask, "Captain, what has befallen our red deer?"

With compassion in his voice, he replied, "Master Beaumont, I sent it to nourish those ill in the sick-house."

"What of your wife?"

"I have retained a supply for this day, after that I must hunt for her."

I stood in silence, then remembering the scene I had witnessed I answered, "Captain, you did right."

From the captain I learned that Mistress Rose was mending rapidly. The doctor was sure that her recovery was due to the nourishing food.

On the morrow we went to the marshes, finding many ducks so that we were back to his hut with ample store by midmorning. The carrying of the fowls to the sick I left to the captain, while I made ready to move my possessions from the ship.

Jones had ceased to be curious about me or my plans, so that I had little difficulty in bartering from him a few pots, kettles, and pans from the ship's scullery. My big chair in the alcove of the roundhouse I secured after some negotiations. A small table and a few knives and a large pewter spoon completed the outfit of my chimney-corner and made me rich in cooking utensils. For some reason I took with me my chests with all my fineries.

A half dozen sailors carried my household effects from the landing rock to the hut. The rest of the afternoon I spent in arranging them. Driving wooden pins in the walls, I hung my armor, steel cap, and bandolier; two more pins held my snap chance, so that the interior took on the appearance of an armory. With these tasks completed, I built a fire on my hearthstones, saw the smoke curling up my own chimney, and, looking around my narrow hut, called myself comfortable.

Captain Standish came over and sat with me for a few moments. He made no effort to conceal his pleasure at my being his neighbor. He spoke so well of my arrangements that I felt proud of myself and already enjoyed my hut more than I did the round-house. When he was gone, I stood for a moment on my log door-step. A haze overcast the sky and from gusts of wind I felt that I had not come ashore a whit too soon. Shutting the door on the outside world, I threw on a stick of wood and watched the light play upon the walls of my own castle until I wearied, then wrapping my rugs about me, I slept contentedly for the first time under my own roof.

On the morrow my news from the maiden and Mistress Standish was that they were better. While they were improving, the other colonists were growing weaker and weaker. The sick-house was full of the feeble, so was the common-house, and so was nearly every other hut in the clearing. Each day found the situation worse than the preceding one. Doctor Fuller, broken by the long hours of toil and poor food, was victim of the fever. Some of the colonists were sick on the ship so that he was kept going back and forth until he was worn to exhaustion and was compelled to resign his work to other hands. The trouble was that the doctor was the only one that was familiar with his herbs and simples, so that there was no one left to treat the sick.

Only Captain Standish, Elder Brewster, Master Richard Warren, Master Stephen Hopkins, John Billington, and myself were left to care for the sufferers. We all lacked experience. There was nothing else for us to do but labor in the sick-house, common-house, and the other huts, giving what comfort we could. Little Francis Turner was gone. Another lad lay in his cot who was soon to follow.

The labors of the day were followed by even greater toils in the night. Fearing the savages would discover the condition of affairs, the dead were left in their rugs until after dark, when we would issue forth with pick and shovel to dig a shallow trench. The burial ground was a little field that overlooked the sea just in front of the sick-house which we could reach quickly. Wrapped in a piece of canvas, we laid the dead

away as best we could by the dim light of a smoky lantern. We were very careful to rake the loose earth back and forth to conceal the graves from the eyes of lurking savages. Under the cold sky and twinkling stars we would hasten back to the sick-house, leaving our tools at hand for the next unfortunate one.

Those of us who could walk now went from place to place, laboring as best we could that all the colonists might not be swept from the earth. Captain Standish, who was a fighting man, was all tenderness, doing the most menial services patiently and kindly. The elder too was on watch constantly, soothing the sick and supporting the dying with his words of cheer. John Billington in his rough way showed his heart was warm with sympathy for the afflicted, though he had not the least idea what should be done for them. He, who would not have been touched by the suffering of the colonists and done his uttermost to relieve it, would have been unworthy of living.

Governor Carver was ill in his own house. Happening in, I asked, "Governor Carver, how goes the day with you?"

He replied quickly, "Bravely, bravely, Master Beaumont, I shall soon be free of my bed."

As the governor spoke, so did the other colonists. Never giving up hope, even when the end was near, they would smile and answer courageously.

Though the captain and I devoted our time to the sick we did not neglect Mistress Rose. We took days about hunting. Some days we found little, other days our game-bag was heavy and we had some to spare. I had not made an effort to see the maiden since I moved ashore, so that so far as I knew, she was not aware of my change of residence. Though Mistress Standish was not strong enough to be about, the captain had hopes of her recovery.

INCREASING FEAR OF THE SAVAGES

ONE day early in Feburary, it being my turn to hunt, I lay behind a blind of reeds, when I heard a rustling of the grass. I raised my gun to fire when suddenly there appeared a hideous face, covered and marked with paint. I remember seeing hawk's feathers sticking straight up from the top of this awful looking head and how tightly the red skin was drawn over the savage's ribs. The figure walked quickly by me never dreaming that a scared Englishman was lying in the grassy covert. Another and another came stealthily from out of the grass followed by I do not know how many, for I was not in a humor to count them. It seemed to me that the forest was filled with these naked savages as they stalked by me toward the clearing. When the last one had gone by, I shut my eyes and fell back exhausted. As I lay there, it passed through my mind that the savages in some manner, learning of the weakness of the colonists, were now on their way to attack the settlement.

Springing to my feet, I took the opposite direction, running at utmost speed toward the clearing. Before I had covered half the distance, I fancied I heard shouting and had no other thought than that I would see the huts in flames. Fear urged on my flight, until I was completely out of breath when I staggered through the brook and up the bank. Fortunately I found Captain Standish coming up the path. From my appearance he knew that something was in the air.

Hurrying he grasped me by the arm, exclaiming, "Beaumont what is it? What is it?"

Pointing to the forests, I cried, "Savages! Savages!"

He stood nonplussed for a moment, then without asking any more questions ran into his hut. Coming out quickly with his gun and bandolier, he bade me tell my alarm.

When I had finished telling of the savages, he hurried down

towards the common-house saying, "We must make the best stand we can."

We did not stop to put on armor but started in search of the well men. Hurrying into Governor Carver's hut, I found him wrapped in his rugs, sitting in his big chair in front of the fire. He saw I was greatly agitated and at once exclaimed, "What would you, Master Beaumont?"

"I am seeking the elder," at the same time endeavoring to hold back my fast breathing.

Turning in his chair, he demanded, "For what purpose?"

Seeing that the governor was becoming excited and feeling that he should know the danger, I cried, "The savages are coming!"

With a firm voice he said, "I feared as much," and to my utter surprise pushing aside his rugs, walked hurriedly across the room to his armor which was hanging on the wall. Reaching his steel cap, he pushed it down onto his head, then he faltered and staggered against the wall. Catching him in my arms, I carried him back to his chair.

Looking up into my face pitifully, the governor exclaimed, "Oh, God! the poor people! the poor people! What will become of them?"

He was a pathetic figure as he sat there with his steel cap pushed down over his gray hair and his big eyes looking upward pleadingly. Hastening to leave him, he said in tones of anguish, "Master Beaumont, protect the sick. Don't let them suffer."

"I will do my uttermost," I answered and rushed from the hut.

Coming to the common-house, I found five men besides myself in arms ready to repel the attack. This handful was all that was left of over sixty men and boys who were able to bear arms.

The captain soon had his little force in hand. Without loss of time he sent us to collect all the guns, powder, and bullets from the various huts and bring them to the common-house. The men came hurrying from every direction with their arms full of match-locks and bandoliers. The guns we loaded and

lighting the matches, stood them in a row along the wall of the common-house. Being in readiness, the captain ordered three to go toward the sea, while he led the elder and myself up the path towards our huts to keep a lookout for the savages in that quarter. Coming up to his house the elder made an excuse to go in. Taking advantage of the excitement I followed after him. The maiden was seated in a great chair. She was pale, thin, and feeble.

With a second look the maiden read danger in our faces and pushing her white hand from out beneath the coverings, she said, "Father, is it the savages?"

"They are in the forests," he answered.

"I thought so," came back feebly and then she swooned.

Her father stooped over the maiden and laid her gently down. The fire being low, I put on a fresh supply of wood. As her mother was down with the fever and could not render assistance, I ran down to the spring for fresh water. By my return the maiden had recovered sufficiently to speak, so I went on.

Captain Standish was walking back and forth on the path, looking on all sides of the clearing for the savages. Not seeing them he hastily stationed his army of six along the street with instructions to concentrate at the point of attack. My station was along the brookside where I could keep a close watch on the neighboring forests so that the savages would not steal out unawares. My favorite post was beside one of the great willows that overhung the Brewster spring. At times I fancied I saw figures moving about among the undergrowth across the brook, at which I stood breathless, but a passing breeze would stir the underbrush and my moving figures would become twigs and branches. Through this day, we six men stood as sentinels, excited, watching, hoping, fearing, praying, but alert.

With the coming of the night, we dared not rest. As I was walking back and forth, I happened to glance upward and to my surprise I saw reflections of light upon the clouds. Knowing it was from a fire of our savage foes, I quietly sought the captain and pointed out the light. It was a long way off so

we took courage that our enemy had withdrawn for the night.

Passing the hut of Master William Mullins, a London merchant and one of the adventurers of the colony, we noticed a light burning within. As this was unusual, we pushed open the door and entered. Priscilla, a girl of eighteen, was bending over her father. The captain, touching the girl on the shoulder, motioned her aside. Taking the hand of the sick man, he spoke to him. Master Mullins asked for a drink which the captain gave. The captain endeavored to get some word from the sick man. Giving up the task shortly, he put the father's hand into the daughter's and left the hut. I followed him quietly saying a blessing that I was on my feet.

At the common-house, the line of glowing sparks told how well the men were on guard. Within another scene greeted our eyes. The fire was burning low upon the heartstones. A lantern shed its dim light over the row of figures wrapped in their rugs, giving them an uncanny appearance. The moist odor of fever. The moaning of anguished spirits. The groanings of broken bodies. The whisperings of the unconscious. The gibberings of the delirious. Close, stagnant, foul, nauseating air that choked and stifled the sick. Until I, a pagan, cried out, "Oh, God! These are thy people!"

Giving a cup of water to a sufferer, he told me that Master White had asked for a drink. Though he was lying quiet, I made haste to quench his thirst. Pushing back the cover, I saw that he was past needing relief. Gently pulling the rug over his face, I gave the water to a child on the next pallet. Telling the men on watch of the going of Master White, I stayed long enough to see them carry the wool carder forth in his rugs across the path into the Little-field-that-overlooked-the-sea. Shortly, I heard the sound of a pick striking in the hard earth and I know that the last resting-place of Master White was being prepared.

My mind was not at ease about the savages, so leaving the captain in the common-house, I made a detour of the clearing. Thinking I might be of assistance in the Mullins house, I stopped there on my way back. Master Mullins had gone his way. Priscilla was standing at the bedside. Her mother

and brother were unconscious. Only this slip of a girl was left. It seemed a cruel thing to leave her alone in the dimly lighted hut with the sick and dead; but there was no place to take her nor could I comfort her. Closing the door gently I went to consult with the captain as to what was wise to do.

Heartless as it may seem, we decided that it was best to carry Master Mullins to his burial at once. It fell to the lot of Captain Standish to tell this to Priscilla who took it bravely. The maiden, winding the canvas around her father, made ready to follow us. She was a pathetic figure as she stepped out into the night with a shawl thrown over her head and a cape around her shoulders. Three of us led the way with the courageous girl and the captain close behind us. Going to the little field, one of the men swung his lantern around to see that he had clear ground. While we quickly dug a trench, the girl stood shivering. Taking off my greatcoat, I threw it around her. She turned, and in a gentle way thanked me. When all was in readiness, the form in the canvas was laid in the trench and we led the maiden away.

The men had hardly come from burying Master Mullins when they were compelled to go forth on a similar mission for a little boy. They carried the frail form easily between them and were soon returning as there was no one to follow or mourn for him. Out of England this lad went forth to the wilderness, out of the wilderness he went forth to the eternal.

At midnight I happened into the sick-house. There was a cry for water. Finding the bucket empty, I sallied forth to fill it at Brewster's spring, dipped the bucket into the cool water thankful that it was in my power to serve.

With my gun on my shoulder and the bucket of water in my hand, I tiptoed along the side of the Brewster hut. There was a candle burning within. Pushing the door open quietly, I entered and there sat the maiden in her father's great chair asleep with the glow of the embers lighting up her pallid face. Softly I crossed the room, picking her up, I carried her across the floor and laid her tenderly on her bed. Then I stole away as quietly, glad to have this glimpse of fairness in the midst of dismal scenes.

The morning after the night of sorrow, found the six of us still on guard. At daylight the captain suggested that we take a turn in the forests to see if we could find signs of the savages. Though it was an unwise venture, neither of us thought so at the time as we wished to put an end to the suspense. Shouldering our guns we made a complete circuit of the clearing. Coming back across the Little-field-that-overlooked-the-sea, I was surprised to see how completely the men had effaced the marks of the graves dug during the previous night.

Returning to the common-house, the captain bade his men extinguish the matches cautioning them, however, to carry the guns into the house where they would be at hand in case of attack. While they were at this task, we heard a great outcry. Fearing the savages were beginning an attack, all of us ran down the path preparing our guns as we went. At the sick-house we found John Billington climbing up a ladder to the roof which was afire. As he had only a half bucket of water, I hastily took off my greatcoat and threw it up to him, bidding him whip out the burning thatch. Fortunately the straw was damp, otherwise it would have soon been ablaze.

What would have happened to the sick in their flammable rugs and bedding if the fire had once gotten beyond us, no one knows. As it was, in the excitement some of them endeavored to escape; but they were so weak they fell to the floor and lay there helpless, until we came and put them back in their beds. When John Billington threw down my coat after whipping out the fire, both arms were badly torn and burnt, so I told him he could keep the garment for his trouble.

When it was all over, the captain standing in the path looking at the scorched spot in the roof, turning to me said, "Master Beaumont, can you think what more will befall us?"

I shook my head as we went up the path to our huts and, though mine was cold and cheerless, I gave little heed to these discomforts but went to my rest with all my clothes on.

I was awakened from a sound sleep by a peculiar scratching on the logs. I lay quietly for a moment gathering my thoughts, then rose and threw open the door. There on the end of one of the logs sat a gray squirrel. It gave me a curi-

ous look and whisked its bushy tail from side to side as much as to say, "What sort of animal are you?" I withdrew to secure a Spanish roll to give my four-footed friend a feast; but when I returned, it had disappeared. As I had kindly ways with all animals, I distributed crumbs around my door-yard to encourage its coming again.

The clearing lay calm and peaceful under the sunlight so that the alarms of the day before and the tragedies of the night seemed a dream. There was a touch of reality, however, in the sentinels who were still on guard at the common-house. Taking my gun I went to their relief. All this day we kept close watch on the forests, but we did not catch a glimpse of savages nor did we see any signs.

That the savages were still lurking in the woods we had ample evidence the next day. Feeling assured that they had gone their way, Captain Standish accompanied by Francis Cook went to the forest to chop wood; at noontime, coming home, they left their axes leaning against a fallen tree. Upon returning the tools were gone. Again we were thrown in a flurry. Several days we kept active watch. The savages not appearing we again fell into our old ways. During this excitement, the captain and I managed to keep Mistress Rose and Lora supplied with fresh meat. Both seemed to be improving.

The reaction from this season of alarms and anxiety affected me peculiarly. As I was seated in my great chair one evening, watching the smoke break forth from the green wood with much crackling and little puffs of steam, I felt contented with the world. In this peace I was suddenly seized with a longing to celebrate the change of affairs. Almost as quickly came a thought of arraying myself in all my gay clothes. Perhaps it was my over-wrought nerves. Perhaps it was the spirit of noble ancestry, surging up within me. Whatever it was, it moved me to do a foolish thing.

My chests with their contents of silks and velvets stood in the farther corner of the hut, where they had remained untouched since they were brought from the ship. Dragging one of them into the center of the clay floor, I threw back the cover bringing into view a scarlet velvet coat. Though at one time I was

quite familiar with this garment, it had been so long since I had seen it I hardly knew the coat with all its gaudiness. Piece by piece I arrayed myself even down to my Murray hat with its golden rope and silver spangles.

When all was in accord with my fancy, I took my seat, dressed as a gentleman should be who was to be honored by the presence of great ladies. I confess I was pleased to be once more dressed in my true garb and looked with certain contempt at the torn and worn garments which I had just taken off.

Again I sat in the firelight as Sir Francis Beaumont, watching the jewels in my shoe roses glisten and diamond garters shooting forth rays of light more sparkling than those that came from my wood fire. My silken hose showed bright, while the red poppies on my waistcoat were of a more brilliant hue than I last remembered them. Taking a kerchief out of a reticule at my belt I caught its dainty perfume, flecking a lint of dust off my sleeve with the dainty linen.

Happening to think of my rapier, I arose and buckled it on, strutting about the hut as I was wont to do on a Sunday parade. Once more coming to my chair I sank into its arms pushing both hands deep into the pockets of my velvet coat. I felt something hard under the fingers of my right hand. With some curiosity I drew the thing forth and there lay the shoe rose of Lady Arabella Stuart. The bauble, which sent me across the ocean into this hut, confronted me with all its brilliancy.

I sat holding the shoe rose as one in a dream. Then I fell to musing and fancied the laughing face of Lady Arabella, her charming manner, her touch of humor, and felt her soft finger tips as she pressed them on the arm of this same brave coat. Once more the tones of her voice came to me and "Sir Francis" sounded clearly from her white throat. She again stood before me in all her beauty and I thought her more lovely than ever before. Surely I thought Lady Arabella has a charm which is fascinating and all her own.

The sparkling bauble in my hand grew dull in the light of the dying fire. My vision was gone for Lady Arabella came

forth from its dazzling rays; when those went, so did she in all her glory.

The fire was burning low. Not caring to replenish it, I sat looking into its embers. A gust of wind whirled by in the outside world, fanning the ashes from the coals in my inner world, so that I could build in them Beaumont Hall with its heavy walls and embattlements. In fancy I saw the ancient building clad in ivy and heard the voices of children playing in its halls. There were the faces of my ancestors, looking as cold and stern as ever. It was June and the soft air of an English summer held me in its thrall. The fragrance of lilacs came through the open window, drugging me with their perfume, then I heard some one calling, "Sir Francis, Sir Francis."

In my blithesome humor I would not answer but would make my wife seek me, then I heard footsteps approaching softly and felt a kiss upon my forehead. Looking up into her face, I praised her grace, her beauty, the comeliness of her form, and the joy of living in her presence. The face I saw was not Lady Arabella's but the Pilgrim maiden's.

Then a half burnt stick of wood fell into my vision of Beaumont Hall sending it flying into a cloud of ashes, leaving its ruins in blackened coals. I sat in silence. Then I arose, took off my scarlet coat. Piece by piece the finery disappeared and I stood clad in my old garments.

It was late and the roar of the wind around my hut made me feel that I was in New England instead of Old England. To completely efface my recent vision of England from my brain, I crossed the floor, opened the door, and was greeted by a swirl of snowflakes swept in on a winter's blast. Hastily closing the door, I put on a heavy coat and went forth in the tempest.

Since my earliest recollections a storm was fascinating. To be sure I enjoy the gentler mood of growing grasses, stirring winds, and the flowing brook in the springtime when all the world is gay with life and verdure and the music of the air is a hushing symphony. But the strident note of the tempest is the real song of triumph. This exultation was in me as I faced the rushing winds. My feeling was that I was in the

presence of a living being, as the wind essayed to push me this way and that. Facing my unseen antagonist, with head bowed and my greatcoat buttoned to my chin, I urged my way forward. It was always my feeling to spread my arms wide and let the furious wind beat my breast, not in a vainglorious way, but, as it were, to feel the spirit in the gale. The light of the stars was shut out by the veil of snow; but the flying ice only stirred me to greater activity until I ran down the path with the heart of youth.

Through the sifting flakes I caught sight of lights moving slowly. Coming up to them, I found two men carrying a limp form to the Little-field-that-overlooked-the-sea. In the wildness of the night, Thomas Rogers began his pilgrimage and was being carried forth in the midst of the falling snow to his eternal resting-place.

With my spirits touched by this simple tragedy I went on quietly to the shores of the harbor and stood upon the landing rock. The mighty spirit of the sea was stirring the waters. Through the darkness I could distinguish white crested billows chasing each other. The shrill notes of the wind were joined by the thunderings of the sea upon the sand making a mighty chorus to this wild song. Removing my hat, I let the wind and snow beat into my face and I felt the intoxication of the tempest rushing through my veins. In my delirium I hailed the stars as my companions and the scudding clouds as comrades. It was the majesty of the spirit of the universe that held me within its power as it stalked across the waters and blew hoarsely through the forests.

Though I stood a lone figure on the landing rock in the midst of the flying snow and dashing waters, through some mysterious power I felt as secure as though I were in Beaumont Hall in England. The lurking savages, the lingering sickness, the darkness of the forests were all swept from my brain. Now and then there was a break in the blinding sleet, giving me sight of gleaming stars, flying clouds, and in the distance the lights of the ship. Then the veil of snow again blotted out the heavens and the flickering lanterns, leaving me alone in the night.

Turning from the storm beaten beach, I climbed the bank, following the path until I reached the door of my hut. I stood for a moment, loathing to shut the storm spirit from me. Opening my door I entered, to find myself within the narrow confines of walls. I heard the swirl of the storm over the thatched roof, but I was no longer a part of it. I had found refuge behind the works of man and had assumed his diminutive spirit. The winds were no longer friends but elements to be shunned. The largeness of the universe was narrowed to my small world, bound by the golden thatching and pine logs. I shut out the wind, the driving snow, and the triumphal notes of the tempest.

During the night, the snow had filtered down my chimney showing a bank of white athwart the bed of ashes. Realizing that the fall must have been excessive, I threw open my door to get a view of the outside world. The great clearing was buried beneath the blanket, the thatched roofs of the huts, showing like white coated mounds. Smoke was coming out of the chimneys, giving assurance that the people were still alive.

The wind had fallen to a gentle breeze bearing the flakes silently out of the dull sky. As a child I used to wonder how such lovely whiteness came from black clouds; though it was no longer the mystery of yore, my fancy came back to me, causing me to smile at my youthful innocence. A flake floating down through the air fell upon my sleeve. The delicate crystal showed its fabric of silky frostwork, glistening with a pure white light. Lightly it lay and I was charmed with its fairness. One moment it was all beautiful, the next it had turned into a dull listless thing, then faded away.

Out where the countless myriads were falling, these gentle flakes lay upon each other so thickly that the earth was buried beneath them and the forest trees stood with bowed heads, their branches bearing spectral blossoms blurred and cold. Nature was in a different mood this morning, abandoning her riotous freedom for one of gentle bleakness. There were no wild spirits abroad to stir me fiercely but a dolefulness instead.

As I turned to close my door, there was a flash of gray under

the thatched roof. Stopping for a second, I saw my gray squirrel turning its little head from side to side, looking intently down upon me. I was pleased, for I was not alone. Though I endeavored to speak its own chatter in an encouraging manner, it held its distance. Slipping a board out on the snow, I sprinkled it thickly with bits of bread for my little friend's repast.

From the squirrel I turned back to my own chimney-corner where the glowing warmth of the fire brought me out of the chill that held the outside world within its grasp. A bowl of oatmeal with its seasoning of Dutch butter was unpalatable. Leaving my half finished breakfast, I opened the door again. I found the squirrel finishing up the last bit of rusk. There was a friendliness about this living thing that drew me to it.

Through the falling snow I caught the outlines of Captain Standish's hut, causing me to wonder how Mistress Rose was faring. While I was still gazing, I saw the door open and the captain standing on his threshold looking over the snow-bound country. I threw up my hand to salute him but the dense flakes shut off his view. I essayed to call him but my muffled voice did not reach him. Sullenly the clouds held to their task, sending their white burden fluttering down.

Leaving the door open, I turned back to my own chimney-corner to watch the flames eat their way through the resinous pines. The heat seemed to invite my gray coated friend to enter or mayhap it was my company it was seeking, since we two were alone. At all events the squirrel came to my door, looked in, then cautiously ventured as far as my step. The bank of snow giving way, in great alarm it leaped upon the logs and back to its shelter. The cozening of the squirrel gave me pleasure as well as something to do.

By the middle of the forenoon there was a lull in the storm and over the snow drifts I could see the heads of the willows at Brewster's spring showing clearly against the sky. In the forests the crests of the ancient pines were white and the bark of the oaks glistened.

Out at sea I saw the ship tugging at its anchors. Above its black hull the masts stood stiff and straight; but the streak of

white upon the cross-arms told me that the snow was falling upon the sea as well as upon the land. It seemed such an insignificant thing in the midst of the wide waters.

Sitting in my great chair I attempted again to conjure up in the ashes my dream picture of the night before in which I saw Beaumont Hall. But somehow I could not bring it to pass nor could I nourish it back to please my fancy. Giving it up in despair, I spread the embers, contenting myself with the thought that we were safe from attacks of savages for the present. This brought me back to the helplessness of the sick and Mistress Rose. Then it flashed through my mind, how were we to hunt in this snow? Two geese which I had shot the day before was their store of flesh.

This thought of the necessities of the feeble startled me. Up to this time I had made no effort to leave my hut nor had I felt the necessity of doing more than clearing away the drift from my own door. Putting on my greatcoat and shouldering my musket, I issued forth. My first step brought me to a standstill in a bank reaching to my thighs. Though the snow was soft and giving, it so tangled my feet that I could neither raise them nor push through the mass. Determined not to give over my task, I plunged on until I was exhausted and was glad to return to my hut.

As I stood in my doorway, looking back at my deep wallows in the snow, a few silvery flakes with their changing prisms of light and fairy filigree work fell upon my coat sleeve. I was no longer charmed by them but crushed them under my hand, as I brushed the hateful objects from me.

If I, a man of strength, was bound in by the snow, I conceived the colonists in their weakness would be hopelessly beaten. I could not help but wonder if there was no end to the trials of these people and whether this snow was the last of their afflictions. The only answer to these thoughts was the snowflakes which fell relentlessly upon the clearing.

In my second effort to break through the snow I left my musket behind. Drawing my hat down over my eyes, I plunged forward with the doorstep of the Standish hut as my goal. It was the same struggle with the soft seductive grasp

changing into a grip of steel. Standing in a drift up to my waist I stopped for a moment to catch my breath. I could see the coating of snow thick and smooth upon the roof of the hut ahead of me with sticks of ice clinging to the edge of the thatching. Plunging, pulling, falling, I finally broke my way through the drifts until I came to the Standish steps. Stopping for a moment to catch my breath and free myself from the clinging snow I rapped upon the door. The captain bade me enter.

He was surprised that I should venture forth and would have me partake of a drink of strong waters. Waving him aside, I replied being abroad was only the work of any man and refused his compliments. Mistress Rose, I learned, was restless. The captain showing no anxiety, I joined with him in thinking that the storm had depressed her spirits.

The captain was not content to sit by his fireside in comfort while his companions needed attention. Taking a shovel from the corner, he made ready to go. I followed close after him also with a shovel in hand. Though it was cold and tiresome work, we kept steadily at it until we came to a path. At the common-house, we were confronted by the same scenes of despair and feebleness. The many empty cots showed too plainly the ravages of the disease. My heart sank within me as I thought of the days to come, when we could not go forth for fresh fowl to nourish these unfortunate people. It seemed to me that the end of this colony was in sight. Giving a cup of water here and there and a word of cheer now and then was all I could do. This I did gladly. Turning from this desolation I went out in the sweetness of fresh air.

I went up to the door of the Brewster house blowing the chill out of my fingers. The elder was absent, having gone to the common-house. Lora was seated in her father's great chair so that she did not see me as I entered. When I came into the light of the fire, she was surprised. Grasping the arm of the chair tightly she gave a little start and exclaimed, "Why, Master Beaumont!"

"Mistress Lora!"

When the first astonishment was over, she sank back into

her rugs. She was still pale but I could see that she was stronger than when last I saw her. Then with a smile she said, "Welcome, Master Beaumont."

Hiding behind my subterfuge of cold fingers, I replied, "Mistress Lora, my hands were so chilled I came to your fire to warm them." With this speech I took off her mitts which I was wearing, laying them on the hearthstones to dry. Lora broke the awkward spell by saying, "Is it quite cold?"

"Not as yet," I replied.

Then in her musical voice, she said, "I see the mitts which I gave you when you went forth on the discoveries still do you service."

I understood the look Lora gave me, as she made haste to let her mother know in my presence that the mitts were not a gift of love but a generous thoughtfulness for a stranger who was suffering. That was ever Lora's manner, for deceit did not lurk within her simple mind.

Grasping her purpose I did not fail her but replied, "Mistress Lora, the mitts you gave me have kept my hands warm and others. Many times have I said a blessing for them."

Seeing that she was in good spirits, I picked up the gloves and slipped them on in her presence. She blushed deeply, then held out her hand. I grasped it tenderly, fearful of crushing it. I felt a touch of her fingers and a slight pressure on my palm.

THE GREAT SICKNESS

AS I was approaching my doorstep after this visit to the sick, I heard the squirrel chattering to encourage me. This welcome so pleased me I threw a whole rusk to my little comrade. When it had finished, I threw it another so completely had it won my friendship. I continued the feeding until, taking the rusk, it hid it in the thatching which was a notice of full appetite, also the end of its visit.

Sitting over my blazing logs, I found contentment in my own position, but for the colonists I could not help but have misgivings of the future if this snow stayed long. Ere I took to my rugs I visited with the captain. Mistress Rose was still feeble. I felt solicitous about her. Captain Standish did not speak of her with confidence. I walked back to my cabin under a clear sky and the snow crunching under my feet.

On the morrow the clouds were high and the snow had ceased falling. Though the sun did not show itself, it shed a brightness over the clearing that gave me hope that the worst had passed. The squirrel and I ate our breakfast together. Throwing open my door as I nibbled at my hard bread, I threw a portion in the middle of the floor. Having overcome its suspicions, it did not tarry long on the outside but came quickly to the tempting morsels. When my little companion had brushed its muzzle clean many times, I sent it off to its shelter by making a noise with my feet.

This day we started on our rounds to the sick along the sunken path between walls of glistening snow. All we could do was to give bread softened in warm water and bits of salt fish made wholesome by much soaking. I never wanted to give relief so much in all my life as I did this morning when I went helplessly from sick bed to sick bed. Doctor Fuller was still ill and gave us what advice he could in his feeble condition. But we were without skill, so that all we could do was to give what comfort we could and leave them to their fate.

At the captain's hut I found him hovering over a kettle of broth. Mistress Rose had rallied somewhat so that he was again hopeful. Standing before the fire, I chided him upon his cooking and he answered my quips with a smile. In due time he took a bowl of broth to Mistress Rose; but she pushed it aside, refusing to eat of it. This rather discouraged the captain; but he consoled himself by saying that she was tired and would partake of it later.

I came to my hut feeling lonely and weary. I had expected to be greeted by the chatter of the squirrel. Failing to be so welcomed, I was greatly disappointed. Being gone from his nest in the thatching, I suspected the little fellow had abandoned me and returned to its home in the trees. I was really lonesome and felt as though I had lost a friend. Once or twice I left my warm corner at the fireside to see if the squirrel had returned so disturbed was I over its absence.

At daylight I was greeted with the scratching of tiny feet. My squirrel had returned. Though it was early and before my time of rising, I was so glad to welcome it I made ready quickly. Opening the door, I invited my little friend in to an unusual repast. Finding a package of raisins I threw a few of them on the floor with the white bread. This was a dainty which it had never been offered before so that it refused to eat them; but the sweetness attracted it and like mankind it fell before the temptation. I expected to see the squirrel drop the raisin, instead it ate the delicacy and looked around for more.

With the morning reception at an end, I stood upon my doorstep and took notice of the outside world. The winds had veered to the north and blew with icy breath. Though the sun shone brightly making the snow glisten and sparkle, it lacked warmth. I had heard of Henry Hudson's men who had striven in the frozen lands of the far north and of the people they found there who lived in great cold many months of the year, having huts of snow and garments of fur. Truly I thought we had the snow huts and wished that I had a good coating of fox or deer. Though the distance to Captain Standish's hut was not great, my fingers tingled ere I reached it.

The captain was not so cheery, for Mistress Rose was not

doing so well as he had hoped. He was making a broth of dried beef when I entered. This was all he had left, his supply of fowl being exhausted. The salt and taste of smoke in the beef not being to his wife's liking, crestfallen he turned from her bedside, wishing for some more wholesome nourishment.

Having in mind a brace of geese which I had left at the Brewster's door, the day before the storm, I left without saying a word of my intention determined to bring a portion of them. As the captain and I were digging the path the day before I had seen the geese hanging at the side of the elder's door. As I came to the hut now in search of a portion of their flesh for Mistress Rose I saw that they were gone. I did not think this strange, fancying that they had been taken inside. The maiden was sitting in her father's chair enjoying the warmth of the fire when I entered.

Without asking after her health, I asked at once, "Mistress Lora, what has befallen the geese?"

"Father took them to the sick-house this morning. He says the people are in great need and failing for the want of nourishment," she answered, a smile lighting up her pallid face.

"To the sick-house!" I exclaimed.

"Surely."

"Leaving you without a morsel?" went on in my excitement.

"We have ample dried beef, Master Beaumont," she answered with exasperating calmness.

I saw it was no use arguing with her. In her simple generosity she was gladly parting with what was necessary for her existence.

I had a vision of Mistress Rose going first, followed soon by the maiden. She was watching me closely and even read my thoughts as she asked, "What ails you, Master Beaumont?"

"Nothing, Mistress Lora, nothing," I replied rudely and hurried from her presence determined that I would rescue a portion of the flesh.

There was no evidence of the fowl at the sick-house, so I fairly ran back to the common-house. There I learned that there was nothing left of them. Pressing my demands further

I was told that the necks and parts they did not care to cook were thrown into the snow. Without saying as much as "Thank you," I made haste to the snow-drift in which bits of the geese were thrown. Taking off my mitts I dug out the frozen pieces.

On the way to the Standish hut, I hid one of the necks in my pocket determined to save it for Mistress Lora, but when I faced the captain with my paltry offering of flesh and bones and saw his need I gave it all to him. Poor as my presents were, the captain took them gladly, giving my hand a squeeze of gratitude for my thoughtfulness. We both watched the boiling broth, lean as it was with nourishment, until it was ready for serving.

The captain took the steaming bowl to his wife's bedside. I heard him beseeching her tenderly to partake of the broth; but she finally pushed it from her and lay back upon her pillow. He came back to the fire and setting the bowl down said sadly, "Friend Beaumont, she will not even taste of it."

This was the first time that Captain Standish had ever called me "Friend." I stopped with him to give him what encouragement I could, which was very little. Later in the day Mistress Rose rallied, taking a portion of the broth, thus giving the captain hopes of her returning strength.

On my way to my hut my heart became sorely disturbed. The snow lay so deep that no man could wade through it, while the ice was piled upon the beach so that there was no hope from that quarter. In fact the shallop was lying in the mouth of the brook while the ship's boats had all been hoisted on deck so that there had not been communication between the ship and shore for several days.

As the night came on I heard a lone wolf's cry off in the forests. At the first the doleful call made no impression on my mind knowing it was beyond my reach, but I remembered that in the plains of Muscovy during great snows, these brutes would frequently seek the habitations of men. Taking down my gun I cleaned it by the candle light. Having the assurance that the gun was fit, I decided to lie in wait for the wolf if it should be so bold as to come into the clearing.

Opening the door cautiously, I stepped outside into the shadow of the hut. The moon, shining brightly, filled the clearing with its steel cold light; the silvery clouds drifting across the sky were seemingly a reflection of the snow-covered earth. The forests, the hills, and the great clearing with its snow clad huts were all flooded with this cold, cold light, making me cringe at its cheerlessness. Even as I moved my feet, the snow crunched beneath them with a hollow sound in keeping with this spectre world.

As I stood in the deep shadow of my hut, I again heard the howl of the wolf. I stood as stiff and likewise as cold as a statue. The cry of the wolf ceasing, I began to give up hopes of its coming. Eagerly I watched and in my fancy I thought I saw many creeping wolves. While I was slowly freezing and my breath was steaming white with frost, there came a black spot upon the snow. With eager eyes I watched the vague moving spectre in the moonlight. I held my breath as the creeping thing dragged itself along. On, on it came slyly, until I could see the frosted air rising from its nostrils. Suspicion and craft was in its every movement. The black figure was strangely outlined against the snow. With a quick move I threw my gun into my arm and fired. The wolf sprang high into the air and fell upon its side.

The crust of the snow was so knit together as to indifferently hold my weight. Though I broke through many times I finally reached my prize. There was a great crimson blotch upon the snow which I saw distinctly but it made no impression upon me. Picking it up by its bushy tail I dragged it after me to the captain's hut.

Captain Standish was standing in his doorway. Throwing the wolf at his feet, I said, "Captain, this is all I have to offer."

"Friend Beaumont, I am afraid it is too late."

"For what reason?" I asked hurriedly.

Without answering he motioned for me to come in. The curtains of Mistress Rose's pallet were pushed aside, so that I could see her pale face and hear her breathing heavily. I waited for the captain to speak. As he was bending over her, he said, "Beaumont, she is not sleeping but dying."

"Nay, nay, Captain," I said in astonishment at the same time going over to the bed. Though Mistress Rose was pale and her face thin, still her breath was coming deeply and regularly. I picked up her feverish hand and gently stroked her forehead. She opened her eyes, looked up into my face feebly muttering something.

The captain, who was by my side, knelt to hear what she might have to say. "She is speaking of England," he whispered.

Mistress Rose was a pathetic figure as she lay in her narrow bed flanked by the rough bark of the pine logs and the clay chinking. The color had gone from her cheeks and the calmness of her face was lost in the pallor that beset it. In her ramblings she would work at her coverlids with her hands which were thin and bloodless. Used to comforts, it seemed hard for one of her station lying helpless in the midst of cold and snow sheltered by the thatched roof of a log hut. My heart was touched with sadness that the life of one so young and comely should come to an end in such quarters.

Drawing the curtain, I left them together. A flickering candle stood upon the narrow table, giving forth an uncertain light which could not penetrate the gloom which had settled upon the cabin and had fixed its touch upon us. Sorrowfully I stood before the fire, waiting the end of the tragedy that was being enacted.

I could hear the mutterings of Mistress Rose mingled with the endearments of her companion, as he endeavored to make her going easier or hold her to him if he could. There was a silence broken by a few feeble utterances then a hush. I saw the curtain move, then part, and the captain came forth with haggard face and bowed head. I knew Mistress Rose had gone.

I stood on one side of the fireplace, while the captain took his place on the other looking intently into the blaze. I could not speak for my feelings would not permit me, nor could I have first broken the silence ushered in by the sacred farewell. So we two strong men stood gazing into the blazing logs.

While my thoughts were of grief, my spirits dejected, and my soul was stricken with sorrow, I heard the captain move.

Looking up I saw him step quickly across the hearthstones and laying his hand on my shoulder with tenderness in his voice said, "Beaumont, the Lord's will be done."

I grasped him by the hand, pressing it firmly between both of mine, then without a word left him in the hut with his own.

Though the living pressed hard on the dead, the captain could not bear to have Mistress Rose carried forth immediately. Through the next day I was with him, though he did no more than sit silently in his great chair in front of the fire. The well men came and spoke a word of comfort but not a woman's hand was there to lay back her raven black tresses. When the night time came, the captain wrapped a canvas rug about her himself.

With the moon shining upon us, the captain and I carried forth Mistress Rose in her rugs. Down the narrow path between the ridges of snow we took her, until we came to the Little-field-that-overlooked-the-sea. By the light of two lanterns we dug through the drifts until we reached the frozen earth, then I stopped for a moment to catch my breath. The captain straightened up from his labors as well.

As the captain saw the gentle form lying in her rugs, he turned to me and said, "Beaumont, 'tis hard."

"Captain, cruelly hard," I replied.

That was all that was said. We turned back to our task. With the chill of the night set upon us, we prepared with heavy hearts Mistress Rose's last resting place, setting her face towards the sea and England, which was her last thought, and left her wrapped in a shroud of ice and snow.

After the sad ending of Mistress Rose Standish, my solicitude for Lora weighed heavily upon my spirits. A diet of dried beef and neat's tongue was not fit to nourish her out of her feebleness. To add to my perplexity, word came that she was confined to her bed. This moved me greatly, for I must stand in my doorway and look helplessly over the waste of snow.

My only consolation was the companionship of my gray squirrel which now became my boon companion. It watched my comings and goings and welcomed me with its chatter,

stirring my heart with affection. I divided evenly my bread and denied myself dainties that the squirrel might have its fill. In its simple nature it now confided in me so that I would not have harmed it for the world. But my pleasure in the little fellow was marred by my doleful thoughts for the maiden.

Captain Standish spent what time he could with me, not wishing to be alone. The curtain of his hut was down and already its interior was lacking the touches of a woman. He never spoke of his wife nor did he grieve in my presence. The burden of the other people bore so heavily upon him, he did not have time to sit in his chimney-corner and mourn.

For several days I chafed under my helplessness, wondering if the snow would ever depart. All the while I managed through one source or another to learn of Mistress Lora's condition. My messages were far from being happy ones, being generally that she was not so well. Once I shouldered my musket and endeavored to push through the drifts to the forests, but soon found myself hopelessly entangled. Then I stood in the shadow of my hut at night, hoping to get a shot at another wolf; but there was not a living thing abroad.

When I had all but given up hope, there came a change over the heavens and from the low hanging clouds the rain began to fall, the winds moderated, bringing a new order of things. Instead of its beautiful, chilly whiteness, the smooth unbroken surface became pitted and filled with cracks and crevices rough and irregular. The fairy world of the north winds with all its wonders gave way to an ugly world, besotted and repulsive. It is ever so with all things. A warm nature would have us love the rose with its velvet petals and delicate fragrance. When the end of the flower comes, this same nature converts its glowing raiments into dried and shriveled leaves, making us willing to part with it. So all things, when they part from us, take on forms which make us let them go, their beauty having gone from them.

Instead of growing doleful, I became glad when I saw the water soaked snow, and heard the rush of the brook filled to its brim with the yellow flood. I kicked the slush from beneath my feet, fancying that I would shortly be abroad. I

left my door wide open so that I could sit by my fireside, and look out on the vanishing drifts, so anxious was I to see them depart. While I was engrossed Captain Standish came in.

Giving the captain my chair, I took the stool at the chimney-side. We had been seated but a moment when the captain said, "Mistress Lora fares not so well today."

"What say you, Captain?" I exclaimed hastily.

Then he repeated, "Mistress Lora is not so well. She is in great feebleness." He hesitated for a moment then continued, "Her father fears for her life."

When the captain was gone, I went down to the Brewster hut. The mother, who was now up and about, was leaning over the maiden's bed offering her broth. She did not hear me enter, so I stood in silence near the door watching both of them intently. The mother holding a spoon filled with broth to the lips of the maiden with kindly words urged her to take the nourishment. Mistress Lora refused it turning her head. Then again the mother urged the maiden until I heard her feebly say, "Mother, I am so tired."

"Nay, Doctor Fuller would have you take this," pleaded the mother earnestly.

"Please take it away," begged the maiden so pitifully that the mother desisted, looking helplessly down at the pale face.

As I stood there, I knew the crisis had come. I turned away from the two without their seeing me. How and where was I to get food in the midst of this besotted snow? If I gained the forests, I was not sure I would find a fowl or hare for since the snow fell the only living thing that I had seen was the lone wolf which I had killed, and which had already been eaten by the famishing colonists.

As I came up to my door, I was confronted by my gray squirrel. A smile came over my face in answer to my little comrade's calling, then I stopped and staggered up against the logs. "The squirrel! the squirrel for Lora!" I exclaimed aloud.

My smile of welcome faded to a look of caution fearful that it would flee. Stealthily I crept across my doorstep. Taking down my gun, I examined it carefully determined to take no

chances. With heart set with steel I advance cautiously. The log on which the squirrel was sitting was empty. I advanced boldly to the door with my gun in readiness but it had gone, then I fell to poking in the thatching and seeking it in its various shelters. My feelings of kindness had disappeared, leaving the brutal desire to kill, and I felt hateful that it did not come forth to be slaughtered.

The thought came that the bullets would tear the squirrel to pieces. For a moment I was nonplussed. Then I thought of my rapier. Putting my gun upon its wooden pins, I dragged my dainty sword from amidst its gorgeous surroundings. It was cold sharp steel without heart, a suitable instrument for my work. To complete my betrayal I began chattering in my friendliest way. At other times the squirrel answered my call but now it failed and I was troubled.

As I was facing the open door, I saw a little head peering down upon me at the same time giving a friendly chatter. I answered, stealing the rapier to my back. The little fellow looked wistfully down at the morsels on the floor, then abandoning its perch advanced boldly to its feast. That I might make the surer of its life I threw it a raisin. As it ate the dainty, I advanced toward it slowly and cunningly until I was ready to strike. I threw my comrade another raisin. With this sweetmeat at its lips I made a quick lunge; the squirrel was quicker than I, leaping aside in safety, while the point of the rapier struck the clay floor, breaking off near the hilt. With disgust I threw the broken steel into the snow, blaming myself soundly that I had trusted myself to such a tool.

My defeat only set me more determinedly to my task. I felt that the raisins were so tempting that the squirrel would not stay away long. My plan now was to tie a long string to the door, and from my seat at the fireplace close it with a jerk while the squirrel was feeding. This time I set my trap well. Taking a handful of raisins I spread them temptingly around on the floor, all the while talking in squirrel talk. Then I drew forth my strong broad sword with a blade for rough work and laid it crosswise of the bed, throwing a log on the fire that the light might be trustworthy. With the details worked out, I

sat down awaiting the coming of the squirrel. No savage ever baited his victim with greater pleasure.

The feast of raisins and rusks lay temptingly on the floor. My human sense proved wiser than the animal's instincts, as it was but a short time until the little head came in sight twitching nervously from side to side, as if in doubt of my sincerity. My heart beat rapidly, yea, even gladly. More cautiously than before it leaped upon the log looking longingly down upon the tempting morsels. Our friendship had been so marred by my unusual action, it hesitated so long I was on the verge of flying at it. While I was fingering my sword the gray squirrel leaped upon the floor. My hand was in a quiver to pull the door after it but I restrained from so doing until it began to feed. With a quick jerk the trap was sprung. The little victim made a desperate effort to escape but the door closed upon it. I hunted the squirrel down with as little cruelty as I could for now that I had it in my toils, I felt sorry for it. A wicked thrust, however, ended the unequal contest. Once it was in my hand, I remembered Captain Standish sending up a prayer in the forest for his red deer, I now stood with bare head and made a blessing for my gray squirrel.

My mind being set on serving Lora, I divided the flesh that I might serve it twice. There was little time lost in the broth making. With the kettle in one hand and my lone pewter spoon in the other, I must have made a queer picture as I went down the path to the elder's hut. I was in hopes that the elder would not be at home. Though he loved his daughter dearly, still he did not appreciate the extent of her feebleness and was so set against me and my people, I was not sure of his actions. I was fearful that he would look upon me as pushing myself into his hut and would resent it.

I did not stop to knock but advanced boldly into the room. Both the elder and mother were gone, which I conceived to be a cruel thing with Lora in her low condition, but they fancied others were worse off and they would tend to their wants first. By the light of the fire I saw the curtains were drawn tightly. I hesitated to part them but the urgency of the case impelled me. Moving them aside gently I saw the maiden's face pale

and thin. That was sufficient. I pulled the curtain back boldly, she moved restlessly upon her pillows. Setting the broth upon the floor, I spoke tenderly to her. There came a smile over her face. Again I said "Lora," and reached my pewter spoon down to put it in the kettle, but it was gone.

Turning around, I was confronted by the wrathful face of the elder, holding my precious broth in one hand, and pointing to the open door with the other. He was in great anger and before I could explain or plead with him, he crossed the room and emptied the broth into the snow saying, "It is better that she should die, than be one of you."

My fists were clinched as I rushed across the floor prepared to strike him down. He made no effort to defend himself, but stood looking at me without flinching. My rage was so great I could have strangled him, had not the thought of Lora come into my mind. Dropping my hands I passed out of the door without so much as making answer to his cruel speech.

My feelings were divided between distress for the maiden and indignation towards the father. Coming to the door of my hut, I felt that I had sacrificed my little friend needlessly, but out of these differences of opinion there arose the dominating one, my love for the maiden. In this was swallowed up my wrath for the elder, since I considered he had much to anger him. The maiden, Lora, was more to me than life. I set my pride aside with a calmness that I did not consider possible for one of my temper, since I thought that I alone could lead her out of the depths which threatened to engulf her.

Swallowing my wrath and pride I again set about making broth. I divided what flesh I had so that there would be a second helping. When it was ready I deliberately set myself to spying on the Brewster hut. Though it was an unfair thing to do I felt as though the maiden's life was at stake. In time I saw the elder come forth and go down the path to the common-house. Now was my opportunity. Though I felt like a thief stealing into a man's house, I did not let my conscience keep me back.

There was a blazing fire when I entered so that I could see the curtains were again closed. Feeling that I had no time

to lose I crossed the room and threw the hangings back quickly. Though the maiden was breathing quietly I did not like her repose. Setting the steaming broth on the floor, I endeavored to arouse her by speaking to her gently. With increasing fear I called to her, then placing my hand lightly upon her forehead, bade her know me. There was a break in her breathing as she opened her eyes, dully closing them again. A second time I stroked her forehead and begged her to look at me. I could see that she knew that a strange person was about her, and that she was making an effort to respond to my urgings, but her strength was not equal to it.

Getting down on my knees I hung over her pleading that she would but know me. Again she opened her eyes, but she did not recognize me. Filling my pewter spoon with broth and with a quieting word I gave it to her. The maiden was so weary that she would have lapsed back to her old state had I let her, but I pled with her to hold onto life and I would steady her in her fight, until I fancied that she felt my strength. Then I gave her more broth. In my excitement I lifted the black and ugly kettle to the side of the bed. This disturbed her. Giving one look at its blackness, she turned her head away from it to me. Though I begged her to take more nourishment, I was unable to arouse her from her sleep. Slipping away I quietly made my escape.

I was elated; my thoughts were wholly of Lora. Now that I found I could steal in to her unawares, I had hopes. But the kettle, how I hated its ugliness for I fancied she would have taken all the broth had she not been sickened by its appearance. The problem was how to get rid of it. Among my possessions was a pewter bowl, but I soon saw the broth would be cold ere I made half the journey from my hut. I sat perplexed consulting the flames of my fire as my friendly counsellors. Absentmindedly endeavoring to pick up an unburnt end of a stick to throw it into the fire, I found the wood so hot I could not touch it. Then the thought came to me, if I could but sink my pewter bowl into the end of a block like this, I could carry the broth hot in a dainty dish and so please the maiden's fancy.

I soon found a block of wood and had it on my hearthstones ready to char when the captain came in. Though he found me in no mood to talk, he was so depressed, he preferred to spend the evening with me. He sat in my chair, facing the fire while I was content within the shadow of the chimney-corner. We did not exchange many words but each sat in the silence of his thoughts. Before he went I began to be impatient, turning my block over several times in my anxiety to begin upon it. The captain noticed the piece, and I feared he would ask about it; but he went without putting me to the test of answering his questions.

When he captain departed, I began my work quickly, first charring the end of the piece of wood, making the fire strike deeper in the center than at the edge. The soft ashes I removed with my knife. A second charring followed and so I continued charring and scraping until the pewter bowl fitted snugly into the hollowed end of the block. Though it was a crude warming dish, it pleased me and as I looked upon it finished I thought I was quite a workman. It was past midnight when it was completed, but I could not wait until morning to put it to a test. Heating the wood I filled the bowl with warm water and set it in the back of the cold hut. Much to my surprise the water held its heat until I considered I could have made a journey to the common-house with it still hot, which was twice the distance to the Brewster hut.

Early in the morning I saw the elder going down the path to the succor of the sick. I waited impatiently for the mother to leave. My mind was fixed on going shortly, even though I must confront the matron, for I fancied the maiden was in sore need of the steaming broth. From my log door-step I finally saw the matron start down the path on her mission of mercy. I felt that she had better stayed at home and taken care of her own.

Carefully I poured the hot broth in my homely fashioned warming pan, then picking up the heated block made haste on my mission. The curtains were parted and I could see the maiden moving restlessly behind them. At her side sat a bowl of thin soup with its smell of smoked tongue which the mother

had left for the maiden's nourishment. Setting it aside I placed my wooden warming dish in its stead. Then I spoke gently to Lora that I might awaken in her feverish brain thoughts she bore toward me. She moved restlessly, opening her eyes wide and looked me in the face, but her brain was so feeble she did not recognize me. I was not ashamed for her to see the bright pewter bowl and its hot contents. Though I could not rouse her to the point of recognizing me, I fed her the nourishment which she took from my hand without a protest.

As the maiden took the broth I could see that it was arousing her blood to its duty. Kneeling on the clay floor I asked her over and over again if she knew me, until I fancied I aroused her from her lethargy. Smoothing back her brown hair from her forehead, I stroked it gently that her mind might be quickened by my touch. Then I fed her from the pewter spoon until the bowl was drained though it was still warm. Giving the last spoonful, I stooped over and kissed her. She seemed dazed for a moment, then looking into my face with a gentle smile, she feebly whispered, "Francis Beaumont."

THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE SAVAGES

MY heart was beating a merry song as I made my way back to the hut with the wooden warming pan hot against my breast. I felt that I had aroused Lora from her weakness. With high hopes of better days, I put the warming pan in the chimney-corner, where it would not lose its heat.

I did not stop in my hut long but went forth through the slush and mud to hunt in the forests. The brook was no longer quiet and orderly but was a turbulent yellow stream flowing like a mill race. Being already wet above my knees, I plunged into the cold water gaining the opposite shore with some difficulty. I knew full well that ducks and geese were out of the question since what few remained were feeding in the ponds where I could not go to them. My only hope was for a chance hare or squirrel.

Standing on the roots of an immense pine, I hugged the trunk of the tree and listened intently for the footsteps or call of beast or fowl. Though my footing on the tree roots kept me out of the mud, my wet stockings and clothing were far from comfortable. But what were discomforts to me now? I strained eyes and ears in vain, then I moved under an oak getting a better view. While I was standing like a statue, I heard a nut drop from a great larch. Kneeling in the mud that my aim might be true, I began looking for the squirrel that had aroused me by its feeding. The patience of gray squirrel is well known to all hunters, also their curiosity. Though it will keep on the opposite side of a tree or branch, still it ventures to peek at you from time to time. I held my position in the slush until I caught sight of the little head. Firing quickly I was gratified to see the squirrel whirling over and over in midair. I was on it as soon as it struck the ground. Though I stayed until I was nearly frozen, I did not see an-

other thing, but I felt repaid for my wet feet and muddy clothes.

Finding Captain Standish in his hut, I asked him to carry the squirrel to the elder's hut. Coming back shortly he pleased me by saying that the maiden was still alive. My hunting was not so irksome the following day, in fact I was not greatly pushed again to secure a fowl or hare for her nourishment.

Now that Lora was mending, I made no further effort to go to her secretly. Though I desired to boldly enter the hut while the elder and his wife were at home, I refrained from doing so, not wishing to widen the breach between us. I was content to know that each day found her alive and improving slowly. What pleased me more was the word that came to me shortly after, which was that the maiden was able to sit before the fire again in her father's great chair.

While the maiden was improving, the other colonists were doing likewise, though many were still low with weakness and fever. Doctor Fuller was able to be about. Governor Carver and all the master spirits of the colony were spared and were improving. With the touch of returning health, the colonists immediately began to devise civil and military measures. While Captain Standish was looked upon as commander-in-chief of all the forces, this title had not been conferred upon him in due form by the people assembled. This was another phase of this new fangled government in which the common people would dominate their superiors. However this may be, word was given out on one Friday evening, late in February, that a meeting of the people was to be held the next morning in the common-house to elect a military leader.

There was a tuneful rattle of the drum Saturday morning. Those who had survived the great sickness, and the rigors of the winter assembled at the common-house. Though I had no right to convene with them, through sheer curiosity I answered the call, going down with Captain Standish. There were no idlers about the common-house as there was wont in England, but every man was at his place when I entered the log house. The ravages of the scurvy, and coughs marked their faces. Peaked and pale, many were still too feeble to carry a weapon; but they were prepared to do their part so far

as they could. Governor Carver was thin and careworn, and his gray locks seemed to be whiter than before. Sitting at a table on which lay his sword of state, he looked quite like a real governor of men. When silence had been secured and a prayer said, he came directly to the purpose of the gathering, many of the men being too weak to be out of their beds long. The leader stated that the time had come for the fixing of military order in the colony and the selection of a leader.

He had hardly made this statement, when we were startled by a lad running down the path screaming, "The savages!"

Every man sprang to his feet and made for the door. Fortunately we had our guns at hand. I pulled back my lock and saw that there was dry powder in the firing pan, while the others blew at their matches. On gaining the path I was halted by the command of Captain Standish to "fall in." Though I was greatly excited, I took my place in line. All the while we were looking around for the savages.

As there were no savages to be seen, the lad who had raised the alarm was taken to task for his useless outcry. He at once pointed to the top of a wooded hill across the brook. There amongst the trees we saw two savages making signs as if they would speak to us. Whether this be a signal of peace or war we did not know. Whatever their purpose was, Captain Standish and Master Stephen Hopkins decided to bravely answer the challenge. They did not wait for conference with the others, but of their own accord advanced to the edge of the brook, laying their arms down on the ground as a token of safety.

All the while we stood and looked on in great excitement. Captain Standish and Master Hopkins were at the brookside making motions of peace, the two savages answering back with queer antics; then, without stopping to parley, they ran over the hill. As soon as they disappeared, great shouts were heard as if the woods were full of the wild men. But we did not see another one except the two who showed themselves. Their numbers were alarming and the strange actions of the two made me think that they were declaring war.

Captain Standish and Master Stephen came back very much

wrought up. The latter from his Virginia experience declared it was one of the tricks of the savages to send out decoys to lead the colonists into an ambush. The captain had no idea of sending us into the woods, declaring we would stay in the center of the clearing where the arrows could not reach us.

Leaving a few men as sentinels the remainder went back to the common-house for a conference. It was then decided to call upon Captain Jones and his sailors to assist in mounting the heavy cannon upon the platform built for them, below the great mount in front of the governor's hut. This work was to be done upon Monday, and many wished that there was no Sunday intervening, fearful that the savages would return at any moment. The rest of the day was given over to repairing and making strong the platform, so that there would be no delay on Monday.

Sabbath was a bright and comfortable day, with enough of the winter's wind left in the air to make it bracing. The roll of the drum called the people to worship. From each hut came forth pale and feeble men, women, and children, who with halting steps dragged themselves to the common-house. Many eyes were dimmed as they stopped for a moment and looked upon the Little-field-that-overlooked-the-sea, where rested their loved ones. Not a word of complaint or a note of discouragement fell from their lips, however, as they beheld their losses and looked upon the dangers, that bore heavily upon them. They were glad to be abroad, thankful for their lives, counting their sufferings as of little moment. There was but a handful in the congregation compared to the number that left England, yea, even of those who landed at Cape Cod but a few months before.

The faithful few turning away from the house of worship now and then cast an anxious eye towards the forest, where they knew lurked their savage enemies. An air of hopefulness pervaded the clearing this day, which made me feel that the colonists would persist in their purpose of stopping in the country.

Jones and his sailors were abroad early Monday morning to assist in mounting the heavy ordnance on the platform. The

great saker that had lain upon the beach for several weeks was the first piece labored upon. With hand spikes and levers the cannon was lifted upon a sled, and by means of a long rope the colonists began dragging it up the hill. Captain Jones was in command, the governor being under him. I was not able to bring myself to the point of taking orders from Jones so I relieved a sentinel and sent him in my stead.

From my beat I could see the long line come up from the sea, dragging after them the cannon. This would have been an easy task when the snow was on the ground, but now the runners of the sledge sank into the earth, making their headway slow and laborious. All that kept them to their task was the fear of the savages. The moving of the cannon was a day of great excitement. The women came to the doors of the huts, while the children ran alongside of the long line of laboring men, feeling proud of the strength of their fathers and brothers. Even the sailors mingled with the colonists in a friendly manner, no longer cursing and swearing at them.

The hill was made in short stretches with every man in the colony laboring on the rope, including Captain Standish, the gray haired governor, and even Captain Jones. Slowly but surely they worked along covering the ground by inches. With a last effort the head of the column came up even with the log structure, then with a rush they pulled the sledge alongside the platform. So the saker came to its mounting place with the quality, commoner, and servant mingled together, all striving for the common good. Then a minion and two bases were lowered over the side of the ship into the shallop and with all the boats of the ship following came to the landing rock. These pieces were smaller and lighter that the great saker, and were dragged with little effort to the platform, and mounted alongside of their greater companion.

As the sun was going down over the tree-tops, Captain Standish stood looking proudly over his array of cannon. The colonists stood in groups to the right and left of the platform. My military experience entitled me to a place close by the gun where I could see clearly. As the sun dipped behind the forest trees showing their spreading limbs against the red back-

ground, Captain Standish gave a hasty look to see that all were in places of safety. With a quick swing of his arm he thrust the lighted match into the vent of the cannon. There was a flash and a roar which reverberated through the forest and echoed back from the sea. So the saker announced its arrival, and hurled its defiance to the savages of New England.

Though many of the colonists were up and about, there were many who were sick unto death. Indeed, as the cannon were being dragged up the path, three of the Pilgrims passed beyond their protection. So accustomed had they become to the death of their fellows, the governor did not hesitate to invite Captain Jones and his sailors to a feast for aiding them in mounting the heavy ordnance.

The feasting board was set with a fat crane, a mallard, and a neat's tongue, supplied by the colonists; while the sailors, not to be outdone gave a fat goose to the provender. As I have said before Captain Jones had a different heart towards the colonists. He felt that men, who could withstand the rigors of winter, who stood by their sick generously, and who were ready to face the savages courageously, were to be respected. As I sat looking into the faces of the Pilgrims, I felt the sailors had good reasons for recognizing their good points.

When the feast was over, the colonists went forth to bury their dead. Such apparent indifference some would find fault with, but it seemed so natural at the time that the thought did not occur to me until long afterwards. They had been confronted with starvation, the savages, ravages of winter, sickness, and death, so that they looked upon the going of their companions as a deliverance and the entering into a closer communion with God. It was the spirit and not the body they held above all worldly things. The colonists wrought to overcome the overshadowing disasters, believing that they had been given the power for this purpose, only stopping from time to time from their labors to ask a divine blessing upon their efforts. At no time did I ever hear Elder Brewster call upon the Divine Spirit to do what they could do themselves. As I conceived, their idea of death was as the falling of a drop of dew from a reed into a brook and so in time coming to a great ocean,

where the drop of water fulfilled its mission to the whole. So the colonists conceived man's lives were to eternity.

Master Stephen Hopkins and Richard Warren with lanterns led the way from the feast of the cannon to the Little-field-that-overlooked-the-sea, while the others brought their burdens within their canvas rugs. There was not a word spoken as tenderly they fulfilled their missions and went to their huts with the hush of eternity in their hearts. Beginning the evening with feasting, they ended it in another frame of mind—all the while they deported themselves as true and strong men.

Upon this sombre scene of sickness and death, an early spring put its touches of softening air and changing colors. The oaks and elms which had been standing brown and leafless began to glow with swelling buds and unfolding leaves. The calling of the ducks was again heard along the brook and in the marshes. Even the great clearing began to smile under the mystic touch, giving me hope that after all, New England might rival Old England in its verdure and foliage.

With the coming of the warm days, the return of the water-fowl and growing things, the sick mended rapidly. Mistress Lora was no longer in danger but came forth from the dark hut and sat in the sunlight and thrived under its treatment. The first time I saw her white hood showing against the pine bark of the logs at the front of the Brewster hut, I could have shouted for joy. I had not had an opportunity to speak or even see her, since I last stole to her side with my dish of broth. I could not resist the temptation now of saying a word to her, so taking my water bucket I made as if I was on my way to the spring as usual.

Lora was seated in her father's great chair to the right of the entrance. Coming opposite I made out to see her for the first time. Setting my bucket down I made a low bow and took off my hat as if bowing to a queen which she surely was to me. She returned my salute with a smile. Taking heart I approached her saying, "Mistress Lora, it pleases me to see you abroad once more."

"Master Beaumont," she replied, "It pleases me also."

"You have been seriously ill."

"Truly, and many times I thought I should die."

"I am pleased that you have lived through the winter."

"But for Captain Standish supplying me nourishing food, I would have followed Mistress Rose, I am sure."

It was not for me to set her right that it was I and not the captain who had served her so faithfully. I did manage to say, "Mistress Lora, I rendered some aid to the captain before and after Mistress Rose went."

Looking around to see that no one would hear, blushing deeply she began, "Master Beaumont,—" then she hesitated.

I fancied that she was going to say something of my devotion and waited with bated breath.

Working the folds of her rug nervously and looking confused she began. "Master Beaumont, in my sickness many queer thoughts came into my mind. Some of them were vague and foolish. Some of them seemed to me so real that I still remember them. Among these scenes which come to me is one in which you—" Then she stopped.

"I, Mistress Lora?" I wanted to call her Lora, but I dared not. What I did was to grow red in the face, and shifting nervously from one foot to the other, repeat, "I, Mistress Lora?"

"It was but my sickened fancy," she said modestly.

"But it concerns me," I said encouragingly.

"Master Beaumont, my mind was in such confusion that I dare not trust it. Nay, it would not be fair for you to place such trust in my visions."

"Tell me of them, Mistress Lora," I said.

She shook her head and resolutely refused to say anything more even though I urged her to do so. I knew that she was in doubt as to whether I were at her side with the broth, or it were a trick of her fevered brain. I took much satisfaction in thinking that her vision was a pleasing one, but that was all the satisfaction I could get.

When I pressed her further she said, "Master Beaumont, perhaps I will tell you some other time, but not today."

THE COMING OF SPRING

MY recollections are distinct of Saturday, March thirteenth, sixteen hundred and twenty-one. The morning was ushered in with the south wind blowing mildly across the great clearing, which was wrapped in a gray mist, so that I could hardly see the outline of the captain's hut. The eaves of my thatching were lined with drops of dew, glistening like a silver fringe. The sound of the axes came hollow out of the woods and the calls of the men sounded ghostly through the fog. This dense curtain gave way before midday to the sun, so that there was a clear sky overhead with the drifting mist hanging in the hollows between the hills.

Strange how this one warm day set the hearts of the colonists for planting. Not once but many times I thought they would abandon the country, either sailing to the mouth of Hudson's River or else taking ship for England. I am of the belief that some of the men would but for the steadfast courage of their leaders. This one day of summer sun, however, set the seal of their content upon stopping where they were and establishing themselves as best they could.

The tools belonging to the colonists being held in common, they were kept in a storehouse to which each man went in the morning to receive his ax, hoe, or mattock and returned them in the evening. As I was coming up from the landing rock this morning, after the thick mist had risen, I stopped in at the storehouse where the tools were kept. Master Isaac Allerton was storekeeper and by dint of industry had things in order. Several men were at the door asking for axes, picks, and shovels. The men of quality, who knew the conditions of the contract with the London adventurers, were careful to return their pieces promptly. While I was there Master Isaac took the liberty of speaking boldly to some of the commonality admonishing them that they must obey the rule, and not take undue liberties in keeping the tools in their huts.

Peter Browne, happening to ask for a spade, Master Allerton said, "Peter, you must do better by this spade, than the ax you last had."

Peter became indignant at once, replying with some heat, "It wasn't my fault that you gave me a poor handle."

"So you sayeth, Peter," replied Master Isaac, "but don't break this spade and don't forget to return it to me at sundown."

The careful Peter looked over the ash handle, testing the blade of the spade on the log door-step, then went off to dig in his garden plot. One after another the colonists came to the storehouse and received their implements, indicating how the warm winds had turned their minds to the labors of the land. When the wants of the well men were met, Master Isaac locked the door, and went off to his garden duties.

Beyond the brook the birds were singing in the forests, so that I could well believe that I was in Old England with spring breaking forth after the tares of winter. Enticed into the depth of the trees, I sat down upon a fallen log and grew glad that I had lived to see this day of sunshine. I soon fell under the spell of the south winds, the smell of damp earth, and the stir of sleeping things coming out from under their winter blankets.

As I was breathing in the rejuvenation of the land, I could not help but think that my days were numbered on this side of the ocean. The bright days had caused Captain Jones to unbend the sails and clear the ship for the homeward voyage. He was impatient to be off. The head colonists were not so anxious and offered to pay him if he tarried until late spring. I knew that he would not stop long now that the good days had come.

The maiden, my Lora! My thoughts came back to her out of this turmoil of woodland dreams and vexing doubts of the early sailing. My heart was in the maiden's keeping. So far only, was I certain. Her feeling toward me was puzzling. At times I thought that she looked upon me with favor then again she was retiring as if in doubt.

But the mother and father were the clouds that really over-

cast my sky. They had set their minds against me. Would Lora leave her people and go with me to mine? I sat in great perplexity until I was aroused from my reveries by the rumbling of distant thunder and the sudden darkening of the forests. Though I had stood for hours daily in the chilly rains of winter undisturbed, I now made haste to get out of this mild spring shower.

Coming down to the brook I saw the men and women at work in their gardens, making them ready for early seeding. Each yard was laid out alike, a path running down the middle of the plot with beds of garden plants on either side and rows of herbs as borders. The elder had finished turning his ground and had so mellowed the soil that I could not but praise him for his industry.

As I stopped to inspect this labor, I caught a glimpse of a figure in gray and white amongst the trees at the spring. I made haste to cross the brook upon the fallen log, which was now in use as a foot-bridge. My eyes were not at fault for as I came up to the willows Mistress Lora was leaning against one, looking intently into the bubbling waters of the spring.

She was so occupied with her thoughts that she did not hear me. I had a moment's glance at her unbeknownst. Her face was still pale. From beneath her white bonnet which fitted loosely upon her head, stole out brown locks which hung in ringlets. Her white throat shawl thrown loosely about her shoulders gave grace and beauty to her form. A nymph of the woods could not have been more perfect than the maiden as she stood at the brink of this forest fountain.

First I made a noise as if to warn her of my approach, but she was so occupied as not to hear me. A second time I moved that she might discover me and not think I came upon her unawares. This time she turned with a startled look and made ready to go.

I held up my hand to stop her saying, "Mistress Lora, it pleases me to see you at the spring."

She stopped and with some embarrassment answered, "Master Beaumont, this is my first journey."

She seemed so frail, I asked, "Stood you it well?"

"Quite well."

Coming closer to her side I said, "You know, Mistress Lora, I was fearful you would not live through your sickness."

Looking down into the flowing water, she answered demurely, "Were you, truly?"

"My days and nights were filled with constant alarm for you, Lora."

This was the first time I had called her by her first name; she caught the note of my love in it and exclaimed, "Oh, Master Beaumont!" at the same time blushing deeply.

Now that we were alone all the love that I had felt for her during the long winter broke forth, ere I was aware, and forced me to say, "Lora, my love for you sent me into the forests amid snow, ice, and even savages."

Looking up quickly she said, "Then it was you who sent the fowl and hare?"

"I sent them to you, Lora."

Then with a curious look she asked, "Did you not come yourself?"

"Truly," I said with some uneasiness.

Looking up into my face, her eyes filled with tears, she sent me a message which her gentle voice confirmed as she exclaimed, "Oh, Master Beaumont!"

I read her affection for me, even though she would have withheld it and before she was aware I clasped her in my arms and kissed her.

She fluttered from my arms like a wounded bird, saying, "Oh! not yet! not yet!"

"Why not yet, Lora?" I pleaded.

"Oh, why would you have me love you when there is such a great breach between us?" she replied looking at me through her tears.

"Nay, not between us, Lora; for we have closed it."

"Master Beaumont," she said with a smile, "you would have me close the breach?"

"Truly, Lora," I replied.

Then another thought came into her mind and she shook her head as she said, "But my people are not your people."

"Truly, Lora, but you need have only me."

"Oh, that I could believe it!" she answered with tears streaming down her pale cheeks.

I could not bear to see her grief, so I clasped her again and kissed her into smiles. This time she did not push me away, though she escaped from me quickly saying, "Why do you love me?"

"Because you are worthy of it," I replied hastily.

"Know you not that my father does not favor you?"

"I will win his consent," I replied bravely.

"You little know his nature. Though kindly disposed, he does not understand you, more than you do him. His feeling of suspicion is deep set and springs not from a personal dislike of you but hatred of your class."

"Truly, he is a fair man."

"Yea, and more, but he sees through different eyes than yours."

"But you, Lora, you do love me?" I entreated.

"Do not press me," hesitating for a moment as if in doubt, then her innocent nature spoke out the truth of her heart as she said impulsively, "I would love you, but I dare not."

Just then a drop of rain fell upon my forehead. Mindful of her weakness, I pressed her to seal our love but she would only give me her hand which I bowed over and kissed. Then she turned and hurried up the hill as fast as she could; at the top she looked back but gave no further sign of her thoughts for me.

I made my way through the rain to my hut. Coming up to the door, I saw Captain Standish pressing the earth down over the roots of a lilac bush. All winter long it had been upon the ship in its good Dutch soil and now showed tips of green upon its outer branches. This was the only lilac on the ship and was the pride of the captain, since it was not only a favorite flower of his but of Mistress Rose as well. So I saw him out in this first spring rain, paying his respects to her who filled an unmarked grave in the Little-field-that-overlooked-the-sea. Ever after this, as I saw it growing daily, I could only think of it as the Rose Standish lilac, as it was through

her care and attention that it lived to flourish in this new country.

Seated under my own thatched roof, I began to meditate over Lora's refusal to avow her affection for me. From her speech I could see that her love was divided between duty towards her father and me. I felt assured that if I could gain his good will, she would not deny me long.

The attitude of the elder I considered now as of a more serious nature. Listening to the rain beating upon the thatching, I thought the whole matter through, coming to the conclusion that I must see her father without delay. As I arrived at this decision, there came a flash of lightning followed by a great clap of thunder which sent me to the door in a hurry. Seeing the maiden's hut was whole, I stood and watched the lightning play across the sky fancying that this new country brought its spring rains forth with strange accompaniments.

It rained hard all the afternoon and evening so that I could not go forth but sat over my fire greatly disturbed about the coming interview wth the elder. The next day I went to the spring hoping that I would have a greeting from the maiden.

Coming up from the spring, I saw the elder and his good wife planting hollyhock roots, to remind them during the hot summer days of their old English home, and likewise hiding the brown bark of the logs behind the stalks of red and white flowers. They had already planted sweet brier and other rose bushes, so that later on their front garden would be filled with fragrance as well as color. Though driven by stern necessity, kindly instincts lingered within them, causing them to cultivate flowers as well as herbs.

As I came up to my house rather downcast, I met Captain Standish issuing forth from his, encased in armor and bearing his snap chance. Asking whither he was going, he answered, "Governor Carver has decided to take a party and explore the source of the brook.

Some weeks before one of John Billington's lads had gone into the woods with one of the sailors. Climbing a tree to look around the boy discovered a great body of water which in his excitement he called the sea. Ever since, the colonsts

had spoken derisively of Billington's Sea which lay somewhere in the hills. The rain of the day before making the garden work heavy, the governor decided to sally forth with a body guard and see what was beyond the screen of trees that grew around the great clearing.

Bidding the captain to wait for me, I was soon in full panoply of steel with gun ready for use. I found five others at the common-house, all in full harness as myself. The governor lost no time but led us down to the foot log across the brook, where a deer path ran along the bank near the water. Through several centuries of usage, the wild animals had worn this highway deep into the soil making a firm footing. We marched in single file, brushing aside the branches of willows and oaks that grew out of the brink of the running waters. The startled water-fowl arose from the pools and flew away, sounding the alarm of our approach. Amidst the prints of the deer's feet sunk the heels of our heavy shoes, setting a mark upon the soil which has never since been effaced. Hills overshadowed the stream on both sides, at times receding, making ponds and marshes, again approaching forming narrows through which the waters flowed over mossy rocks and miniature waterfalls. Truly it was a brook of sweet waters, flowing out of the hills into the sea.

Advancing cautiously, for we were on constant guard against savages, we came to a great marsh.

Skirting this soft place we reached high ground beyond, where the brook was lined with a heavy fringe of brush and barberry bushes. Ahead of us was a great rock, lying partially on shore, its head washed by the waters of the brook. The governor desiring to get a view, clambered out upon the rock. As he stood there girt in his steel armor, his gray hair showing beneath the edge of his steel cap, his broad sword swinging loosely at his side, I thought him a splendid picture of an ancient warrior. Seeing that all was well, he leaned over the edge of the rock and drank of the running water. From this incident, some of the party called it "Governor's Rock," which can still be seen no doubt, much the same as when we first beheld it. All I could see from the bank was the thick

line of bushes above which arose the pines and larches, but so far as we could see this wilderness was uninhabited by man or beast. Shouldering our arms we once more took up our march.

As we followed the deer path around the base of a small hill we came out of the thick brush onto a lake of surpassing beauty. Its surface was as smooth as a steel looking-plate, and in the center arose a wooded isle thickly set with trunks of pine, tall and stately.

Upon the island were huts of savages which at first gave us great alarm. At second sight we saw that they were unoccupied, which caused the governor to remark to Master Hopphen Hopkins, "It puzzles me greatly to see on all sides old signs of savages, but no recent ones."

"I have noticed this as well," replied Master Stephen, "though we are constantly coming upon paths, there seem to be but few used, most of them being abandoned and overgrown. What means it?"

The gray haired governor replied with a shake of his head, "It perplexes me."

We ranged the shores of this lake, or Billington's Sea as some would call it, looking carefully for more huts or markings of the savages, but did not see others than were upon the island. These savages came and went like imps of the air, though there was evidence all about us of their presence, and at times they were seen at a distance, still the closest searching in the woods failed to bring them to view.

Tired with our morning's walk, we turned back towards the clearing. Passing down the deer path we came to the huts, without seeing or hearing a living thing, except a wild goose with a black head and a pillowful of white feathers on its breast, which I desired more than its flesh.

This journey through the forest had given me ample time to think and plan my talk with the elder. I stopped long enough at my hut to take off my armor, hang up my sword, and drop my musket on the wooden pins. Hastening down the path I came upon the maiden planting sweet lavender and gilly-flowers by the side of the hut. Hearing me approach, she looked up from her work.

"Would you not have me aid you with your planting, Mistress Lora?" I asked.

"Nay, Master Beaumont, a maiden's garden grows better under her own hands."

"Do not call me Master Beaumont, but Francis," I urged.

"Would that I could and know that it would not bring both of us heartaches," was her puzzling reply.

Just then the elder came around the corner of the hut. I had not seen him alone, since we almost came to blows, so I did not know how he would take my being with Lora at this time. He came directly to me, offering his hand and said, "Master Beaumont, I acted hastily when last I saw you, and so, ask your pardon."

His graciousness was so unexpected I stood speechless for a moment then managed to say, "Elder Brewster, my anger was greater than yours; besides I was in wrong in going to into your house during your absence, so I conceive that I should ask your pardon, rather than you should mine."

Lora, arising from her planting with her fingers soiled with the clay, stood in amazement at our greetings. "Father," she exclaimed, "what act of Master Beaumont caused you great anger?"

Though I would like to have explained, I felt that it was best for it to come from her father, so I stood in silence.

The elder was almost as greatly disturbed as I was and it was only after some little pause that he explained, "It was an act of kindness which I misunderstood."

I watched the shadows flee from her face and I took this as a good omen of her affection for me.

The father's explanation seemed to satisfy the maiden and as he was in good humor again with me, we three stood at the corner of the hut commenting on the stalk of the English sweet-brier-rose, wondering whether it would take root and thrive in this soil. Several times I led up to what I wanted to say to the elder but somehow my tongue failed to speak, though my mind and courage were fixed upon it. When I finally had the matter in hand, Governor Carver happened by, calling the elder away.

Lora and I were hardly alone when she would know all that had occurred between her father and myself. I endeavored to turn it aside, as a slight matter of little importance. But she did not cease until I told her how I killed my favorite squirrel for her sake, and brought the broth to her bedside. I hesitated, omitting that scene in which the father threw the broth into the snow, but she would not let me shield him, making me give it with all the other details.

As I told her how I had stolen in to her with my wooden warming dish, she looked up at me and exclaimed, "So it was not a dream after all?"

"What?" I asked.

"Your bending over me and feeding me the broth. Your —" then she stopped.

"My kissing you," I answered, knowing full well what was in her mind.

Then with a little cry of anguish, she said, "Oh, why did you tell me that this dream of mine was true?"

"Because you dragged it from me, Lora."

"Would that I had not."

"Why?" I exclaimed in surprise, thinking that she should be in joy rather than in pain at my confession.

In a plaintive tone came her reply, "Because it makes me love you against my will."

"Surely, not against your will, Lora," I urged.

She nodded her head and bit her lip as if greatly agitated.

"Did you not see the graciousness of your father towards me?" I went on hopefully.

"I saw his justice only, back of that is the immovable spirit."

I ignored her reply and went on hotly, "If I win your father, will you consent?"

Then facing me resolutely, she replied, "Why press me now? I know full well what will happen. Father will hear you through and will deal fairly. What his answer will be I know now, as though you had already brought it to me from his own lips. He has warned me against you and all persons in high places, as he sees naught but evil in their ways of living. He would not have me become one of your class even

though a dukedom were laid at my feet. My heart is already faltering, and I must not talk with you more if I would hold fast."

With this she turned from me and entered the hut which I would not now have exchanged for an ancient hall of stone and timber. She had left her sweet lavender seed spread over the ground uncovered. Stooping down I planted the first seeds in my life that I might serve her through them.

Standish and I went over to the Brewsters early next day, the captain seeking the elder, while I strolled around to see how the sweet lavender bed looked. There I found Lora in blushes and smiles. The touch of spring was in her cheek and the glow of health was upon her forehead, so that I thought her charming as ever in her coarse working clothes. My desire was to see her father, so I induced the maiden to apply her toils to the sweet brier, where I could have a view of the front and know when the captain left the hut. The two coming forth shortly and seeing the elder was likely to escape me again I called after him, asking him if he would spare me a moment. The captain did not stop but went on down the path.

When the elder confronted me, I made an end of my suspense quickly, saying bluntly, "Elder Brewster, no doubt you are aware that I have set my affection on your daughter, Lora."

"My daughter, Lora, Master Beaumont! Nay, it is impossible," replied the elder with great emphasis at the same time looking me in the face.

This rather nettled me, so I answered, "It does not seem impossible to me, since I prefer her above all others."

The father set himself squarely in front of me and with more energy than was pleasing exclaimed, "Master Beaumont, I say again it is impossible! I will not have it." With this he strode off down the path.

THE VISIT OF SAMOSET

THE maiden in her wise innocence, surmising the nature of my interview with her father, awaited my return in the front garden. She was making believe to be stirring the sweet lavender when I came to her, impulsively saying, "Lora, your father does not appreciate you."

Starting up and facing me, she asked "Why?"

"Because he says it is impossible for me to love you."

"Truly, he is right."

"All I can say," I replied with warmth, "is that you do not do me or yourself justice."

She ignored this as she went on, "What answer did father make you, if I may be so bold to ask?"

" 'Impossible, impossible! I will not have it,' and went off to the common-house."

Then with an air of sadness at the same time resignation, she replied, "Master Beaumont, I know my father better than you do. I love him and my duty is to him."

"Nay —"

I had hardly gotten the word out when her face turned ashen; grasping my arm, she pulled me around and pointed up the path.

It was time for me to become alarmed as well, for a stalwart half naked savage came down upon us saying, "Welcome, Englishman, welcome," at every step.

Pushing Lora back of me, I bade her flee into the hut and bolt the door, while I went forward to meet this strange visitor. The savage was without clothing except a broad band of deer skin around his waist, with a fringe hanging almost to his knees. In his right hand he had a bow and two arrows, one with a head of fish bone, and the other without. His hair was short, and was coarse and black as a horse's mane. He was a tall proper man without excess of flesh or clothing.

As he came to me the savage kept saying, "Welcome, welcome," until I made haste to reply, "Welcome, welcome."

With this he offered me his hand in friendliness. Accepting it as a sign of peace, I gave him mine in return. As we stopped on the path to survey each other, I saw the maiden standing in the doorway, ready to come to my aid or give the alarm. I recognized her courage by the wave of my hand and started towards the common-house with the savage.

There was an assembly of the colonists in the common-house now to discuss military officers. The sentinels at the door spying the savage and myself coming down the path raised the cry. There was a stampede and ere we had come within a hundred paces of the place, Captain Standish followed by the governor came running up the path shouting, "Hold, where you are!"

Obeying his command I halted the savage, who was very much alarmed, repeating again and again, "Welcome, Englishmen, welcome."

As the captain came to us out of breath, he asked of the savage, "What would you?"

"Welcome, welcome," answered the savage at the same time offering his hand. The captain grasped it, giving it a hearty shake. Then Governor Carver and Master Stephen Hopkins came up, asking in great excitement whence and how the stranger came.

To all the questions the savage made the same answer, "Welcome, welcome," all the while he was shaking with fright for fear that he would not be made welcome. But with all his fear, he was a bold fellow and would have gone straight into the common-house if they had not stopped him.

Governor Carver did not like his persistence in entering the log assembly hall, fearing the fellow was a spy. A guard was quietly placed over him, though he did not suspect it. The colonists with matches smoking gathered around the stranger, examining him closely as he was a great curiosity to them. Some admired his straight body, others his clean limbs, while others whispered that his bow was a weapon to be feared. The chief wonderment of all the men was how the savage stood the

cold with nothing on. I saw one of the boys touch the man slyly on the back, evidently expecting to find the thickness of a bear's skin since I heard him say, "'Tis like an Englishman's skin;" while the others shook their heads and marveled.

Governor Carver was disturbed in mind as to what was best to be done. Master Stephen Hopkins was full of distrust, warning them not to permit the stranger to learn the real feebleness of the colonists. After parleying among themselves the head men decided to interview the man in the open.

A blanket was thrown over a log for the benefit of the naked savage, who no doubt found it more comfortable than the rough bark. Governor Carver sat on one side while Master Stephen Hopkins took his station on the other, at the same time acting the part of interpreter, while the colonists crowded around eagerly to know whether the man was a forerunner of peace or war. Captain Standish and I stood in front, so that we could hear all that he had to say. The faces of the colonists as they bent forward to see, and strained their ears to catch the words of this savage, told of their anxiety and interest.

When the savage was seated and the colonists were crowded closely around Master Stephen, he asked, "Who are you?"

The native answered, "Somerset" or "Samoset," I could not quite tell which.

"From whence come ye?" asked Master Stephen.

The savage having regained confidence began talking freely in a strange language, being a mixture of English and his own. He talked so fast, Master Stephen stopped him making him repeat several times what he said. As near as I could understand the man, he said he did not belong in this part of the country, but came from an island, Monhegan, which was a day's distance by the sea and several days' journey by land. He called himself "Sagamore," which I fancied placed him among titled lords of his nation, whatever it was.

After the first excitement was over, Master Stephen asked him a question which was uppermost in my mind, "Whence learned you English?"

The savage answered that English fishermen came to his island yearly in great numbers, and that it was through them

that he knew our language. He had learned the seamen's oaths better than other words, and in his ignorance he so jumbled his curses in his talk that we could not help smiling.

Master Stephen who was still suspicious, shrewdly asked the names of the vessels and their masters. Our savage lord was not puzzled in the least but gave the names of fishermen from Bristol, Dartmouth, Barnstaple, Plymouth, and Southampton; telling how and where their cargoes were caught and dried. These answers so satisfied Master Stephen as well as the governor and the rest, that they forgot their fears and looked upon the man in a friendly spirit.

As the savage told in his lingo of seamen's oaths, bad English, and perhaps good Indian, how Captain Dermer of Plymouth had brought him to this coast eight months before, I heard someone whisper, "His coming was providential." Whatever it was, the savage happened to be where he was now of great aid to them.

When Governor Carver heard that our lordly Somerset was at Cape Cod, he asked, "Saw you our ship at Cape Cod?"

For the first time we learned why the natives were so shy, not only at the first landing at Cape Cod, but in the great clearing as well. From the red lord, we learned that this same Captain Dermer, who had brought him to these parts, was attacked by the savages at Cape Cod just six months before our arrival; and of a boat-load of men only the captain escaped, and he with fourteen wounds. When our ship appeared, the savages at once thought that we were on a mission of revenge so that they were afraid to approach us.

While this parley was at its height, the wind began to blow cold from the sea. The colonists shrugging their shoulders buttoned their coats for protection. All Lord Somerset could do was tighten his leather belt which had no other effect than making him breathe hard. As a matter of fact he sat as straight and unconcerned as though it was a hot day in June. The men thinking he must be cold threw a greatcoat around his shoulders. While this protection was being sought, the Indian visitor was not plied with questions. Glancing up the path I saw the dooryards of the log houses filled with women and chil-

dren, looking at the crowd, anxious to get the first word from the conference.

The best evidence we had, besides his manner of speech, that this savage had associated with Englishmen, was his asking for a drink of beer. As it was not to be had, Master Allerton gave him a draught of strong Holland waters which he took properly and with a relish. A feast of biscuits, butter, cheese, and a piece of mallard was set before him on a pewter platter. These dishes he ate well of and showed such liking for them, that the colonists gave over doubting him completely.

After this banquet, "Lord" Somerset once more took up his story of the people who had lived in and around the great clearing. He said the clearing belonged to a nation called "Patuxets."

Before he could say more, Governor Carver spoke up with, "Whence are these people?"

It was an all important question. Instinctively the men crowded forward holding their breath in their desire to hear what the red lord had to say. He noticed the eagerness of the colonists, hesitating so long I wondered what he was holding back, when he quickly said, "All dead, but one."

"Dead!" exclaimed the governor.

Then the savage nobleman told how a great plague had swept the country three years before sending whole nations to their graves, including the owners of the great clearing.

The relief this message brought to the colonists was shown in their faces. For months they had been living in dread of the return of the savage owners of the clearing, demanding its return. Now that they knew that there was to be no such procedure, and that there was to be no conflict with the ancient owners of the land, things took on a new form. A moment before they stood with doleful looks, now that the pressure had been removed, they smiled and grew merry. The governor caught the humor of his men and looked up smilingly, showing the relief of the dread of the savages was at work upon him as well.

When the colonists had recovered from their joy, Lord Somerset said the only remaining Patuxet was a man by the name

of "Squanto" who had lived in England and could speak the language without halting. From his talk I gathered that there was a king of the savages called "Massassoit," who ruled over the surrounding country, though his people were few and in lowly condition. Then Samoset startled us by saying that for the past three days all the lords of the land had been holding a devilish council in the neighboring swamp, conjuring whether to attack the colonists or not. Before beginning the assault it was decided first to test the friendliness of the colonists by sending an emissary among them, Lord Somerset being the one selected for the mision. It made me shrink as I thought of the great danger which had been hovering over us, while these red savages discussed our fates. Had an underlord moved strongly for war, no doubt but that the huts would have been burned and the whole colony swept from the face of the earth.

As night came on and the savage ambassador did not show signs of returning to his people, Governor Carver became uneasy and was troubled how to dispose of him. A hurried council was held at which it was decided to take him aboard the ship which was agreeable to Somerset. Coming to the rock, the water was so low that the shallop could not make the voyage. Then it was agreed that the savage should spend the night with Master Stephen Hopkins. Followed by the curious crowd, Samoset was conducted between the governor and Captain Standish up the path to the hut.

At early candle light, Captain Standish and I went down to see more of the red man. The governor had preceded us and was gleaning further information of the country, winds, time of planting, and most of all the character of King Massassoit and his people.

These questions the man answered as fully as he could, causing Master Hopkins to say to me, "He speaks the truth."

"A soldier is always on guard, Beaumont," observed the captain as we left the Hopkins house and went out onto the path where the men were standing in groups discussing the new turn of affairs. This observation showed how little Samoset's talk had affected the military instinct of Standish who was still determined to keep close guard over the clearing.

The doors of the huts were throwing shafts of light out into the night until the path was fairly lighted. "This is a gala night," I said as we went along.

"Truly, it should be since it celebrates the dawn of a new day to this colony."

We did not say more until we came opposite the elder's hut. There we could see through the open door that there was a gathering inside and after a moment's hesitation, we decided to join the crowd. We were given a seat on a form at one side of the chimney, while the rest of the company continued to discuss the arrival of the red lord of the forest. A great loaf of rye bread and a piece of cheese were brought forth by Lora and passed around to each of us. I won a confiding look from the maiden which to me was very much better than the feast, but the rest also ate their bread and cheese with a feeling of contentment and peace, which they had not known since they left England and Holland.

I had but a word with Lora. When I arose to go, she intercepted me near the door where the shadows were deep and we would be unnoticed. Laboring under the excitement that was stirring the colonists over the prospect of peace with the natives she asked, "What think you? Speaks this savage lord the truth?"

"Surely, since he talked too freely to deceive."

"Oh, that it were true!" she said doubtingly.

"Lora, you may rest content, this Lord Somerset is a messenger of peace." These words seemed to satisfy her and under the faint rays of the double candle, I saw the feeling of uneasiness flee from her face. Captain Standish rising to go, the maiden bid me a "Good night" such as I had not received before.

As we walked up the path, the captain gave me a start by saying, "Now that the dread of the savages has been removed, I fancy the governor will not hold the ship much longer."

"Think you it will sail soon?" I asked in alarm.

"Captain Jones would have sailed ere this, but the head men agreed to pay him and the ship owners extra pay, if he but stopped until we were better established."

By this time I was at the door of my log house. The captain went on to his while I entered mine, lighted my candle, and sat down to think over the prospect of an early separation from Lora. My mind was still disturbed over what the captain said about the sailing of the ship.

The next morning which was Saturday, as I went down to Master Stephen's house to see if Lord Somerset had managed to escape, I half wished that he had run away so that the colonists would keep the ship longer. These thoughts, however, gave way to better ones ere I reached my destination, where I found the red nobleman was well contented.

About midmorning the governor thought it about time that Samoset be sent back to his friends. Accordingly he was given gifts of a knife, a bracelet, and a ring. This last he immediately put upon his finger, being as much pleased as a youth with his first broad sword. The governor impressed upon his lordship that he was to convey a peace message to King Massassoit at the same time inviting him to visit the clearing, furthermore he was to bring all the furs he had to barter with him.

This instinct of business was so strong in the colonists, that their safety was hardly assured before they began to think of trucking with the savages. They had a store of colored glass beads, brass rings and bracelets, red coats, caps, and other trinkets brought expressly for this purpose. Seemingly they were anxious to begin. With some solicitude I saw his lordship disappear in the trees across the brook, for I could not relieve myself entirely of suspicion. The colonists, however, had given themselves over entirely to believing in the sincerity of this forest lord, and for the first time since landing went about their work without weapons.

On Sabbath morning the great clearing was lighted by a bright sun which was but a counterpart of the feelings of the colonists on this first thanksgiving of their release from the dread of the coming of the warring natives. The long roll of the drum sounded along the path calling to worship. With stately tread and tranquil mien, the men and women came forth from their winter quarters, dressed in their best doublets and hoods and pure white neck cloths. The children, who were

but miniatures of their elders in their apparel, walked behind them with youthful instincts suppressed and eyes downcast, as though they were on their way to a funeral. Governor Carver wore a ruff for the first time since landing, making a dignified and quite worldly appearing cavalier in his stiff starched neck-piece. Back of the family groups followed the single men, walking two and three together towards the meeting-house.

I saw the elder with his greatcoat buttoned close to his chin, with tall hat, long staff, and Bible under his arm. Beside him was his faithful wife and back of them walked Lora. She was too far away for me to see more than her gray dress, white cap and white neck cloth that formed a collar, spreading its folds down over her shoulders. Of all things in my mind for which I was most thankful, was the sight of the maiden on her way to church with unshaken health and increasing beauty.

As I stood in my doorway overlooking this tranquil scene of the moving sea, whispering winds and reverent people, Captain Standish came forth from the door of his log house on his way to church. I saluted him. As I did so I saw him suddenly straighten up and look intently towards the top of the mount in the clearing. Involuntarily my eyes followed his, and I saw five tall and proper savages coming down the hill towards the huts. The leader was a big man wearing what I took to be a tiger skin around his naked body. I fancied this was a party of noble red men as they wore long hose of deer skin up to their loins very much like Irish trousers, instead of being naked like Lord Somerset was on his first appearance.

Both the captain and I made for our guns, but when we found the men were without arms, we leaned our pieces against the huts and went forth to meet the visitors. Lord Somerset who was of the party, recognized the captain at once, and began shouting lustily, "Welcome, Standish, welcome."

The captain did not notice the forwardness of this greeting, cheerfully answering, "Welcome, Samoset, welcome."

With this salutation the party stopped in front of our huts, their naked bodies showing in colors of yellow and red, while their faces were painted in such hideousness I thought the evil

one himself would have been content with their appearance. Some had their hair trussed up with hawk feathers sticking straight out, another wore a fox tail woven into his braid, while another let a tuft of his coarse black hair shoot out from the top of his head very much in the fashion of a painter's brush. Their complexions were like our gypsies, dark and swarthy, lacking, however, the blush of the blood that gives color and comeliness to the face of the Englishman.

By this time the church going people too had caught sight of the visitors, so that this scene of peacefulness was turned into one of turmoil and uproar. The women and children ran with all haste into the nearest cabins, while the men lost no time in securing their arms. Those who had entered the common-house hearing the cry of alarm, came running out into the path, taking one look scurried away for their armor, without stopping to see whether our savages were on a footing of peace or war.

When the governor saw us parleying with the natives he came quickly, carrying his flaming match-lock in his hand. Lord Somerset at once set up his cry of "Welcome, Carver, welcome."

"Welcome, Samoset," responded the gray haired governor. Seeing that the savages were unarmed, he quickly placed his piece alongside of the hut, where ours were ranged. At the same time he motioned to the other colonists that they were to disarm themselves, grimacing, and shaking his hand since they were in no danger. Master Stephen Hopkins was fearful of some set plan on the part of the savages to lead us into their hands. It was only after many sly and quiet motions of the governor, that the stubborn Stephen put aside his piece, and came forward to greet the visitors.

All the colonists were now crowded around the savages, even the elder forgetting his sacred duties joined his congregation, and looked with curious eyes on the tawdry costumes, and nakedness of the wild men.

The visitors showing signs of friendship and peace, the governor drew his head men off to one side for a conference at which it was decided, even though it was the Sabbath day, an entertainment should be provided. There was a scurrying

from hut to hut in the gathering of food for the feast, the women and children joining the quest for provisions to fill the lanky savages. Without a doubt it was the quickest gotten together luncheon that this New England country had ever witnessed. Its hastiness, however, did not detract from the quality of the dishes in their eyes, yea, in the stomachs of these men. For no such compliment was ever paid to English cooking, as was the testimony of the clean dishes and vanished food given by the half naked foresters.

I am quite sure the more ignorant colonists expected to see the savages choke on the delicacies, as a sign of the displeasure of the Almighty for this idle desecration of the Sabbath. But when the breasts of half a dozen ducks, a quarter of a deer and a great platter of fish had found their way down the throats of the visitors and they were still alive, they began to look upon this scene almost as a miracle.

The feasting was tame compared to what followed. I can still see a lot of brave faced men look puzzled, then turn pale as their simple feast turned into an orgy, and the neighboring woods, bathed in Sabbath peacefulness, suddenly resounded with shouts of mirth and merriment. While the feast was still on, the governor out of the kindness of his heart and desire to show his hospitality, ordered a mug of strong waters to be given the savages. Now the head of an Englishman with all his ancestors of heavy drinkers behind him will get in a turmoil if the measure of spirits be not filled according to his temperament. Such being the case, what hope was there for the proper carrying of a draught of brandy by these simple heads, which had never been burdened with stronger waters than that which flowed from out the hills?

Quite stolidly they drank the brandy, but seemed to like its touch. They were soon melted into a state of merriment under the influence of the warming drink. As it worked upon the savages they began to talk freely; then in the humor of the moment, they thought it benefitting that inasmuch as they had been bountifully entertained, it was their duty to return the compliment by making music of their own. First, they began to chant, so doleful, I thought it well fitted for a funeral

dirge; but in time their slow toned music quickened into a howl, which grew in fury and intensity, until of a sudden the whole party sprang to their feet and before we knew what had happened, started a dance which I am sure the dervishes of distant Persia could not have equaled for noise and clamor.

As soon as the dance began, I saw a queer look come over the faces of the colonists, who stood aghast at this outbreak on the Sabbath day. Governor Carver, with his ruff, stiff and prim, and his coat of black thrown back from his gray doublet, stood and watched the howling dance in dismay. The governor looked at the elder, the latter looked at Winslow, and in the end they all looked at each other, wondering what they could do to stop the heathenish orgy; but no one made a move to do so, fearing the savages would take offense. While the colonists were looking with consternation upon this uproarious scene, I had a serious task to keep from laughing outright.

But a short time before they were on their way to church, going with solemn step and stern faces, fearing to smile lest they violate the sacredness of the Sabbath. Now they were silent witnesses of a riotous desecration such as they had never dreamed would take place within the clearing. While I was being afflicted with this internal mirth at the sobersided colonists, I happened to glance towards Captain Standish. There was a merry twinkle in his eye which I understood and felt, though his face was as free from his real feelings as was my own.

There was no stopping the savages until they were exhausted and could neither howl nor leap. As a sample of music or dancing I did not fancy the performance, though under the circumstances, it was ludicrous beyond description. When they had subdued themselves to the point of speaking, Lord Somerset brought forward four deerskins, offering to truck them for beads and other fanciful pieces. But the governor put Samoset aside kindly, making known to him that they would not barter for skins on the Sabbath, bidding him to come the following day with as many furs as he could find. Very modestly the savages assented to this, promising to return, and to show their good will and confidence in their new friends, offered to leave what they had brought without pay.

With much diplomacy, the governor managed to get his savage visitors in mood of going, though they wished to stay the rest of the day. Captain Standish forming an escort of his armed men, in a manner thrust them from the clearing, as he showed them the way whither their bows were left. Then he went among the savages shaking them by the hand, saying, "Farewell, farewell," to each one until the whole party left in good humor saying to each other, "Farewell, farewell," as though it were a companion piece to "Welcome, welcome."

But Lord Somerset was not so easily gotten rid of, this savage lord taking such a fancy to the English food and strong waters that he would not leave them; for when the time of departure came, he was stricken with such an active stomach-ache, he could not leave the clearing. I think it was one of the Billingtons who was unkind enough to say that he could not bear to be separated from the Dutch brandy. Perhaps he conceived that with ample groans and moans, he would receive another mug of spirits. At all events, his comrades went stalking off through the trees without Samoset, who found what comfort he could in the hut of Master Hopkins, who was heartless enough to use a plaster of mustard externally for warming purposes.

Once more the quiet and solace of the Sabbath day reigned within the limits of the forest fringed clearing, and once more the sound of the rolling drum bid the colonists come to service. By the stately governor strode the first lady of New England, in modest costume, which rather added to than detracted from her grace of person. From the various cabins came the men, women, and children bent upon the same mission, no doubt hoping to make amends for the unholy scenes which had been enacted in their presence.

In the sunshine of this renewed peaceful day, I saw the white hood and flowing hair of Lora and I joined with these people in silent prayer that at last peace and security were assured from the savages, and that she was firmly seated in her new home without the prospect of further disturbancce. As the last colonists disappeared within the doorway of the log house, I heard the notes of a psalm filling the clearing with harmony.

THE GREAT CHIEF MASSASSOIT

THE following day in the gray light of early morning I saw a strange figure pass my door going toward the wilderness. He was clad in a shirt bound around the middle with a red band of cloth, a tall peaked hat on top of his head and on his red legs was a pair of gray stockings and shoes with broad buckles, being partly Pilgrim and mostly Indian in his attire. It was Lord Somerset whom Master Hopkins had thrust out, after satisfying himself that the savage was feigning sickness, that he might further fill his lean loins with food and drink. There was no wanting of diplomacy on the part of the shrewd Stephen, for he so praised and worked upon the naked lord, as to make him think that he was leaving upon his own accord. Feeling proud and handsome, the strangely bedecked native went off through the woods to carry further tidings of the new settlers to his friends.

All was quiet in the clearing until Wednesday morning, when a third meeting since the landing of the colonists was held in the common-house to conclude laws and order for their form of government. While they were in the midst of the subject, three savages appeared on the hilltop across the brook shouting defiance, pulling their bow strings and otherwise challenging the colonists to combat. The meeting broke up in confusion as the colonists ran out into the open firmly grasping their pieces.

The boldness of the challenge stirred Captain Standish to prompt action. Taking a comrade with a musket and two unarmed sailors, he advanced quickly to the brookside, without stopping to parley, he plunged into the creek and made for the opposite shore. All the while the savages were scraping their arrows across their bow strings, accompanying this strange music with grotesque antics and shouting. All my dreams of safety for the maiden were lost, as I conceived that these were forerunners of an attack. There was nothing else to do but

to stand and watch anxiously the advance of the little party up the hill. All the while the savages kept up their shrieking and weird music on bow strings, until the men were half way up the hill, then they ran off still shouting defiance. This did not disconcert the captain who pushed on faster than ever, determined to know the object of this warlike attitude. I watched the men closely as they climbed higher and higher until they reached the top of the hill, where they stood looking upon all sides as if undecided whether to advance or retreat. I held my breath, fearful of an ambuscade or some other treachery, until I saw the captain slowly returning followed by his men.

Once within the clearing, the captain returned to his martial law so that the settlement again took on the appearance of an armed camp, rudely shattering the hopes of peace with the savage neighbors. During this period of suspicion, the people were divided as to whether Lord Somerset was a friend or an enemy, and so argued this point, until even the governor grew lukewarm in the defense of his savage ally.

Coming down the path shortly after this scene, I saw a procession of men, women, and children, moving slowly up from the beach. In surprise I asked who the newcomers might be. John Alden, who was now fully restored, answered me, that they were the last of the colonists moving ashore from the ship where they had spent the winter, being too feeble to build their huts ashore. So on this the thirty-first of March, the last of the people who boarded the ship at Southampton the previous September finally left their wooden prison. Most of them were feeble and sick, but out of the kindness of the colonists' hearts these were distributed among the huts, and were not sent to the sick-house of unpleasant recollections.

My desire to protect the maiden caused me to enlist under Captain Standish, offering my services either as officer or private. The day after the alarm, I slept late, as I had stood guard duty all the night before. This new menace of the forest inhabitants placed me in a quandary, as I could not decide whether to go or to stay. To abandon Lora confronted by this danger was cowardly, but to live with the colonists I knew was impossible. As the day was warm I opened my door

and pulled my chair to the step, where I could sit and breathe in the freshness of the ocean and the forests. Sinking within the arms of my chair, I happened to look across the harbor, there I saw the ship with all sail spread.

My heart sank within me as I sat powerless to move or speak, then starting up in alarm I shadowed my eyes with my hand from the bright sun, and stood looking intently at the full sailed ship. Down in my heart I felt that it could not be, as I would surely have heard of the sailing either from the colonists or Captain Jones. But I knew the master to be a captious fellow, and had no doubt he would make up his mind some fine day to go to England, and would accordingly set sail with or without the leave of the colonists. Even as I looked, I saw that the ship was still at anchor. I concluded that the captain was drying his sails, but for the moment, it gave me a scare which I did not soon forget. This alarm caused me to settle back and decide upon another early interview with the elder.

I was deeply engaged in this thought of Lora, when I was startled by a shouting. Looking out I saw Lord Somerset accompanied by a stranger coming down the path boldly as though nothing had happened. I felt now that the fellows who frightened us the previous day were not his people, or else he was a perfect villain in his acting.

While I was willing to forgive, the colonists were more suspicious, and came out of their huts with guns in hand. The governor and Captain Standish, however, showed their confidence by advancing to their savage ally unarmed, and offering him their hands. As soon as Samoset clapped his eyes on the governor, he began to cry, "Welcome, welcome!" Much to my surprise the stranger spoke in good English saying, "Welcome, Englishmen, welcome!" These friendly greetings set at rest the fear of attack, though the more suspicious still stood aloof.

As the stranger shook hands with the governor, Samoset was forward with the information that his name was "Squanto," and that he was the sole survivor of the nation of the Patuxets, which owned the great clearing in which the huts were located;

so that the colonists now stood in the presence of their lord and overseer for the first time.

There was no hesitancy on the part of the colonists in taking the two savages within the common-house, where the parleying was continued. There Squanto told how he had been carried off as a slave by an English freebooter, by the name of Captain Hunt, who had visited this coast in 1614. This same Hunt endeavored to sell him in Spain for rials of eight, but the priests called upon the people not to buy, so that Master Hunt sailed away for England with his captive. In London, Squanto said, that he lived in Cornhill, with a merchant by the name of Master John Slavy, where he learned the ways and speech of an Englishman.

So it seemed as if a kindly Providence had once more come to these people. In the first instance, Samoset himself only happened to be in this part of the country, having lingered eight months among strangers, apparently to be the ready instrument for bringing the colonists in peaceful contact with the estranged savages. Now Squanto, the sole owner of the land which they occupied, came from London, upon the scene at the proper time that he might give them further assistance. Whether these two men appeared within the clearing at their respective times through chance or divine influence, their coming as they did forms an interesting and important incident in the history of the Pilgrim colonists.

As soon as the people gathered together and silence could be secured, the governor began further speech with Squanto. Then much to our surprise, Squanto said that the great King Massassoit was now on his way to make a friendly visit to the clearing, and that he would arrive shortly with his royal retinue. There was great excitement and rejoicing as well, over the prospects of seeing a native king in the midst of his subjects – particularly this monarch who was ruler over the surrounding country; for it was the opinion of the colonists then that this Massassoit was a king in his country, as King James was in England, one to whom all people bowed down in honor and subjection.

When it was known that the king of the savages was in the

neighboring forests, haste was made that His Majesty be received in due honor. Most of the colonists had lived on the great North Road leading out of Scotland to London, down which came kings and queens with their retinues of nobles and courtiers, and in their own fashion had made service and obeisance to them, so that they were not new at the play of entertaining royalty. When the summons came this April day to prepare for a visit from His Majesty, King Massassoit, there was great scurrying among the quality, commoners, and servants, to untrunk what bit of finery they possessed and array themselves in it.

Governor Carver retired to his hut, appearing shortly in a new white ruff of magnificent proportions, well starched and spotlessly white. One lapel of his cloak was thrown back, just as a courtier of England would wear it in the ante room of Hampton Court, showing a new gray doublet with a row of brass buttons, polished and gleaming. His peaked hat was brushed anew, and the brazen buckles of his shoes showed that Mistress Carver had bestowed the same attention upon them as she had on the doublet buttons. The governor was of a goodly figure, and would have attracted attention in the court of King James.

Master Edward Winslow not to be backward wore a green velvet coat with wide spreading skirts over his armor, a brave garment and no doubt a relic of other days, since it was somewhat of an ancient pattern. I offered Captain Standish my red velvet coat and silk waistcoat with flaming red poppies, and such other pieces of brocades and satin as my chests contained, but he waved me aside preferring his steel armor to puff and powdery dress. In haste in burnishing his armor he left dull places here and there in the joints, showing plainly that it was the work of a hurried man and not of a patient woman. Since the captain would not wear my gaudy stuff, I let it lay in the chest, only turning it over to secure a gold neck chain and a new pair of saffron stockings. The other colonists were as active in arraying themselves as were the head men. True, they did not have ruffs and rapiers, but they busied themselves in removing the dirt from their buckles and buttons. The

children were equally well washed and cleaned, their faces showing red with much rubbing.

The colonists were in a turmoil over preparing for the coming of King Massassoit. The monarch himself with his retinue of sixty men came to the top of the hill across the brook, and tarried there with his brother. No doubt, he was as greatly agitated over his coming to the colonists as they were.

Captain Standish and Isaac Allerton with a guard of six musketeers went down to the brook where the colonists, little and big, ranged themseves along the top of the bank as anxious spectators of the coming event. Lora, of course, was among them so that I sought her out and stood by her side. She was not in the least nervous, however, over the presence of the savages, pointing out to me their curious fashion of dressing their hair with hawk's feathers and fox tails; and, womanlike desired to have a closer view of how these fantastic devices were woven.

There was a halt in the proceedings at this point, growing out of the suspicion of both sides that the other was not to be trusted too far. The result was that the colonists would not send their governor to the king, nor, would His Majesty trust himself within the clearing. As Captain Standish was walking back and forth somewhat troubled over the failure of the king to descend to meet him, Squanto offered his service to learn the cause of the delay. We at the top of the bank grew restless, wondering what had occurred to prevent the appearance of the king; in fact we could plainly see the savages moving around the brow of the hill, as they looked down upon the guard at the stream.

Lora, too, grew doubtful, asking, "Master Beaumont, think you the king will come?"

Though I was not overly sanguine, I would not let her be disturbed by my solicitude, I replied, "Surely, but he comes with caution."

While we were talking, I saw Squanto cross the brook, ascending the hill. Soon he was lost among the followers of the savage court. King Massassoit proved himself to be a diplomat of no mean quality, for he refused to receive a message except

from the lips of one of the colonists, asking that one be sent to parley with him. There was some consternation at this request for who would care to risk his life among these untried savages; but Master Winslow put an end to this question by offering to go unattended. He made an interesting figure in his great coat of green velvet and steel breast plate, as he struggled up the hill with a pot of strong waters in one hand, and a bag of biscuits and butter in the other, presents for King Massassoit.

All eyes were fixed upon the going of the first ambassador to the court of the king of the Wampanoags, as he made his way upwards among trees and underbrush of the forests. On his shoulders rested the safety, even the lives, of those who watched him. Nervously I twitched my forefinger around the lock of my snap chance, as I saw Winslow approaching closer and closer to the group of savages.

Once Winslow stumbled, causing Lora to seize my arm and exclaim, "He's down! He's down!"

But he gained his feet still clinging to his brandy cask and sack, and with renewed energy climbed on rapidly, until I saw him drop his bucket and doff his hat to salute; then he was lost to view in the crowd of savages that closed around him. The group seemed greatly agitated, its members forcing this way and that; I held my breath until I chanced to catch a glimpse of the green velvet coat.

Besides the English provisions, the colonists' ambassador carried a pair of knives, and a copper chain with a large cheap setting for the king and a knife and a jewel for the ear of Prince Quadequina. Seeing these presents of tawdry jewelry, I thought His Majesty must be in a poor way to be pleased with such simple gifts.

I afterwards heard Master Winslow tell how gladly the presents were received, how the king at once placed the copper chain around his neck; at the same time casting longing eyes at the strong water, as if he thought the best was yet to come. Winslow said he made a speech, which Squanto interpreted to the king, in which he stated that he was a representative from King James, that the colonists came in peace desiring

to make him a friendly ally. Furthermore, he boldly asked Massassoit to go with him to meet the governor in the clearing, that a treaty might be entered into between the colonists and his people. The king heard him through, telling Squanto he was pleased with the goodliness of the speech, but before deciding to meet the governor, the king said he would test the food and quality of the strong water the messenger had brought. After His Majesty had subdued his appetite with butter, cheese, and brandy, with true kingly manners, he gave the rest to his followers. The strong drink so worked upon His Majesty's brain as to cause him to make merry with Winslow, offering to buy his coat of mail and sword.

All this while we stood in the valley, looking vainly to get sight of Winslow. Lora began to grow impatient, asking, "Where, think you, is Master Winslow?"

"With the king."

"But he has been gone far too long to please me," she answered.

While we were watching and waiting, I saw a band of twenty stalwart men coming down the hill led by a lusty captain. Though I looked closely I could not catch a glimpse of Winslow's green coat, nor any indication of his presence. Lora noticed his absence as well and would have commented upon it, had we both not been so much interested in catching the words of Squanto, who was shouting something across to Captain Standish.

Listening closely, we saw him point to the leader, and heard him say, "This is King Massassoit."

The captain saluted His Majesty, as did Master Allerton, quite gallantly. The king came to the edge of the brook, hesitating whether to go ahead or retreat. Standish seeing the disposition of the chieftain, wisely saluted in such friendly manner that he made haste to cross the stream.

As he came ashore, Captain Standish gave him his hand saying, "Welcome, King Massassoit."

Squanto, who was beside his ruler, judged that the king should return a similar greeting, and I could see him whispering something in his ear; but His Majesty gave a few grunts in

his own jargon, not daring to trust his tongue to handling English.

While the exchange of greetings was going on, every one crowded around the band of savages, that they might see and hear all that was done and said. I was very much surprised not to see Governor Carver at the brookside to greet the coming of the king to the clearing; but he was a monarch himself, and wished to impress His Savage Majesty that he was not of the common people.

Lora and I had hardly taken our positions, when Captain Standish gave a command to his army of six musketeers, who were to act as a body guard to conduct the king to the governor. Three of the escort fell in behind, while the drummer showed the way up the bank, playing a rattling tune as fast as he could ply his hands. We followed close behind in true English mob fashion, being careful, however, not to interfere with the progress of the procession. The captain with drawn sword and shining armor led the way down the path to a half finished house, which was to be used as the council hall.

While there was neither platform nor dais for the king, the house was not without decoration; as a green rug was spread upon the clay floor, and four cushions were placed in a row upon it.

There was an opening for a window in the side of the hut which I took possession of for Lora and myself, having full view of the interior. As Captain Standish came to the hut, he halted his musketeers; leading the king through the door, he marched with stately tread pointing out the royal cushion, at the same time advising Squanto to be seated beside his master. Then the twenty savages of the retinue ranged themselves to the right of the king, sitting upon the earthen floor cross legged like London tailors.

The captain had hardly seated his guests, when there was a sound of drum and trumpet. Looking around, I was surprised to see Governor Carver coming toward the council chamber, with all the pomp and show of a king. Preceding the governor were a drummer and trumpeter; there were also musketeers before him and musketeers behind him, so that the ruler made

a brave showing as he marched with martial music along the path to meet the king.

The nearer the governor's party came to the council chamber the harder the trumpeter blew and the faster the drummer played, until I fancied the savages must have thought King James himself was approaching. At the door, the procession halted, the governor being led across the green carpet by Captain Standish, the king rising from his cushion throne. To my astonishment, Governor Carver stooped and kissed the red king's hand! This obeisance took the monarch by surprise, but he quickly regained his composure and reaching down took the governor's hand and kissed it with loudness.

There was another flourish by the drummer and trumpeter, who stood in the doorway, after which the governor seated the king on his green cushion, while he took the one next to him. The colonists crowded in the hut, standing with bared heads in the presence of the two monarchs, even the children pushing in to get a peep at the strange red men, who wore few clothes but much paint.

Noticing that Mistress Brewster was not likely to see much where she was standing, I surrendered my place alongside of Lora to her. There was a block of wood back of them, which I mounted, looking over the maiden's head at the savage monarch. He was a man of about thirty as near as I could judge from his face, hidden as it was beneath its stain of red; there was likewise apparently a rugged honesty in his countenance, which was indeed pleasing, impressing me favorably towards him. I could not say as much for the rest of his retinue, for as they sat cross legged upon the clay floor, their bodies shining with grease and their faces painted many hues, I thought, they were about the hardest looking crew I had ever seen outside of Newgate prison.

Lora did not like their looks any better than I did, for after gazing at them awhile, I heard her say to her mother, "What ugly, ugly creatures."

When the music had ceased and the first salute of welcome had been given, Governor Carver called upon Master Richard Warren to bring forth a pewter pitcher filled with rum. First

Governor Carver took the silver cup from the cup-bearer, filled it with strong waters, then turning toward the king, drank his health. I thought His Majesty showed some impatience at the size of the draught poured out for him by the discreet Richard, as he seized the pitcher himself, filling the cup full of spirits, then with true kingly capacity he poured the liquor down his throat as though it were spring water. Knowing the strength of the rum, I thought if His Majesty stood that great draught, he was surely a mighty man.

When all the retinue had been served with drink, the governor called for food for the guests. A great goose was brought in on a pewter platter steaming in its own juice. I could see the longing in His Majesty's eyes as he gazed upon the brown sweetness of the fowl, watching over it closely lest it escape. Governor Carver would not partake of the goose waving it on to the king, who was not so dainty, as he made haste to seize the breast in both hands, gnawing at the flesh like a hound. Then the other savages fell upon the dish with such vigor, that the whole retinue were soon greasy from chin to eyebrows. They ate heartily of the English cooking, looking with longing eyes when the platter was empty, no doubt hoping that another fowl was forthcoming.

Having dined his royal guests, next the governor proceeded to call upon the secretary of state, Master Hopkins, that more weighty matters than a gray goose be discussed. The governor bid Squanto say to His Majesty, that King James of England saluted him with words of love and peace.

With this the savage monarch essayed to rise, thinking that the governor was King James, but as I thought, the draught of rum held him to his cushion. Failing to gain his feet, His Majesty bowed several times, to show his homage. I could not refrain from smiling at the defeat of this red monarch in his first encounter with strong waters, for he sat now in a tremble, swaying back and forth, and could hardly sit upon the cushion. The governor, giving little heed to the king's condition, had Squanto repeat after him the articles of the treaty, which he urged should be entered into at once.

After each article, and there were several of them, was read

and agreed upon, Massassoit would nod his head and grunt, then all his subjects would grimace and applaud. It was a simple treaty of alliance, each side agreeing to do no hurt to the other, and both averring they would render assistance to each other in case of attack. When the last article had been agreed upon, the governor told Squanto to say to the king that if he kept faith with the colonists, King James would esteem him as his friend and ally. Again the king endeavored to rise, but he was so badly worsted by his great draught that all he could do was grimace, bowing low at the same time.

There was no mention made of King James in the first article of this treaty. I must say that Governor Carver looked the part of a strong independent spirit as he sat in the midst of the savage dignitaries, dictating to them this first treaty, binding them in an offensve and defensive alliance. As the various articles were discussed, I could see that the commonality of the colonists were in accord with them, though this was their first knowledge of the treaty.

With the finishing of the alliance, not a paper was signed by either party confirming this strange compact. King Massassoit took from a bag at his belt a few leaves of the tobacco plant; crushing them into the bowl of his pipe, he drank in the fumes, sending it from him with lusty puffs or permitting it to trickle from his nostrils.

The maiden asked me curiously, "What smokes the king?"

"Some of your tobacco, the seed of which I gave you with your shell basket," was my reply.

Looking into my face with a twinkling smile, she said, "Truly."

Before I could answer, she plucked me by the sleeve saying, "Look! Look! the king would have Governor Carver drink tobacco smoke with him."

Looking, I saw the governor put the pipe to his lips gingerly drawing in the fumes, then he coughed sending the smoke from his mouth in one blast. Still convulsed with coughing, he handed the pipe to Master Hopkins to test his stomach; likewise Master Allerton and Captain Standish, who were seated as councilors of the governor, were then made to drink of the

smoke, which they did with curious expressions. When the last of the colonists had had more than his fill of the pipe, the affair of state came to an end. In England such treaties were signed in ink, but in this country in smoke; I wondered which manner was the more lasting.

When His Majesty would arise, he had to call for assistance, as he was still sweating and trembling freely. This caused the maiden to whisper to me, "See the king has been seated so long, he barely stands alone."

I could have told her something of the effects of his draught of rum, but I held my tongue. Some of the London folks nudged each other and would have made merry with the monarch's condition; but they were properly frowned down by the other colonists, who were grave and serious, appreciating fully the importance of not giving offense.

Master Winslow being held as a hostage, it was decided to detain six members of the retinue until he was safely returned. With this understanding, the king and his followers were ready to go. The colonists crowded to one side as Governor Carver, prim and grave, took King Massassoit by the hand leading him in the midst of his body of musketeers. The other savages pushed closely after their chieftain. As the curious colonists looked on, the governor raised his hand; the captain gave his command, "Forward," and amidst the roll of drum and the music of the trumpet, the royal cavalcade marched through the clearing down to the brookside.

At the end of the foot log, the procession halted. The drummer and trumpeter were doing mighty service with their instruments, while the governor embraced his red majesty lovingly, giving him a cordial farewell. As the king mounted the log unsteadily, I held my breath; he hesitated, then waved his arms wildly, the maiden exclaiming, "He's falling, he's falling." For a moment I thought we would be greeted by the sight of a king in the brook, but he steadied himself, reaching the shore in safety. One by one the rest of the savages passed over the stream, leaving the six hostages for Winslow's safety in the hands of Captain Standish.

All this time I had been straining my eyes to catch a glimpse

of Winslow. In the order of things he should have been present to have passed over to us as soon as the king had reached the other side of the brook. Instead of his coming, I could see the savage court on the hill in great agitation.

Governor Carver and Captain Standish both stood at the edge of the flowing stream, anxiously looking and waiting the return of their ambassador; the drum and trumpet were silent, the colonists crowding closer and closer together, stood in a body wondering what delayed Winslow in the savage court. The six hostages mistook the uneasiness of the colonists as a menace to them, and were not anxious to leave their guard.

At this juncture, Squanto came down the hill alone, relieving the suspense somewhat, though we had rather seen the green coat of Winslow. From my position I saw the savage messenger leap down from the foot log and speak with Governor Carver and the captain, then remount the log and go back to his people. All these mysterious doings were explained, when the word was given that Prince Quadequina would make a call upon the governor, and that Winslow was to be held as his hostage until his return. The governor giving his consent, we waited to see what sort of a person this new princeling might be.

Presently there came another group down between the tall pines led by a proper tall young man. Like His Majesty, this man wore a mantle of the fur of some wild animal thrown loosely around his shoulders, and was of goodly appearance even to the eye of an Englishman, as he crossed the log, strong and sure-footed. Governor Carver saluted him, which the young man returned equally as well as the king had done, though I am compelled to say, both would have made awkward courtiers in any of the European courts. There was a natural grace and dignity about both of these savage noblemen that stamped their movements with sincerity, which I can not say of the shallow and idle favorites of many civilized monarchs. Again the trumpeter touched upon his horn and the drummer rattled away as fast as his sticks could fly, while this second party was led down the path to the unfinished house, and seated with regal honors upon the green cushioned throne.

I could not help but notice that Richard Warren, the cupbearer, held tightly to the pewter pitcher which contained the spirits, taking no risks of the repetition of the king's great draught. I took it that the prince was a poor warrior, as he showed a dislike to the muskets, asking Squanto to have the captain put them aside. Standish sent the musketeers out of the council chamber, but warned them to keep close watch.

The prince was of modest countenance and impressed me as a man of good parts. Since he and the king were really of marked dignity and quality, I conceived that after all there might be a nobility among these wild pagans and began to have respect myself for these members of the savage dynasty. When the feast was over, the prince with the cheap yellow jewel in his ear was conducted to the foot log with only part of his retinue, the others lingering where roast goose and foaming liquors were handed about freely.

Down through the brush and the dead leaves of the forest Master Winslow now came, having great trouble in preserving his velvet coat from the branches of the underbrush. This day he fulfilled well all I thought of him at the time of the signing of the compact in the roundhouse of the ship. Alone and unarmed except for his sword, he trusted himself in the midst of the savage horde and by his courage gave them an example of confidence, which no doubt influenced the king to come to visit the governor in the clearing. There was no haste in Winslow's coming now, picking his way with the same indifference as though he was in the midst of his friends, he crossed the log and stepped off into the embrace of the governor, who welcomed him as coming from a deed well done.

The six hostages went back quietly to their people. Captain Standish drew his sword with a flourish and gave a shrill command. With the trumpeter and drummer sounding their music, the musketeers began their march, while the people proudly followed after them, feeling that this treaty day was the beginning of a new order of things.

As night came on the visitors who lagged behind for food and a drop of brandy left, except two who would have tarried longer but for the active persuasion of the governor who bid

them sleep in their own camp. Lord Samoset and Squanto, being considered friends, sat in the shadows of Master Hopkins's chimney-corner as welcome as the governor could have been. Captain Standish and I went together to sit with Master Stephen and converse with the two friendlies, being anxious to know more about this worthy King Massassoit and his court. We soon found that while Squanto could talk on simple subjects, he failed us entirely on deeper matters.

The governor, likewise the elder, coming in, we gained further information about the plague that swept the savages away, how the people lived and what religion they held to. On this last subject both Samoset and Squanto stumbled somewhat having but little knowledge of English doctrines and tenets; but after some words, we found that both believed in a Great Spirit that dwelt in the blasts of the tempest, that swept in on the billows of the sea, or came like a song in the southwest winds – a mighty spirit that watched their comings and goings, who in peace brought game to their kettles, and in anger brought starvation to their doors. The elder listened closely to the two pagans, then drawing his Bible from his doublet began to read from it. Having finished his reading, the elder and the others knelt in the shadows of the fire. Lord Somerset and Squanto looked around curiously not knowing whether to go or to stay, then under the spell of the others they too came to their knees.

Through the open door I could see stars off in the far away and caught the softness of the wind as it swept across the harbor. Only the elder's voice was heard above this universal silence. Earnestly, and even eloquently, he sent up a plea that the hearts of the savages might be awakened by the touch of the spirit of Isaac and Abraham. So this night within the pine log walls of this lowly hut, the Pilgrims began their mission of mercy, as they conceived it, amongst the Philistines of the new world.

AS the captain and I went forth from Stephen Hopkins's hut under the spell of the elder's prayer, we saw the campfires of the savage king's household upon the hill across the brook, giving us ample assurance that his day's visitation was a reality and not a dream. After looking at the fires awhile, Standish told me that he had taken the precaution to post double sentries around the clearing. Though believing in the sincerity of the king, he would take no chances on the encroachments of his subjects. I began to chide him upon the pomp and show of the governor's court in the council chamber. To this he replied in good humor, that he divined the colonists were without bitter feeling against King James and his glory; but, they judged their worship was founded upon their conscience and the Bible, and not upon the king's commands.

While we were still discussing the loyalty of the colonists to the king of England, to whom they still were dutiful subjects, we came to the elder's house where I fancied I saw a slender figure with a white shawl showing against the dark cabin wall. I thought it was the maiden walking alone in the night air. The captain did not notice me, as I turned my head from time to time so I could see the better. Though I did not stop, I so managed my steps as to keep the figure in view.

At my door, the captain bade me adieu for the night, wishing to make the rounds and see that active watch was being kept. Hastily seizing my bucket, and swinging it carelessly in my hand, I made my way towards the spring. As I came near the Brewster hut my heart heat in high hopes, for there was the bit of white, and I fancied I could fashion the slender waist of the maiden as she stood waiting for me to come. The thought of her standing so long in one position never entered my mind, so anxious was I to see her alone. But as I came closer, my vision took the form of a sweet brier bush with a white cloth thrown across its thorns fluttering in the air.

With a look of disgust I turned away from the phantom figure, starting back without as much as filling my bucket; I overcame my feelings and went down the bank to where the willows hung over the brink of the spring. Stooping over, I pushed the wood deep into the flood, the water swirling into the pail. Holding it beneath the surface for a moment, I seemed to feel the consciousness of the presence of some one in the willows. With a swish I drew the bucket from the spring and turned to confront the intruder.

At my first glance, I saw the form of a woman shrinking against the trunk of the nearest tree. I do not know why, but I called, "Lora."

"Master Beaumont," she answered, "I did not expect you at the spring this time of night."

"Nor did I hope to see you here either, Lora. Let me carry your bucket."

"I have none to carry."

"Pray, then, what brings you to this lonely place?" I asked.

"Perhaps it was due to the excitement of the day. I was restless within the house, so I came out into the night to find peace."

"Think you, you will find it here at the spring?"

"It is a quiet place," she replied, "besides the willows are friendly, so that I can talk to them freely."

"Of what, Lora?" I asked moving closer to her.

"Master Beaumont," she said with an effort, "you would not like to know my whole mind. As it might be ill, it might cause you grief."

"Nay, not ill of me, Lora," I urged pleadingly, "I would have you love me with all your heart."

She replied resolutely, "Master Beaumont, that is impossible for many reasons, and I must not give you pain in going over them."

"But, Lora, I want to hear them. Could I but know what lies between us, perhaps I could aid you in overcoming it," I went on impulsively.

Then in a plaintive and far-away voice, she said, "I fear that you will have to go back many centuries to our ancestors, as

there is the beginning of our differences. At first sight I thought you were one of those soldiers of fortune, so many of whom I had seen in Holland, gaining fine clothes and some gold by serving Dutch or Spanish masters; but when you went forth in the cold and snow, I confess I saw you through different eyes. So far you have not told me your birth nor station."

"But I will, now," I said hastily.

"Nay, nay, let me finish for I must make an end of this quickly. That you come from a noble family, I fully believe. That I came from a family of sturdy yeomen, I am equally proud. Now you see the impossibility of our positions; your ancestors came from ancient halls, mine from ancient fields. Would you have the doors of your family close against you? Nay, Master Beaumont, I would not sacrifice you, even though I dared to love you."

I would not listen to her further but broke in, "Lora, if my family but saw you, they would adore you as I do. True, I come from Beaumont Hall; still it will open its doors widely to welcome you as my wife."

"Your wife!" she exclaimed and I felt her draw from me in alarm.

"Truly, my wife, Lora; for I love you as I do my life, more than that, I would give it freely to protect you."

Then she drew further away from me saying, "Nay, nay, not such sacrifices for me. Even though we were agreed, still there lies my duty to my father and mother. Our family has been driven closer together by hardships and sufferings. Now that we are standing in the presence of our greatest one, would you have me desert them? Would you have me speak the truth about you?" she exclaimed with emotion.

"Lora, even though your words crush me," I replied firmly.

"Then, Master Beaumont, down in my secret heart, I do love you. I dare not confess it aloud, nor bring my affection to my own view, but back somewhere within me, I love you."

"Oh, Lora, Lora!" I exclaimed advancing towards her.

"Nay, nay," she said hurriedly at the same time pushing me from her, "my love is one of my buried secrets, one which

crushes me and brings me pain instead of happiness; one which I must not gratify, nor permit you to encourage. Instead of peace and joy, it brings me grief and sends me forth into the night. I confide in my willows only, and I came here but now to unburden my heart to them."

Then with greater vehemence than ever she went on, "Nay, nay, Master Beaumont; I must not love you! I must not love you!"

I could see she was laboring under great excitement and in a manner was unburdening her heart to the willows instead of me. That she never intended me to know her love, I am sure; but she had suppressed it so long, she could not withhold it more. Fortunately or unfortunately, I happened to be present when she gave way, thus gaining the secret of her heart. Now that I knew of her affection and her courage in withholding it, I was more in love with her than ever. I had no words to answer hers, for how could I bid her forget her father and mother, or ask her even to abandon them in their distress and go with me? It was not in my heart to urge Lora to return to England, at the same time I know it was impossible for me to tarry with her.

Lora soon remained her composure and began to reproach herself for her outbreak, appealing to me, "Master Beaumont, forgive me. I never intended that you should know my secret love. It came from me unexpectedly and I know not what moved me so to give it up. Now that you know it, do not turn from me for awhile, at least."

"Turn from you, Lora? Your confession brings me closer to you."

"I would that it did not, for my burden already distresses me, and I would not add more to yours." Then remembering her long absence, she said quickly, "I must not tarry longer, Master Beaumont; but must bid you good-night."

Tenderly I kissed her hand and as she went from me in the shadows of night, I thought her worthy of her blood, be it from fields, forests, or palace. My head was in a whirl. Sitting down on the roots of the willows, I went over her words, endeavoring to find some way out of the snarl that beset both

of us. I could plainly see she was bound with living chains to her parents, the breaking of which lay only in their hands. Perhaps, I thought, if I could only gain their consent, Lora would go with me. But I had already tried this measure without success, so that all there was left me was a confusion of thoughts.

The next morning I could see no other way out of the matter than by another interview with the elder. I was soon knocking at the door of the maiden's hut, and was greeted from within by her voice inviting me to enter. I found Lora and her mother alone. The mother was not overly cordial in her greeting, but the maiden was calm after the night's interview, though I could see her eyes had not found much sleep. From the mother I learned that the elder had gone to the woods with the other men. Though I was loath to see the mother and father separately, I was so determined to know my fate that I unfolded my love for Lora without delay.

The mother did not show the least agitation as she said, "This comes to me not as a surprise, Master Beaumont, as I knew of the mitts Lora knit for you, for there is an ancient saying, that when a maiden begins to clothe a lad, 'tis a sign of love."

This pleasant speech I at once conceived to mean that the mother did not find fault in me, but I learned differently and that her mind was fixed not to give her to me. Catching a glance of sorrow from the maiden, I desisted though I longed to go on. Now I conceived that I was but causing Lora pain, and I left the hut with the knowledge that certain defeat was my lot.

Instead of going to the woods in search of the father, I returned to my hut and the arms of my great chair with a heavy heart. Now that I knew her secret, I could not help but think how much stronger a woman was than a man. Though apparently frail and gentle, bowing easily before the blasts of life, she forthwith straightens up like a reed after the wind ceases, once more standing. My mind told me I was in the wrong, though my heart urged me to forward my suit. Out of all this confusion came the unpleasant thought that

since she would make a martyr of herself, I must sacrifice myself as well.

For her sake I decided not to speak to her father, but to join with the maiden in a bond of self-control and self-effacement.

With the firm resolution of sacrificing my love, I went out into the warm sunshine. At the path I met the captain and Master Allerton going towards the brook. Then much to my surprise, the captain informed me that King Massassoit had sent a messenger requesting his visit be returned and that they were now about to set out on this mission to the court of the savages. This adventure appealing to me, I proffered my company which was accepted.

Without arms we crossed the brook while the people stood around and wished us safe return. I looked for the maiden, but she was not in the crowd nor was her mother, so I fancied they were still dwelling upon my recent visit. Struggling up the hill, we came to the top where I was greeted with my first view of a savage court. It was all I cared to see, to forever put an end to my notion of royalty amongst these people, as we English knew it; for they had no excess of things to give one man advantage over another, but all were upon the same footing of poverty and want.

King Massassoit sat in the midst of his people, holding his court beneath the branches of a tall pine, having neither a green dais, nor a green cushion to mark him as one above the ordinary. When we came up to the king, he arose and kissed our hands. The captain and Master Allerton returned the salute, while I merely bowed low, not caring to kiss the painted hand of this lord of the woods.

His Majesty was drinking smoke from his tobacco pipe, filling the air with its pungent odor. Once seated upon the mats which were laid on the ground, the king took a long draught from his pipe, then handed it to the captain. I watched Standish closely as he handled the pipe daintily and breathed in the fumes, letting the smoke curl out between his lips with such grace, I was really jealous of his trick. Master Allerton came next; though he did not fancy the ordeal, he managed to keep control of his face. Coming my trial, I

slyly wiped off the mouth piece then quickly drew in the fumes. I made no effort to imitate the graceful puff of the captain, for the stuff suffocated me and I forced it from my throat like the belching smoke from the mouth of a cannon. The biting and acrid taste of the tobacco plant smoke might be good stuff to sign treaties, but for my own pleasure, I must confess, I did not care to test its virtues for a second time.

This social function having been endured, I had time to look around and take observations of the camp and the people. The meagerness of wealth was apparent at the first glance. In their persons the men were tall and handsome timbered people, square faced with ample black hair upon their heads, but their faces were free from its growth. None were cursed with much flesh upon their bodies, being lean limbed and lithe as our English athletes. Their pride carried them to excess in dyeing their faces many colors, and in some instances pouncing their breasts with queer decorations.

Some of the women were quite comely, carrying their fur mantles with modesty, and even dignity. As a rule, however, they were hard-faced, thin and gaunt, showing clearly that the life in the forest did not improve their sex. The ancient women were hags, toothless like our witches, and with bent backs as peasants, so that they were not charming to look upon. One could well believe in their craftiness as they looked at us out of their black bead-like eyes, while we sat next to the throne of their ruler.

I longed to ask his Majesty how his subjects obeyed him as he spoke to one of them, evidently sending him to a task, but the man did not move until he was finally sent off, after many sharp words had been passed between master and man. I wondered how long King James would desist from putting into the Tower an Englishman who would dare to contend with him to his face.

We tarried long enough for the captain and Allerton to establish their friendliness, and for me to have my mind filled with the meanness of their living, their want of order, and their total lack of social distinctions. As we bade farewell, the king slipped something into the captain's hand.

On our way down the hill, Standish said, "Beaumont, the king's court is a poor one. See what he gave me."

Then the captain showed me a few ground nuts and a roll of dried tobacco plant. Ere I could reply, Standish went on to say, "After all, little as it is, the gift was made in good will."

There was an anxious crowd at the brookside awaiting our coming, deeming it venturesome business to go into the savage camp. The people were eager to know how we were treated, what we saw, and asked so many questions, we would have been compelled to have stopped the rest of the day to have answered them.

I went with the captain down to the common-house where we found the governor, the elder, and others of the colonists busily engaged in filling a great iron pot with peas, for the comfort and feeding of the savage court, which was in a fair way of starving in its hill quarters. A couple of savages walked away with the pot between them, delighted with an early prospect of a feast.

The governor was anxious to know all about what the captain saw and heard on his visit. Master Carver was adroit in his thoughts, placing much significance in the meager gifts of the king. As we were standing in front of the fireplace, Governor Carver turned towards Standish saying, "Captain, what think you, we will live in peace with the savages?"

The captain did not answer at once but stood thinking, then in time replied, "My thoughts are, that we will have peace with the king, as he has powerful neighbors pressing him hard, so that he is of necessity friendly to us, as he expects our assistance in case of attack."

"How know you this?" eagerly asked the governor.

"From the king himself through Squanto, who says that a people, called the Narragansetts, are likely to bring him to war."

"Then Massassoit will be truly our friend," replied the governor; for he was diplomat enough to see that the king was looking upon the colonists as his allies, and the clearing as a place of retreat in case he was hard driven.

As we came from this conference, we met Squanto coming

up the path with an arm load of wriggling eels, the largest I had ever seen. Our savage friend was followed by a crowd of curious colonists, who were anxious to know from whence the eels came, and how he caught them without hook or spear. The craftiness of the natives in their struggle for food now came forth, for Squanto said that the eels were from the bottom of a river, where he tramped them out of their winter quarters with his bare feet. Master Allerton weighed one in his hand. The shake of his head was more expressive of the quality of the eel, than his words could have been.

The governor in his fairness refused to accept the eels as a present from Squanto, ordering him to be given value for them from the common stores. So that the first commerce began over the bartering of the eels, and strange as it may seem, the proprietor of the ground was the first to profit by the coming of the colonists.

Savages in their fur mantles and nakedness were in the clearing as soon as the colonists were abroad the next morning. Their familiarity was alarming to the governor, who was for sending word to the king to keep his subjects at home. No action was taken, however, until after a convention of all the people which was to be held as soon after the morning meal as possible.

I was standing in the door of my hut watching two of the savages who were hanging around the captain's cabin, when the "rat-tat-tat" of the drum called the colonists to attention. The two wild sons of the forest first looked at each other then at me in the most startled manner. As the drummer kept his rattling music going, their astonishment grew in vigor until I saw them lope away towards the woods, as if some devilish conjuring had been devised against them.

The colonists, however, answered the call of the drum, going in groups of two and three or singly to the common-house. While I had no direct interest in the gathering, still I was curious to see how the commonality would conduct itself at the making of laws and rules to govern itself.

At the signing of the compact at Cape Cod, Governor Carver was merely confirmed in his position as "ship's governor

ashore," without laws to govern his subjects except the common law of England. There was a notion among the colonists, now that they were established, they should assert their freedom in the selection of a governor and fix laws for the orderliness of the colony. Knowing this was the program of the day, I closed my door, walking down to the common-house to witness the lawmakers at work.

As I was walking along, I could not help but recall the warning of King James to the commoners when they began to show signs of tinkering with his kingly duties. These are his exact words, "Do not meddle with the main points of government, that is my craft. To meddle with that were to lessen me. I am now an old king, for six and thirty years I have governed Scotland personally and now have I accomplished my apprenticeship of seven years here and seven years is a great time for king's experience in government, therefore there should not be too many Phormios to teach Hannibal. I must not be taught my office."

If King James had known this morning how his commoners were to meet in convention and select a monarch from their own number, His Majesty, no doubt, would have forthwith called Master Carver and the rest to account for their temerity, at the same time setting his seal of disapproval on their interference with his kingly craft.

Wth these thoughts still in mind, I came to the door of the common-house. The interior had a different appearance being filled with forms made from log slabs with four pine sticks driven in the corners for legs. These were placed in rows so that the quality, commoners, and servants could sit together while they were legislating.

A table stood in front of the chimney with three vacant chairs which I recognized as the governor's, the elder's, and the captain's. I had seated myself in one corner of the room when I heard the blare of a trumpet. Many times I had heard the same air at the jousting tourney heralding the approach of a knight. Turning around I was just in time to see the tall form of the governor enter the door, hat in hand. Stately he walked down the narrow aisle followed by the elder and the

captain, looking neither to the right nor left of him, seating himself in his great chair at the council table facing the people. As he came in, the men of quality and commoners arose, doing obeisance to their governor as though he were the king opening his parliament. I could not bring myself to do him such an honor so held fast to my log seat watching him closely.

To the right of the governor sat Elder Brewster, who showed the effects of the winter. To the left in full armor was the captain, his shining steel plates giving him the appearance of a god of war. Master Bradford was too ill to attend the meeting but I fancied he knew full well what program was to be followed.

Looking over the gathering, I saw Master Stephen Hopkins leaning against the rough logs of the side of the house and next to him was Master Richard Warren, the only London quality man left of the number who sailed so bravely from the London dock. Masters Martin, Mullins, Tilley, and White were gone, leaving woeful gaps in the ranks of the little band. These recollections called up memories of the common-house whose logs were worn smooth by the hands of the sick; when their cry for water went unheeded, and the dead were carried forth nightly from its portals. My heart was touched as I thought of those who had come so far and fallen so courageously, and who were now resting in the Little-field-that-overlooked-the-sea.

Turning my head towards the open door I saw a motley crowd of savages looking in. They little knew that they were the idle witnesses of an order of things which, had they but the wisdom to follow, would make them great and everlasting in their country. It was a strange blending of the affairs of the men, these half-fed savages looking in upon this handful of men organizing a plan of government which ultimately was to establish one people and overthrow the other. It was the old forms giving way to the new, idleness falling before industry, shiftlessness overcome by organization; but I am drifting from my text.

After the elder's opening prayer, the governor arose, as a

monarch among his people would report of his good deeds and further necessities. Governor Carver did not dwell upon the sad scene of the winter and upon their loss but steadfastly put his face to the future. His speech was worthy of a statesman as he made known his policy towards the savages; though he favored peace, it was not to be had at the sacrifice of their honor and position. He felt beholden to no one for their safety but they must at all times rely upon themselves, always dealing fairly with the savages but being prepared to fight if needs be.

With this question disposed of, the governor declared a new order of their own affairs and conduct for the coming year. He said that since all of the men were to labor in common, he would advise that they be assembled at sunrise at the common-house by the beating of the drum and so march forth to toil, furthermore, they were to be called from the fields at noon-time and at night by the drum, so that all would be treated alike.

There was to be a master of the fields, master of the tools, also a master of the forests, who were to plan their work, keeping things in order and readiness.

Some of the men moved around restlessly in their seats, speaking their thoughts by the shaking of their heads rather than their tongues, as if they did not fancy being driven to and from work. The governor was quick to see this factious spirit, making haste to say, "There must be no favoring of one man over another. I shall go willingly to work wherever I am sent, either in the fields or forests. I am sure the elder will do his part and Captain Standish has never feared labor. Every man must be up and apace, and I will lead the way."

I thought this declaration was in keeping with the governor's spirit and I felt when the time came for action, he would not falter; but a scowl of discontent marked the faces of a few, who still fancied that as long as they were free to govern themselves, they should do as they pleased. Governor Carver ignored their ill looks and made known permanently that there was to be no dissension, that they must stand together and each one do his utmost duty.

As the governor saw the future rising before him, his words came simply, properly, and I thought him as effective a speaker as I had ever heard. Nudging the man next to me, I asked him, "How comes the governor to speak so well?"

"It must come from within him, surely not from without since he has had little opportunity or training," replied this commoner.

"He speaks like a statesman," I whispered back.

I have heard the lords of state halt and hesitate in their addresses, but this untrained governor in the log council chamber in the wilderness never lacked a word or thought, doing his task in a masterly manner. I sat with my back up against the pine log wall and heard the governor urge loyalty to King James, but all the while his plea was the right of the colonists to rule themselves. I admit that I was so interested that I almost forgot that I was a king's man listening to seditious talk. As he progressed, I soon saw that the governor was preaching the doctrines advanced by Pastor John Robinson of Leyden in his last letter to the departing colonists. Now I, also, felt the spirit which caused these lowly men to rise in the presence of one of their own number, and why the governor came in all the pomp of a prince of the realm. As they saw the matter, it was not the individual, but the dignity of the law represented in the person of their own selected ruler, that they were bowing down to and honoring. However they saw it, I could not help but feel that this day there was a man's courage beneath the coat of the governor and a statesman's plan within his brain. When Governor Carver finished speaking and the others rose to pay their respects to him, I came to my feet readily, glad to stand within the presence of an earnest man.

The governor had hardly gained his seat when the elder arose and in goodly terms praised the steadfastness of Governor Carver at the same time commending him to the people as their ruler for another twelve months. I looked around to see how this continuing in power of the same man met with the approval of the commonality. There was little opposition to be seen in their faces since necessity pressed them so hard

there was no other choice. The Leyden people having named the governor for another year, the Londoners spoke likewise in favor of him, thus the two factions united in their choice of a ruler.

About this time Squanto came boldly into the room taking his seat on the same bench with me. There was a half dozen savages now standing at the doorway, deeply interested in the proceedings. While I was watching the wild men, the governor arose again and spoke briefly, then sat down. With hearty voices the men of quality, the commonality, and the servants voted the governor in his office for another year. Thus Squanto saw his ownership of the great clearing pass into the colonists' hands and was witness of his own loss without as much as knowing what was going on. As for myself, I was annoyed at the simplicity of the performance and the ease with which the governor was made monarch, so that Squanto and I were both astonished, though in different ways; as for King James, he was in blissful ignorance.

While the people stood, the captain and the elder conducted the governor to the door where the body guard of musketeers had already formed and with the beat of the drum, the governor marched forth, ruler of the colonists, without so much as asking, "With your leave," of King James of England. As I looked into his face, I must confess I thought the people chose well, for I knew no one among my noble friends who could have taken his place.

With the governor gone from the council chamber, the men mingled together showing such spirit of common fellowship that I conceived, after all, Englishmen might rule in the wilderness without a king over them, but I doubted it.

I was curious to know what Stephen Hopkins had to say over the proceedings so I singled him out, asking, "Master Hopkins, what think you of your new monarch?"

"Not a monarch, Master Beaumont, but a governor, since we have his making," he replied quite knowingly.

"Then you are content to have your two servants join with you in the government of the colony?"

"Truly, since this is the beginning of a new plan; perhaps

they will grow in knowledge as the colony grows older, so that they will be able to act wisely in such matters."

I soon discovered that Master Stephen was an advocate of the new order and left the log house where the new government was founded and the first selection by the people of a governor without royal consent was made in America. I shook my head in doubt as to the unusual proceedings, not knowing whether to think it was rebellion or necessity; at times feeling indignant then again calm, but all the while positive that sooner or later, the plan must of necessity come to a bad ending.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE RETURN OF THE MAYFLOWER

KING Massassoit and his savage retinue were gone, leaving the great clearing in sunshine and happiness over the outcome of his visit. I was not entirely pleased, for as I was standing in my doorway looking over the harbor, I saw the ship's boats hovering around it like a flock of ducks, loaded with sand for ballast. I knew full well that I was fast being driven by fate to a cruel parting with the maiden. What would I not have given to have been able to have lowered myself to the toils and labors of one of these colonists and to have lived in her presence in this new country? But the activity of the boats across the harbor gave me notice that my days in America were numbered. I was about to turn away when I happened to catch sight of Jones. Closing my door I hurried after him. His winter's stay had not improved his appearance, in fact he showed the same marks as the rest of us, as having been long away from the comforts of life.

Seeing me, he shouted, "Master Beaumont, what word shall I take back to England for you?"

"What word?" I exclaimed hastily. "I will carry my own messages, thank you."

"Go you then with us?" he asked in surprise.

"Captain, I have no other thought. When do you sail?"

With a sly look, he said, "Master Beaumont, you seemed so bewitched with these people, I thought you had cast your lot with them and I should go back to Plymouth without you."

"Nay, nay, Captain; there is a great breach between us which can not be bridged."

"If you are going, you must make haste as this is Monday, and we sail Thursday with the early run of the tide."

"I will be aboard this day, Captain Jones, to arrange my goods for the voyage." With this I went back to my little hut with a heavy heart. My fate was sealed.

I had only seen the maiden once since my morning's interview with her and her mother in the cabin. It so happened I was going down to the spring at the time Lora was workng in her sweet lavender bed. Though I had determined to steel my heart and go by her, my resolutions failed. The first I knew I had set my bucket down and was standing by her side. She looked up and smilingly said, "Master Beaumont, I wondered if you would pass me unnoticed."

"Not unnoticed, Mistress Lora, for I look for you every time I pass in hopes you will come forth. But I must not encourage my love for your sake."

"Master Beaumont, I would that I could relieve you of this sacrifice. If I could take your burden and add it to mine, I would gladly do so and send you back to England with a light heart."

"Lora," I said, "why make you more unhappy? I will go."

"It is better that you should," she replied plaintively.

I could not leave her and tarried until the distress had left her face, though I felt the hurt still in her voice. When I had won a smile from her, I left her in a fairly happy mood, though I longed to tarry at her side until she had finished the sweetbrier and hollyhocks as well.

Since this interview, several days had passed in which I had bravely, though sorrowfully, kept my vows to keep away from her. Coming up to my cabin from my interview with Captain Jones, I felt as though I must see her again. Stopping on my door-step to look at the distant ship I wished that I had never seen it. The bitterness of defeated love was full upon me, the taste of which no man ever forgets. My heart was not only heavy but paralyzed at the prospect. The coming of a maiden's love is all sweetness, but its going is a pitiless grief. While in the midst of these gloomy thoughts, happening to cast my eyes down the path, I saw her white hood in the sunshine. A smile stole over my face and for a moment I felt a thrill of joy, then she passed out of sight. With her disappearance the bitter sting of disappointment returned. I could stand it no longer, but rose and with rapid strides went off into the forests to seek relief amidst the trees.

The touch of spring was upon the woods, sending forth the green leaves upon the oaks, and here and there calling forth patches of grass, giving life and color to the dull carpet of the woods. No doubt, if I had listened I could have heard a robin's call, but the dullness of my ears sealed me against such pleasantness. Finding the root of an ancient pine tree, I sat down and looked up through its interlacing needles into the far-away blue, but the spirit of the woods did not give me relief. I felt as though the world were a dull, lonesome place, even though it was joyous with stirring life. Restlessly I kicked away the dead leaves and there waving its delicate colors of pink and white was the first cluster of May flowers. I sat looking listlessly at the spray, then the wind rocked it with its breath making it bow back and forth in a friendly manner as if to bid me welcome to its forest home. Stooping over I plucked the cluster from its nest of moss, rejoicing to have one ray of gladness break through the gloom.

Being interested in the mayflower, I did not hear footsteps approaching me and was not conscious of anyone's presence until Standish spoke, "Beaumont, you have the appearance of worry."

I looked up at my friend and impulsively my thoughts were to uncover my distress to him. The captain was more than interested in me, he was friendly; I knew I could trust him with my secret; then with the thought that it was Lora's trust I was keeping as well as my own, I turned from him saying, "Standish, I can not speak."

He suspected my troubles so he only tarried a moment; as he was going, he said, "The elder is alone, chopping, a short distance deeper in the woods. I am going to the clearing," then went on.

I sat idling with a birchen twig a few moments after the captain left me, not fully gathering the import of his words. Then I realized that the elder and I were alone in the forest. I sprang to my feet, determined once more to make a plea for the maiden. My resolution of self-sacrifice was forgotten and I rushed on, unheeding the briers, prepared once more to face her father. Strange as it may seem I took my inspiration

from the spray of mayflower. In my forwardness I christened it, "Lora," and fancied it to be her champion as well as my own.

I found the elder with his sleeves rolled up astride a log, wielding his ax like a man of twenty instead of sixty. He did not hear me until I was upon him and was greatly surprised to see me issue from the underbrush, instead of the captain.

He looked at me intently until I felt nervous under his gaze, but with the hope of Lora urging me on, I waved aside all thoughts except of her and began my entreaty. The elder was all attention, hearing me through kindly and patiently.

When I had finished he said, "Master Beaumont, you have misunderstood me. Since our landing, you have ever forwarded our cause and even suffered in it. I would that our differences were not so great, but to me they are insurmountable. My daughter is as dear to me as my life and I can not consent to her going with you to your people."

Though I urged and pleaded, he was so fixed in his purpose, I could not move him. He would not see me in the case, but would go to my family ties and connections and end matters with them instead of me. Though I caught the cheer of the mayflower, I could not make him forgive or forget my ancestors. That which most Englishmen honored, he thrust aside disdainfully.

Seeing there was no hope of winning him over, I left him and went deeper into the forests where I could bury my disappointment. Vainly I sought the sprig of flowers to comfort me. Though its green shone as if waxed and the pink and white petals blended their colors as delicately as before, the heart of the spray which was Lora was gone leaving only a flowering thing. Still its memory was sweet and I held it as a sacred thing, wondering if I could call back its spirit with my love. But the night shades crept through the forests and shut out the colors as I still sat trying to bring back the hope which was gone. Though I could not see it, the gentle fragrance gave me its lingering support, and I went through the darkness holding it close to my face.

Tuesday morning found me ill at ease, after a restless night during the hours of which I had thought out many plans only

to abandon them in the end. If I had had the right on my side, I might have had hopes of winning, but I was well aware I was asking sacrifices of the maiden and her family without making them myself. My only hope was to abandon England and take up my residence in the colony which I felt was impossible – not but that I would have been treated fairly and kindly, but there was a deep conscientious feeling within me against accepting their doctrines, and without them I felt sure the elder would not give me Lora. Recognizing the inevitable still I longed for some way out.

Aimlessly I wandered down the path towards the common-house, where all was hustle and activity over the early sailing of the ship. Though I watched her door closely as I passed, there was no such good fortune as my seeing the maiden. Even at this distance I could see the green shoots putting forth from the sweetbrier-rose bushes, so that they had already planted their roots firmly in this strange soil. I wondered as I passed on whether these English men and women would find their anchorage as quickly, and whether in this new country they would forget the old.

At the common-house I found everyone interested in the return of the vessel; even the feeble and sick came with halting steps glad to get away from their dreariness. All, who could find a reason for going abroad, fashioned their steps towards the great landing rock, where they stood looking across the bay at the ship's sails, which were aloft, or else chatting with the sailors who rowed back and forth still busy with the ballast.

As I came up, I heard Mate Clark say to a colonist, "What say you, will you go back with us to England?"

The good man looked about him and I thought was making an excuse in his own mind for leaving, when he replied with fervor, "Not for all this clearing, would I leave it now."

This amused Captain Jones, who chucking a lad by the name of Joseph Rogers under the chin said, "Here's a lad, that will go to Merry England."

The boy, whose father had died in the winter leaving him all alone, his mother having died some time before the coming, replied as he shook his head, "I won't leave father."

The captain either through chagrin at the lad's reply or wishing to test the spirit of the people or out of compassion said boldly to the crowd, "All who wish to return, follow me." With this he stepped forward.

The faces of the men grew set and stern as they glanced at the red faced seaman but not one moved. Their indignation turned to contempt, as they turned their backs and walked away, not deigning to reply to the captain's invitation.

Captain Jones grunted insolently, "Master Beaumont, these are stubborn people."

"Nay, Captan, they think you are but playing with them, since you know that they have fixed their minds to abide here, come what will."

"Think you they prefer this place to England?" he said slightingly as he looked around at the clearing and its lowly huts.

"Surely, since they have come far and suffered much for their conscience' sake. They now consider this place as their home, made sacred by their dead."

With a grimace, he replied, "Master Beaumont, you may think so, but I call it stubbornness."

Stepping to the open door of the common-house, I saw the governor at work amidst sundry papers, preparing his correspondence to be sent back to the adventurers of London and his friends in Holland. Among his official papers was the will and last testament of the London merchant, Master William Mullins, to be written in the court records in England. Priscilla Mullins was in tears as she stood beside the gray haired governor, who was now her fatherly adviser, as he read her parent's wishes. A few months had seen her watch the night burials of father, mother, brother, and family servant, leaving her an orphan and alone. The pangs of sorrow had changed her from a lass into a maiden, whose comeliness was not lost upon John Alden, whom I could see was hovering near her even at this moment. I saw her smile through her tears at Master John, the cooper, and envied him the message that she sent.

Standish happening by with a handful of arrows, I asked, "Standish, whence came the arrows?"

"These were shot at us at our first encounter on the third voyage of discovery," he replied, "and are now being sent to our friends in London."

This caused me to ask what other merchandise was being sent to the merchants to recompense them for their investments. He replied with a shake of his head, "It will be a sorry cargo, only a few furs which we bartered with the savages, a few hogsheads of sassafras roots and clapboards. The London merchants who loaned us the money to come, will meet with bitter disappointment, no doubt, expecting big returns upon this vessel."

One by one the colonists came to the door of the common-house bearing messages to their friends across the sea, or perhaps bringing a memento of a departed one. This excitement being a relief to my mind, I lingered awhile watching them come and go.

Captain Jones who was the busiest of men came ashore before noon to interview the governor. I saw Master Allerton hand him a package and overheard him say, "Captain, this packet contains the last relic of Goodman Degory Priest. This letter, telling of his death, and the shoe buckles in the parcel are all that I can send his wife as a remembrance. Though it may be a poor solace to her, it is better than that she should be totally forgotten."

Such was the ending of Degory Priest, the hatter of Leyden. Though he had long since departed this earth, his wife in Holland still thought him living, doubtless fancying each day would bring news from him of his good fortune in the strange country. But only a pair of shoe buckles were destined to reach her, bearing their message of sorrow.

There were others who were sending tokens and messages of sadness back to waiting loved ones and friends. Master Bradford was unable to leave his sick-bed, but sent word off to Holland telling of the tragic death of his good wife, Dorothy, at Cape Cod. Besides these written messages, others were given by word of mouth by the commonality who could not write, but urged the seamen their words must not be forgotten.

Depressed by these words of sorrow, I started up the path

with downcast eyes. I was so engaged I did not hear some one step aside to let me pass, and did not know of Lora's presence until I looked her in the face.

"Good morrow, Master Beaumont, you seemed so deep in thought, I feared you would pass me by unnoticed," she said as a smile played around the corners of her mouth.

"Yes, Lora, I was deep in thought about you, for I sail on Thursday for England, and would that you could go with me as my wife."

She shook her head, her lips quivered, but she did not make reply. I could tell from her face that she was suffering intensely. Feeling that I was giving her needless pain, I made haste to say, "Lora, forgive me, I have no wish to add to your distress. I suppose I must make up my mind to our separation and meet it bravely. Can I bear a message for you to some one?"

Her face brightened at once, as she handed me a packet saying, "Here is a message for my sister in Holland and another for friends in London. Master Beaumont, if you will but bear them safely, you will find favor with me."

"Lora, I would bear them even to Arabia, wherever that may be, if you would but ask it."

"Nay, Master Beaumont, I would not send you to such a distant country, since England is ample distance to be between us."

"Think you so, Lora?" I said with some hopes.

She nodded her head several times, then burst into tears and fled from me weeping bitterly.

I stood in the pathway, looking at the fleeing figure as one struck dumb. Her actions spoke more convincingly of defeat to me than if she had put her thoughts in words. I seemed to comprehend for the first time that her devotion to her parents was greater than her love for me. In her self-denying way, she willingly accepted her disappointment, sacrificing her love rather than bring sorrow to others. Her self-effacement and unselfishness only made me feel all the more my loss, but I felt that the breach between us was widening in spite of all my efforts.

It was a stunning blow and I went to my hut with my head in a whirl and my heart throbbing. Despair took possession of me, I sank into my great chair with a feeling that all was lost. Dully I sat through the hours of daylight without a thought of my surroundings, my brain refusing to do its duty. As night came on, filling the hut with its shadows, I arose from my chair as a machine, moving around unconscious of my actions. The darkness that surrounded me set me to the task of lighting the candles and starting fire upon my hearthstones.

I wandered to the door opening it wide. Off across the harbor I saw the dancing lights of the ship, then I closed it to shut the hateful things from my sight. Within my own cabin the candles and the fire were in full flame, but the gloom smothered these. Within my feverish brain came the one thought of England, then I remembered that I must be packing my chests to make a voyage to that distant country. The whole thing seemed vague and unreal. To this thought I responded by listlessly pushing my chest of wearing apparel into the middle of the clay floor. There I sat down upon it with my head between my hands endeavoring to gather my wits together. Time was naught to me. When the light of the fire began to slacken and the shadows to creep closer and closer, I arose mechanically and threw on wood that I might not wholly be engulfed in the blackness.

Returning to my chest, there came again a sense that I must begin packing. Acting upon it, I threw back the lid bringing into view my great scarlet coat. I picked the brave piece up, looked at it dully and threw it on the bed. Dragging my chest closer to the fire, the light shone full upon my gay cloak, my rapier in its black case and bright basket hilt, and all the other things that I used to revel in, but now I saw no favor in them. Piece by piece I plucked my cavalier's clothes from their resting-place and piled them in a heap upon my bed; but the flash of my jeweled hatband, burnished buttons, and the dashing colors of my apparel, did not awake pleasant thoughts of my coming life in the halls of England. I turned my back upon all of them and drew my chair close to the fire, with a hope that I could encourage it to kindle me afresh with its friendli-

ness. But my old companion of many a winter's evening, this night was only a blur of light without hope, without a soul spark. Remembering my beautiful dream of Lora in Beaumont Hall, I struggled once more to raise its embattled towers in the embers of this fire but my charm utterly failed me. Then I tried Lady Arabella's shoe rose to see if it would loosen my fancies of my old life, but the bauble was as a glowworm in its effects.

Wandering around my hut I came upon a great gash in a log which I had made with my broad sword, when I was pursuing the gray squirrel to its death. I rubbed my fingers back and forth across the splinters. The thought of how I fought for her life against the chill of the great snow gave me a moment's comfort, then a pall fell upon me, again sending me back disconsolate to my chair. There I sat with my hands thrust deep into the pockets of my coat, my chin resting upon my breast, looking into the embers of the fire, forsaken and alone. Exhausted and depressed by my great disappointment, my head fell upon my breast, my eyes grew heavy and kind nature drew me into a deep sleep; and so within the arms of my great chair, I spent the last night ashore.

On the coming of the morning of my last day before the sailing, I awoke with a start to find my chair damp from the night air and the coals of the fire gone out. Between the logs of the hut, where the clay had fallen out, the sun came in slanting rays, showing the outside world was flooded with sunlight. I made haste to throw open the door to cast out the gloom that held within my habitation as well as in me. While the first went quickly before the cheery sun, mine still clung to me with drooping spirits.

As I stood on my log door-step blinking in the sunlight, I could see the ship with sails half unfurled, as if it was making haste to begin its flight. At its peak floated a long pennant whipping in the wind. There was a blur of red at the top of the mizzenmast, which caught my eye, and for a moment I had forgotten what it was, then I recognized the Union Jack showing dimly in the distance. Looking past the ship I saw the sweep of the ocean, and felt the dread creep over me of how

on the morrow, from the far-away horizon I would look back upon this land where my Lora dwelt. England just then with all its castles and noble ways had no charm for me, and I was half persuaded to abandon them; but I shook my head as the thought pressed harder upon me, knowing full well it was not in my nature to become one of these people.

As I stood debating these things, Captain Standish hailed me from his dooryard with, "Well, Beaumont, on the morrow you will be upon the sea, and a happy man you will be to get back to England."

"Standish, I am leaving with a warm respect for the place and your people."

With this he came to my cabin door where we chatted for a time over the past and attempted to forecast the future of the struggling colony. Though the captain was hopeful, I felt that the odds were too many to be overcome and I was confident that the colony would sooner or later return to England, with only a handful left of its original number, as Sir Walter Raleigh's settlers did from their first attempt to fix themselves in Southern Virginia. I had expected to have an interview with Standish later in the day but now that he was at hand, I decided to make an end of all matters of my going there and then.

The day before I had Captain Jones set me ashore my year's supply which I had aboard the ship, determining to purchase from the seamen other provisions for my return voyage. There were several half casks of oatmeal, a hogshead of flour, casks of butter, and boxes of cheese, besides my dry meats; all of which I decided to give to the colonists, their supply already falling low. Some had a mind that I was arranging to stay with them, but I determined to set them aright, for I now took the captain down to the storehouse and showed him my stock saying, "Captain, these supplies I leave under one condition which must be known only to you. My charge is, that if you should come to starvation, that you will not let Lora die of hunger."

"Beaumont," he replied with a knowing look, "why leave such a burden to me, why not stay yourself to fulfill it?"

I shook my head, replying, "Impossible, Captain, impossible.'

"As you feel, Beaumont; for our lot is destined to be a hard one."

I turned on him quickly enough with, "I have no fears of labor or danger and you know I would not shirk exposures; but my life would be an unhappy one, that is the reason for my going."

"As you will, Beaumont; I will fulfill your commission."

To the captain I now gave two kegs of powder and several hundred weight of sheet lead for bullets; the extra broad sword I had brought from Plymouth, I wished he would likewise take as a remembrance from me. He accepted my keepsake graciously, and we went together while he drove a second peg in the wall of his hut to hold my blade. Then he showed me his sword which was a steel worthy of him. Near the hilt were several strange characters which he said were of the language of the Arabs. I could well believe this, the markings being of such fantastic design. Then he told me that the sword belonged to a Spanish officer who fell at the storming of the great dyke, Land-Scheiding, during the siege of Leyden. No doubt, the sword had been taken by the Spaniard's ancestors from the Moors when those pagans overran Spain. The captain bending the blade almost double, said he fancied it was made several hundred years before, the Mohammed people having a way of handing down their arms from father to son as sacred things. Standish wiped his sword off with a woolen cloth, pointing with pride that he had kept the blade free from rust during the damp and severe winter.

In the corner of my hut was a case of raisins, citron, and dried plums, which had been discovered among my supplies on the ship the day before. As I looked upon these sweets, I fancied that Lora would be pleased with these dainties. Then I begged the captain to do this one further mission for me on the morrow, when I was far out of sight of land. While we were in the hut I heard heavy footsteps upon the path and soon the doorway was filled with the forms of seamen. One touched his greasy hat, saying, "Captain Jones sent us for your chest, sir."

My pile of bravery was still lying on the bed where I had thrown it the night before, while the half empty chest stood with lid thrown back. Hastily gathering my possessions together, I threw them in the chest without more thought than of soon being through my task. As I came across my courtly shoes with their diamond roses, I stopped long enough to pluck the jewels from their fastenings, deciding that these precious baubles were to go to Lora. When all was in the chest, I bade the men fasten down the lid. The seamen shouldering my chests, walked out of the hut with all of my possessions, except my armor, my sword and gun; these I preferred to take to the common-house, and there place them in the hands of Mate Clark for their safe carriage to the ship.

Now that I was moved and the last act performed, shutting off my prospects of staying, I walked about the hut with tender emotions. Though it was but a poor habitation with mean furnishings such as were to be found in a peasant's hut on the Beaumont estates, still it was the scene of simple pleasures and kindly deeds. As I looked upon its poverty I understood that my pleasure grew not from wealth, nor what it could do or bring here, but from simple acts which kindle into flame the real spirit that smouldered within me. How strong these memories were I did not know until I was left alone within its barren but friendly walls. I am frank to say that Beaumont Hall had no such ties for me, as did these rough barked pine logs with their yellow clay chinkings.

I went forth from my lowly hut to the neighboring woods to get a farewell taste of the wilderness. There I found the breath of spring touching faintly the forest flowers calling them from beneath their blankets of dull besotted leaves. In memory of Lora, I plucked a cluster of mayflowers, binding the green leaves in with the pink and white beauties. Then I brought forth my diamond shoe roses, placing them in the midst of the flowers, making a brilliant and costly bouquet. Though the stones sparkled and sent forth many colors, they did not rival the mayflowers in my affections. I would have Lora linked with this flower and my keepsake, and so I planned to go at once and give them to her.

As the time approached to bid her farewell, a calmness came over me which I felt was my resignation to the inevitable. She was lost to me and I to her. The dullness of the night before seemed to be hovering over me, but I resolutely put it aside, determined that the last recollection of me should not be marred by my disappointment.

As I went by the spring, I tarried there a moment, drinking from its waters, hoping against hope that the maiden would come and we could say our farewell beneath her friendly willows. As she did not come, I climbed the bank, knocking gently at the Brewster door. Lora answered with an "Enter," in which I detected a grave note; but the sound of her voice was pleasant to me now in whatever tones she spoke. Within the hut I found the father, mother, and the maiden in deep conference. Both the elder and his wife received me silently, but from the maiden there came a smile, which cheered me. This look I took for one of encouragement, and in a moment I was all ablaze.

She never seemed more comely than she did now in her simple costume of gray and white. All my despair and disappointments and even my good resolutions were swept away in the flood-tide of love, that came swelling up within me. If I could have but drawn my sword and fought for her, I would have done so gladly.

Whatever the results, I rushed on heedlessly to make a last appeal, for I felt now as if my life's happiness, as well as the maiden's was at stake. Without faltering I turned from the bewitching face to meet the elder's.

He was without hatred and I hoped his prejudice against me was overcome, as I made haste to say, "Elder Brewster, I had made up my mind firmly to depart without saying more on the subject of my love for Lora. Even as I stood just now at your door, my resolutions were that I should but say a last farewell, and then go aboard the ship never to return to the clearing; but when I entered and read a message in Lora's eyes and smile, all my thoughts and resolutions have been swept away, and once more I want to plead our cause."

The father interrupted me saying, "Nay, nay, do not say our

cause, but say your cause; since Lora has signified her willingness to stay with us." Turning to the maiden with fatherly affection in his voice, he finished his sentence with, "Have you not, Lora?"

I looked at her pleadingly; for a moment she seemed bewildered, then she said with downcast eyes, "I have, Father."

"Yes, she has," I cried, "but though she stays, her heart will ever be with me. Do but look at her now, if you would know the truth. To-morrow you will know where her love lies, when it is too late."

For a time I thought my pleading would win my way, but I saw the face of the father set like steel when he said, "Master Beaumont, even though she has fixed her affection on you, I know where her happiness lies. I consider that it is better that Lora sorrows for a time bitterly, than to sacrifice her whole life, needlessly."

Now I essayed to stop his torrent of words that were sweeping me to defeat, but he would not cease, saying as he went on, "It has fallen to my lot to go to London and dwell in the inner circles of good Queen Elizabeth's court, so I know the nobleman at his best and worst. I have full knowledge of what he thinks of the common people and his action towards them. I know whereof I speak, when I say, that it is better for Lora to stay on this side of the ocean in sorrow, than to go with you to your people."

"You do not understand —" I tried to go on.

But he would not let me, exclaiming, "Master Beaumont, I do understand more than you and better than it is possible for Lora to do. As I have said, have I not spent years in London as assistant to Secretary of State Davidson? Do I not know fully what reception awaits Lora from your noble family in England, coming as your wife? Nay, nay, though it breaks her heart, it will be a kindness for me to keep her even against her will."

At no time did the elder raise his voice, speaking slowly and deliberately. The mother was in tears, holding the maiden's hand as if she feared that she would slip away from her. Lora was pale but calm. I looked at her for strength,

but she was as a pillar of wood. Beneath my doublet I felt my sprig of mayflowers and took courage from it, determined to face my fortune with all the courage I could summon.

"Elder Brewster," I said, "you have misconceived me and my family. Even though you should have read their characters aright, can not I take Lora to another part of England, were they to be uncivil to her, and would I not crush the throat of anyone who would speak unkindly to her? My love for Lora comes not from a silly emotion, nor does hers for me, but it is fixed within our lives; it is part of our past, our present, and our future. Her happiness is my happiness, what befalls her, that is my lot as well. My affection with be everlasting."

Without waiting for me to finish, the elder spoke hotly, "Would you abandon your people? Would you forego returning to England? Would you cast your lot with us in the clearing? Would you join our church? Would you become one and inseparable with us?"

I stood looking him in the eye, never moving a muscle until he came to, "Would you join our church?" Then I shook my head, for I could not truthfully say I would become one with the colonists in their faith, and government.

The elder was all calmness again as he said, "I thought as much. Since you will not abandon your people, then Lora shall not abandon hers."

The maiden was watching my face closely as her father went through the various questions, and I thought even pleading with me to accept all of them. I think she saw prospects of the fulfillment of our love, when I stood silent and consenting to most of them. When I finally shook my head, she gave a little gasp, wrenching me with its anguish; but not a word or a sigh more came from her.

After this I saw plainly that my going on would but cause her pain, since her father would not give her up; nor could I bear to see her stand there, pale and tearless with her sorrow gnawing at her very heart, without a sigh or emotion. Lora was looking at me – a picture of calmness, yet of despair.

I crossed the room, taking the maiden's hand, I bent over

and kissed it; then leading her gently, I placed her hand within her father's, giving my heart with hers back to his keeping, thus consummating my sacrifice.

Once out of the cabin I was sorry that I had given way to my feelings, though I would never have forgiven myself had I not made every effort to win the maiden. Now I knew that all my efforts were futile, my fate was sealed, and I would sail back to England alone with a picture in my mind and a gnawing in my heart, which I felt could not be comforted. My armor and sword and gun I now carried down to the common-house, where I found Captain Jones and Mate Clark, still being besieged with messages and requests to be borne back to London and Leyden.

Big John Billington, espying me, came my way hurriedly, exclaiming in a loud voice, "Master Beaumont, so you sail for England on the morrow? You look sad, when you should be glad."

"Would you go in my stead, John?" I asked.

"Gladly, since I do not fancy being driven to and from the fields by taskmasters."

" 'Twill do you good, John; for I fancy you have already done more hard work since you have lodged upon these shores, than you ever did before in all your life."

"But, Master Beaumont, I did not come to work. I fancy the hunting of deer."

As I did not care to continue the conversation, I asked, "What mission would you have me perform for you, John?"

He gave me a sly look as he said, "Master Beaumont, take a big mug of ale the first hour ashore in England, and call it John Billington's quaff."

"Is that all?"

"Nay, take a second one, and call it the same name, that will be all you can carry with safety."

With this I handed over my panoply of war to Mate Clark, asking him to see that they were carried to the roundhouse. Turning from the seamen, I happened to espy Master Bradford sitting in the dooryard of his hut and fashioned my steps towards him to say my farewell. He was still feeble, his long

sickness leaving him thin and haggard. Though I had never relished his presence, still I had to respect his resolute spirit and devotion to the cause of the colonists and took this opportunity of telling him so.

As I hurried to leave him, he stopped me by saying, "Master Beaumont, you should know that you carry the best wishes of the colonists back with you to England."

I replied as I halted, "Thank you, Master Bradford. It pleases me to know that I am leaving without your ill will."

"That you have not, since you have borne privations with us bravely, sacrificing your own comforts for ours many times." I thanked him again and went off feeling that perhaps I had done him an injustice in thinking of him as I had.

Though I had decided to go aboard the vessel at once, I did not have the heart to cut this last tie, moving restlessly from place to place in the clearing. Looking in the door of the common-house I saw a council was being held by the governor, Standish, the elder, and Masters Winslow and Allerton, relative to the terms of a new charter for their present abode. Since the charter the colonists now held was one from the Virginia Company of London, and they had fallen ashore on the land of the Virginia Company of Plymouth, which held that part of Virginia above the Hudson River, it was necessary that a charter be sent at once confirming their powers of government within their present settlement. The forms and terms of this application were being carefully considered by the head men, so that I knew that I could not see Standish for some time.

Turning from the door of the common-house, I once more wandered up the familiar path towards my thatched roof hut. I could see that the door of the Brewster house was open, and strained my eyes to see if I could catch a glimpse of the maiden's white neck cloth in the dark interior, but I was doomed to disappointment. Happening to glance towards the captain's hut, I saw her coming from it. Involuntarily I quickened my steps, for the sight of her brought me cheer.

Her strength of will made our meeting easy. She even smiled as I said, "Lora, the captain is in the common-house."

"I was not seeking the captain solely. I had a gift for you and not knowng that I would see you again, I took it to the captain's hut, that he might make delivery in your hands."

"A gift for me?" I asked curiously.

"It will make you merry, no doubt, at its simplicity; but I have carried the woolen mitts that I knit while I was sick to the captain's house, and you will find them there."

Lora's reference to her gift aroused me to the fact that I was carrying hers in the cluster of mayflowers, in the pocket of my greatcoat. These being crushed and faded, the thought came to me of our going into the forests together to seek a fresh handful of flowers in their wild haunts, so I suggested, "Lora, I have a gift, but a part of it is still growing in the hills beyond the brook. Will you go with me to seek it?"

I had hardly ceased speaking, when her lips began to quiver, and I saw that she was trembling from emotion, so I made haste to assure her that I had no intention of renewing my affection.

She calmed herself as I said, "Lora, this is our last afternoon together. I promise you that not a word will escape me that will add to your burden, nor will I reopen that cause which I consider is lost. I have brought you so much sorrow and pain, let me make our last hours together ones of pleasant memories."

She listened to me and as I made known my purpose, there came back into her face the old look of confidence and affection as she replied, "Master Beaumont, come with me, while I make ready."

The mother met us at the door with a look of surprise as much as to say, "I thought you were gone." In a few words Lora explained that we were going to the forests for mayflowers. The matron was not willing at first, but with the assurance of the maiden that we would be back shortly, she consented.

Now that we were on joy bent, we must go down by the willows and drink from the cool clear spring waters. Already it was curbed with round stones confining the little stream to a fixed course, instead of its former free roving down to where it met the brook's tide. So the wildness of nature's fountain

had passed under the yoke of civilization. Crossing the brook on the foot log was, of course, of such perilous nature, that I must hold the maiden's hand tightly all the way, and then take both firmly, to aid her to the ground on the other side.

Coming upon the deer path, we followed it along the brook-side, until we were out of sight and hearing of the great clearing. I let Lora have the beaten path, while I walked alongside her on the uneven ground so that I could see her face. As we went along, bunches of mayflowers persistently flounted their heads at us bidding us pick them, but they were such brazen pieces, we refused to see them, passing them by unnoticed.

We were in a reckless mood of joy. Both of us forgot the future and for a moment lived in the love of each other. The deer trail led us deeper in the forests along the brook into the shadows of the low hills, where they drew closer and closer together, forcing the waters to flow between them with much murmuring and brawling. Though the shades of darkness and damp odors filled the hollow in midsummer, now it was aglow with golden light filtering down through the green tipped oaks and willows. The carpet of green grass was only a faint tinge, giving promise of June softness. This day we thought the hills were rugged and the little valleys winsome in their golden colors.

From the dark pool with its black waters, we came to open shallows where the grass grew thick and close and the sun shone unhindered upon the brook. There were no dark or mouldy places here, but under the flood of light, the sands shone silvery upon the shoals as the limpid waters hurried over them. Beyond the shoals was a marsh, where the branches of the barberry bushes were woven as closely as the wicker works on the shores of Holland.

As we were picking our way across this marshy place, I caught the "honk, honk," of a wild goose, arising from the pool just over the hill that confronted us. I held up my hand, warning the maiden to follow me silently. We stole stealthily along the rough ground, bending low and stopping often like children in high glee. I led her around the marsh with

many a "Hush, hush;" lest she make a false step or crash a dead twig beneath her feet.

I could see the color was aglow in her cheek and the mirth in her dancing eyes, as I turned back to caution her from time to time. "Slowly, slowly," I whispered over my shoulder, as we came to the base of the hill on the other side of the marsh, beyond which, I fancied, the goose was sailing in the brook. Crawling up to the top of this low hill, I looked out upon the still waters where floated a white goose with its mate. Bending low the maiden came towards me, so that she too could see the graceful fowls pushing their way proudly through the water.

We stood for a moment watching this peaceful scene, when I was startled by the maiden rising and shouting, "Shoo! Shoo! Shoo!" There was a mighty beating of wings and splashing, as both fowls lifted themselves and were soon flying with the swiftness of the winds.

With her face flushed with excitement she said bitterly to me, "These wild creatures have no right to be calm and peaceful, while the rest of us are at war within ourselves."

Lora's fierce indignation soon passed and once more she was herself. She seemed embarrassed by the outbreak, and looked at me as much as to say, "Forgive me," but never saying the words. But her note of fierceness was one of real life and met with my admiration, for it showed the spirit of the maiden was part human and not all divine.

As the dry land forced back the wet, we came to where the brook took form between the hills, flowing with a clear flood beneath the overhanging hazel bushes, which grew so thick we could not see through them. Following along we came to a break in the wall of brush; through this opening I saw the Governor's Rock, which took its name from the governor standing on it, on his first expedition to Billington's Sea. Gladly I took her hand and led her down the bank out onto the rock, which had its footing in the earth, and its brow washed by the ceaseless current of the running brook.

From the Governor's Rock we came quickly to Billington's Sea. Here, there were no fringes of barberry and hazels

with circles of reeds beyond, but the waters of the lake lapped the roots of the trees, that grew thickly upon its edge. The pines and larches stood straight and proper with their green heads towering above their more lowly neighbors. Here and there were the gray trunks of beeches, the whitened birch, and the rough barked oaks, giving tone to the forest colors. For thousands of years these trees and their ancestors had stood over this woodland lake, untouched by the hand of man. In the midst of the blue waters was an island with its trees showing clear and bright in the sunshine. We could see the decayed walls of the savages' huts among these trees, quickening our imaginations, as well as heightening the scene, by their picturesque effects.

As the sun filled the forests with its light sending shafts of changing rays across the peaceful waters, we were filled with the majesty of the scene, standing in silence in its presence. Unconsciously we moved closer and closer together, until I looked down into her beaming face, all aglow with the reflected beauty of the lake. Under the spell, I said softly, "Such peace."

" 'Tis heavenly," came from between her lips, so calmly, I knew that the gentleness of the landscape had stolen into her aching heart, as it had in mine.

An ancient cedar with gnarled and twisted branches grew on the bank just above us. As I looked up into the sky, I caught its flat green foliage, and instantly wondered, what changes this veteran had seen come over this lake, within the period of its centuries. For such trees I knew lived hundreds of years before they tottered and fell of old age. No doubt, the cedar had heard strange tongues, shouts of combat, the glee of returned victors from battle and, no doubt, many puffs of tobacco smoke had curled upwards between its branches from the throats of savage peacemakers; and out of the depths of the wilderness, forest lovers came beneath the spread of this old cedar, telling of their affection in strange and uncouth language.

But I was sure, that through all the ages, this gnarled and knotted tree had never witnessed the fair form and graceful

figure of such a maiden reflected in the blue waters of the lake, as was Lora this day. She wore sombre colors, without adornment save for a gray scarf which was wound about her waist, falling with loosened ends at one side; but her modesty and kindliness marked her in better character than her quiet costume.

From the water's edge we mounted the bank and stood beneath the cedar, which no doubt is still standing or one of its progeny. The sun was touching the top of a withered pine on the little island. Pointing to it, I said, "Lora, when you would think of me when I am gone, steal away to this cedar and watch the sun as it comes to the top of yon withered pine. By the clock I would say it was five. At this hour each day I will turn my face towards the west, sending you a message through the sun. Then I shall fancy you beneath this ancient cedar receiving my words of comfort and love. Likewise, I shall expect you to look across these waters and return me cheer and hope."

While I was speaking, Lora stook gazing at the top of the tree with serious mien. Looking up into my face with her eyes suffused with tears, she answered, "Master Beaumont, the sun that shines upon our lowly hut in the clearing is the same sun that shines upon Beaumont Hall. If you but look at it any hour of the day, you will read a message from me."

I could see she was growing in serious mood, which I vowed I would not let temper our last hours together. Taking her hand, I led her down to the deer path, winding its way back through the maze of hazel bushes to where the brook flowed from the lake, all the while watching for mayflowers. As we approached the Governor's Rock, I saw to the left of the path the pink and white petals showing above the brown leaves. These I plucked and more, until I had a handful. As we stood for the last time upon the ancient rock, I stole my diamonds from my pocket, dropping them in the center of the clustering mayflowers. I bade her bury her face amidst the soft petals, and drink in their fragrance, and so remember my keepsake with the first mayflowers. She held the two shoe roses over her head, and shook them until they sparkled in the sunlight.

Having pleased her fancy with the handling of the baubles, she would return them to me saying, "Master Beaumont, I thank thee; but they will be of little use in the forests."

"Nay, Lora; I would not have you consider their worldly value, but I would have you keep them as a remembrance of Francis Beaumont."

Then she took the mayflowers with the diamonds sparkling amidst the cluster, and kissed them over and over again. With our affection still fresh upon the flowers, she placed them beneath her neckcloth. As I beheld her pink and white cheeks I thought she too was a mayflower, destined to bloom in the deserts of America.

Standing on the Governor's Rock, we saw the sun sinking lower and lower. The golden sand in the bottom of the brook, began to grow dull in the evening shades. Out of the murmuring waters there came the notes of the departing day, which a bird overhead would make a requiem in its song. Now that our hours had become minutes, we drew closer to each other, as if we would stay our separation. But the big red sun was journeying on its relentless way, unheeding the two longing hearts that wished it would move more slowly.

Lower and lower the sun swung, until it was a red disk hanging above the western horizon. Then the tree-tops began to show in the edge of its crimson ring. Even as we looked, they thrust themselves deeper and deeper, until they reached full across the red plain. Through the branches of the pines, the lowering sun flooded the valley and the hills. Up the reaches of the brook there stole gray shadows, and from the waters, arose evening vapors. Now the hill-tops were bathed in full day color, and as we looked these, too, faded away, leaving the light soft and gray. The gentleness of the creeping twilight touched us upon the Governor's Rock. Taking my hand in hers, Lora looked up at me. Then with all the intenseness of her affection, she placed both of her hands upon my cheeks, drawing my face towards hers, and saying, as she kissed me, "Francis, I love you."

I was overcome, but before I could seize her in my arms, she had fled to the shore.

My opportunity, having passed we were compelled to turn our steps toward the clearing. The night shades already changed the gray shadows of the flowing brook to darker hues, as we lost sight of the rock. Within the forests all was silence, broken now and then by a falling twig or a moving bough. There were no songs of birds to greet us as we followed along the deer path all too fast. The dark pools were dismal black from which the mists were rising. Shadows of the forests no longer fell athwart each other with a medley of subdued shades but were all of one woeful color.

I felt that the ending of the day was but a counterpart of our lives. As our minutes together were now numbered, we walked along in silence with the pall of our separation bearing heavily upon us. Though I endeavored to bravely lift the spell with pleasantry, it had a sound of mockery. We both knew and felt, that the ending of our lives together was near at hand and we could not throw it off, even if we would.

Hand in hand we walked down the path through the forest trees with the knowledge of an everlasting parting in our hearts. In the presence of the eternal, things of this life fade into small matters. Neither of us was thinking of the sailing of the ship, the want of food, the rigors of daily toil, or the demands of the body, but of the days when our hearts would cry out hopelessly for each other across the ocean that separated us. At such times words are useless things for they are human, it is only the silent messages of the soul, that measure up to our needs, when the everlasting is pressing hard upon us.

As we came to the brookside near the clearing, I could distinguish the form of the mother standing near the hut looking anxiously towards the woods. I lifted the maiden to the log and again held her hand as we crossed. Lightly she leaped to the ground. Now the time of our parting was full upon us, within the shadows of the willows we stood in silence. Though we would have lingered to have eased the pang, the night fall was setting fast, so that we dare not tarry.

I can not tell the anguish in my Lora's voice, as she turned her pale face up to mine and said, "Francis, you will always love me?"

"Always, Sweetheart," I answered. Then she kissed me again and fled through the night, sobbing piteously.

It was only after she had departed, that I realized she had gone from me forever. Then I reeled against the trunk of her willow. I heard the murmur of the water as it flowed from the spring, and the wind swaying the branches of the tree, then I found myself saying over and over again, "She's gone. Lora's gone."

THE door of the Standish hut was open as I approached, a lamp sending a narrow shaft of light out into the darkness. I found the captain and his men at supper, making the most of dried meat and cheese. Looking at me, he exclaimed, "Beaumont, what ails you?"

Shaking my head I seated myself in his armchair. Then he insisted on my supping, but all desire for food had left me. I could see him looking my way from time to time, no doubt wondering if I would be able to go aboard the ship. But I soon gained control of myself, asking him for the mitts, that Lora had left for me. Though they were of small value, to me they were more precious than the diamonds which I had given her.

Knowing that Mate Clark was waiting at the landing rock, I made haste to take my farewell; but Standish would not hear of it, saying he would go down to the boat with me.

My last walk down the path was filled with sadness. Coming opposite the Brewster hut I saw figures within and I longed to go to the maiden, but I dare not trust myself to another meeting. We found Master Winslow alone in his hut, still touched by the sorrow of the loss of his young wife. Friendly we were together, and I made him welcome to Beaumont Hall, whene'er he should find his way back to England.

Governor Carver was lingering in the common-house, having signed and delivered the last word to London and Leyden. Arising from his chair of state, he grasped my hand warmly. All during my stay I had desired to put certain questions to him with reference to this everyman's government, which the colonists had established. Now that I was about to leave, I made bold to ask them.

While the governor was holding my hand, I said, "Governor Carver, what think you; will your people always agree among themselves as to what laws are good or bad for them?"

"Surely not," he replied promptly, "but they can agree upon certain men who will."

"But, Governor Carver, you do not fancy that John Billington could have much of an idea, what concerns his welfare?"

The governor gave a little smile answering, "He does when we tell him what is best for him."

"So you feel that you can rule without a king?"

"Nay, nay, Master Beaumont; we are all good and loyal subjects of King James and the English common law; but we know best what meets our requirements here in this new country. Our present form of government comes not from a lack of honor for the old or a desire to practice novelties, but as you know full well, grew out of a condition of lawlessness in which we found ourselves, when first landing."

This I knew, but I could not conceive even then of the commonality being able to rule without a monarch over them, so fixed were the traditions and customs of royalty in my mind. So I stopped endeavoring to solve this problem, and offering my hand to the gray haired governor, bade him farewell.

He held me for a moment to say, "Master Beaumont, I trust you will carry good word about us back to England."

"Governor Carver, I shall never speak ill of you or of the colonists. Though we do not think alike, I know you to be an honest and a just people."

Then I went forth from the common-house, bearing a vivid impression of a tall figure, the earnest face with its crown of silvered hair, the play of his eyes as he spoke with me of this new form, the gentleness of manner, and the wholesomeness of character of this first governor of the colonists.

Mate Clark was waiting for me and by the aid of his lantern Standish and I walked side by side. We followed the path until the rock showed forth out of the edge of the water, alongside of which the long boat and its crew awaited our coming. Mate Clark swung his light over the side to give me clear vision for stepping aboard. Turning to Standish, I embraced him upon the shore of this new country as warmly as I did my friend, the Earl of Devonshire, at our parting upon the quay at Plymouth.

My heart went out to his chivalrous spirit, as he said, I thought, with some tenderness in his voice, "Farewell, Beaumont."

"Farewell, Standish," I replied, stepping into the boat.

The sailors pushed off with a will. Looking over my shoulder I saw the dim form of my friend Standish alone upon the rock and with a silent wave of my hand, he vanished into the darkness.

As I climbed the ship's ladder to the deck, I found Captain Jones impatiently awaiting my arrival. I did not stop long with him for fear that he might drop a coarse remark about my friends ashore. The vessel had been towed from its winter quarters behind the beach into the deep water at its point and was lying with its prow towards the open sea. Though the distance was much greater than before, I could still see the flickering lights in the huts. Turning from them with a heavy heart, I made my way into the dimly lighted roundhouse.

Once more I sauntered in my familiar quarters in the little alcove. It seemed like meeting an old friend as I slipped into the arms of my chair and took up my watch of the distant lights, that came and went within the great clearing. For a time I endeavored to select the light that came from the lamp of Lora's own filling, but my heavy brain could not fix upon it. Somewhere off in the darkness that hung over the huts I knew was the maiden, I hoped with a lighter heart than mine. Why dwell upon this sleepless night, the restless hours, my heavy heart and crushed hopes? Within the little alcove I sat in silence, until one by one the lights in the huts went out, and I was alone.

The sombre shades held full sway. Over the great clearing the night clouds hung lowering. Across the harbor came gusts of wind with lingering tastes of winter. The rising vapors of the earth too were ladened with dampness, cold and penetrating. Out of the forests came the wail of the pines as the winds played through their branches.

This nightly stillness was suddenly broken by the creaking

of a door, as a tall figure stepped out of a hut in the great clearing. Carefully picking his way down the path he came to the landing rock where he stood, silently peering through the darkness. The chill of death was upon him as he thought of how other colonists had stood upon the shores of this unknown continent and had hopefully watched other ships sail away, and how these same people had disappeared, leaving neither sign nor vestige of their fate. A few short hours and their ship, too, would sail out to sea. What of the future, nay; what of the morrow? Despair, labor, hope in turn filled his soul with turmoil.

While the burden of gloom was bearing heavily upon this lone colonist, a faint tremor of light broke through the darkness in the east, the first advances of the coming day. With upturned face and outstretched hands, he unburdened the anguish of his soul. Truly, a heroic figure was this lone watcher on the beach in the darkness of the night and in the presence of the endless wilderness.

Upon the path shortly sounded footsteps and another phantom figure came to keep company with the first. As the two talked and pointed across the harbor, other colonists issued from their thatched huts, standing in silence upon the wet beach. Even as they came the dawn colors flashed across the sky, outlining the tall spars and black hull of the ship dimly in the mists of the morning.

As the light grew stronger, Governor Carver came with measured step from out the clearing with his good wife leaning on his arm. Soon Elder Brewster, his wife, and the maiden joined the group of silent people. The color had gone from her cheeks, her eyes were swollen from many tears. There was inexpressible sadness in her face, as she stood looking across the harbor.

So the colonists came, until every hut was empty, and the people with fearful hearts stood and waited for the parting signals. Even the children were silent as they looked at the fluttering streamers flying from the topmast, knowing full well the dangers of their coming isolation.

As the sun came up red out of the ocean, it shone fully upon

the colonists grouped around the landing rock. The gray haired governor was the central figure, with his black cloak thrown about his shoulders. Beside him was his faithful wife, her kindly face furrowed by the tragedies of the winter, her gray hair changed to white, giving a touch of dignity and peace to her motherly countenance. Grouped around these two stately figures were stern faced men, kindly faced men, some who prayed and fought, some who prayed and thought only; there were men of learning, men of ignorance, men of great hopes, men without ambition: but all were men of one faith and one God. Whatever sternness was in their character they concealed beneath acts of kindness, as they now looked upon the matrons and maids, encouraging them by their strength and affection.

All the while they were listening intently for the signal of the ship's cannon and the call of the boatswain's whistle to hoist anchor. As the sailing time approached, the colonists crowded closer together. For now they knew full well that their place of refuge was slipping from them.

Alone they were to stand in the presence of sickness and death, for within the past month thirteen of their companions had died, and none knew how soon he would be called to follow. Alone they were to grapple with starvation, for lean days were already hard upon them; alone to overcome the forests, which stretched across the distant mountains in one vast wilderness; alone with the dread of the savage still upon them, since they knew their friendly Massassoit was surrounded by implacable enemies, threatening to drive him and them into the sea; alone with their ranks decimated, their strength sapped, their members weak and feeble; but their courage was unfaltering and their trust in the eternal God unshaken. In this hour they turned their faces upward, then seaward at the tall masted ship, determined to meet their fate bravely, be what it may.

Even as the little group was looking, there came a puff of smoke from the side of the ship. The roar from the sea had hardly ceased, when there came the report of the cannon from the platform in the clearing. The Union Jack on the ship was run up and down three times, while the shrill notes of the

boatswain's whistle came feebly ashore; then the sails fluttered down, filling the masts with their whiteness.

As the ship eased off before the wind, the colonists sank reverently to their knees. With outstretched hands the elder prayed for the God of Heaven to waft the departing ship safely across the sea, the guidance of the men upon it to a sure harbor, and asking that the colonists be not forgotten in the wilderness.

The elder's prayer was interrupted by a groan of anguish. The cry of despair came from the depths of a woman's heart; but she was courageous and quickly suppressed her emotions. Gentle pale faces, thin lips half open in distress, frightened, beseeching eyes – who can describe the anguish of these women as they knelt upon the sands? The weather beaten faces of the men, too, told their human story. Accustomed to suppress all emotions for once they were betrayed into showing their feelings. The severe lines in their faces merged into kindliness. Sternly stoic, stolid, indifferent to hardships, courageous in dangers, for the moment their fears were in the ascendency and they knelt in doubt and apprehension.

Slowly the people around the rock arose from their devotions to see the ship's prow stealing along the shore of Clark's Island. One of the women taking her white neck cloth waved a farewell. In answer from the side of the ship fluttered bits of white.

Lora had withdrawn from the group and was standing alone, looking, looking intently at the vanishing of her hopes, as the ship was being wafted out to sea. Her mother, putting her arms about the maiden's waist, kissed her tenderly.

Swiftly the ship approached the point behind which it would pass from view. One by one, the colonists moved backward away from the water's edge. The vessel beginning to round the point, the white sand crept higher and higher, until only the bulwarks showed. All the while the colonists slowly retreated up the bank, taking a step, stopping, looking longingly, until the outside beach hid the ship from their view.

With measured tread and steadfast mien, the colonists reached the top of the bank above the beach. At this point they

tarried, until the vessel began to hide itself behind the shrubbery of the outer beach. Then again they resumed their backward march. So step by step, the people retreated up the path, all the while watching intently the white winged ship in its flight.

While all eyes were strained at the tall masts and the full white sails, there came the boom of the farewell cannon. From the platform Captain Standish sent back the last report of good will. So ended the cannon's farewells. But the people were not content, until they stood on the topmost point of the mount that overlooked the clearing, thence in solemn silence watched the white sails grow smaller and smaller in the wilderness of waters.

All the while the colonists were retreating up the path, the maiden and her mother followed them closely. There was no longer the hope of youth in her face nor its buoyancy in her step, for her heart was not in the clearing but on the ship. Coming opposite the door of their hut, both father and mother endeavored to persuade her to go no further, but she refused to be willed by them, and went on towards the mount that she might get one final mite of consolation in a last glimpse. Once the highest point was gained, she was compelled to stop and end her hopes there.

The colonists on the mount were barely able to distinguish the hull from the dark green sea against which the sails were mere blurs of white. There was only one thought in the minds of the watchers – their last link was breaking. So they gazed on intently, until their eyes grew weary with their watching. Then came the time when they hesitated, which was the white of the sails, and which the crests of the sea. Their hearts sank within them, but the glint of the distant ship gave them hope. It was only for a moment; then the white canvas was blended with the white of the breaking crests. Their hearts grew cold. The last link was broken; the ship had disappeared. For a moment they stood with bowed heads and silent prayers; then one by one the colonists went to their huts, leaving the maiden alone with her mother.

She stood on the topmost point of the mount looking to-

ward the rising sun that lightened the rolling waters, until the sadness of her heart blighted her memory and touched her eyes, so that the far-away haze seemed as a shroud. She grew weary looking, but lingered on with the despair of a lost love. Finally the mother stole away, leaving her alone.

You ask how I am able to give all these details. I will tell you. As I paced the ship's deck the night before, restless and feverish, my affections came flooding over me, sweeping away all that England and even the ivyclad walls of Beaumont Hall held dear to me. So before dawn I prevailed on Mate Clark to set me ashore, where I betook myself to a neighboring clump of brush, whence I had full view of the shore and clearing – likewise of the maiden.

So my love for Lora broke my English ties and traditions, and caused me to cast my lot with her people, but never to become one of them.

The ship had long since disappeared, still Lora stood gazing out over the waste of waters. The silent figure in gray and white was heroic in her sacrifice. As she stood with clasped hands and pale face looking longingly even pleadingly, I came from my hiding and stole quietly toward her. I was within reaching distance when she heard my footsteps. Turning quickly she saw me, then her eyes opened wide, and with the cry, "Oh, Francis!" she fell white and limp within my arms.

LAYING the maiden down gently upon the ground I made a cushion of my doublet for her head. Like a drooping flower she seemed with its beauty still lingering. I was in great perplexity whether to alarm the people or abide with her until she came back to me. Kneeling upon the ground, I made a fan of my hat, sending the cooling air across her brow.

Then I began chafing her hands and temples, until I saw the glow of red chase the white from her cheeks, and her lips grow in color under the returning consciousness. Opening her eyes, she gazed into my face with a vacant stare, then closed them again as one who was dreaming. My heart fell as I conceived that the shock of my sudden appearance had unbalanced her mind, and I held her tenderly looking down into her face.

Clasping her to me I said gently, "Lora, I have returned to you. It is I, Francis Beaumont."

There was no response except the twitching and quivering of her closed eyelids as if she would open them but could not. My agitation grew intense as I exclaimed, "Lora, Lora, would you not know me? Would you not know me, Francis Beaumont? I did not go with the ship! Lora! Lora speak to me! speak to me!"

As she heard my voice, there came a smile and then she opened her eyes full wide. For a moment I was in suspense. Raising her head, she touched my cheek gently saying, "Surely, you are Francis Beaumont. I am not dreaming."

"None other, Lora," I replied, lifting her in my arms.

She lay quietly with her eyes looking into mine with all the affection of her maidenly heart. These were blissful moments, too quickly passed, for as she grew stronger, she bade me rest her against a log.

Half sitting, half reclining, she rubbed her hand across her eyes as if she would brush something from them saying, "I

can not believe my eyes. Though I see you, still my mind would have you on the vessel off there at sea." Then she faltered, "I do not understand, I do not understand."

Before I could reply, the thought that I had abandoned England and my associates for her came into the maiden's mind, sitting upright and looking at me she said, "Surely, you have not given up your family and friends in England for me?"

Stooping over her, I kissed her saying, "Sweetheart, it is but a trifle; if I but gain your love."

Then she plucked me by the sleeve drawing my face near hers and whispered, "My love and my life are in your keeping." Then of a sudden as if she was in doubt she again exclaimed, "I do not understand, I do not understand."

Fearful that she was going from me again, I clasped her hand, saying, "Lora, I came from the ship during the night and have been near you all the morning and will stay with you always." She pressed my hand giving silent anwer to my plea.

For a time, the maiden sat with closed eyes as if to gather her wandering thoughts. I staid patiently by her never saying a word more, for I would not hurry her faster than her strength would carry the burden of her doubt.

Shortly coming to herself, she said in apology,"You must forgive me. I was silly to be so weak, but you came to me as one who was lost. If you had come from your grave, you could not have startled me more. Then, perhaps, the anguish of the morning made me weak, for my heart was breaking."

"Nay, do not say so, Lora, for I feel that I might have saved your suffering, had I come forth from my hiding. Had I been sure of my reception, I should have come to you sooner. Having undergone so much, I did not wish to spoil all by coming forth too soon."

Then she looked up at me and said sweetly, "But you would have deprived me of this awakening." She would not have me say that I did wrong in not coming sooner, and spoke so graciously of my devotion, that I felt I had but given up little.

Gradually the things of life came to her through the happiness of my return, for struggling to her feet, she said dolefully, "What of father? What of mother?"

I quieted her by answering, "We will bide our time with them, Lora. Having severed my old ties, my lot is cast with you, and not with them."

"Truly you have sacrificed much, too much, I am fearful, for one so unworthy." I would not have her cast such aspersions upon herself, and maintained my point that she was above all things.

While we were standing there holding each other's hands, who should come over the brow of the hill but Captain Standish. As soon as he saw us, he stopped short and stood as one struck dumb. Coming forward, he exclaimed, as he held out his hand, "Beaumont, come you from the clouds?"

"Nay, from the ship, Standish," I replied with a smile.

"Whence, and how came you here?"

Then I must tell him of my coming across the harbor in the night, of my keeping to my covert during the morning until the ship was beyond recall. All the while Lora stood blushing, for in her maidenly heart, she felt that the captain knew full well for whom I returned.

Having heard me through, he said, "Beaumont, you will be made welcome, since we need men to fight, as well as to work."

Returning his friendly pressure of the hand, I said, "Standish, I can do either and will abide by the colonists' wishes and your commands."

His face brightened with a kindly smile, replying proudly, "An Englishman, every inch of you."

"Lora," he continued, "I am sure, will welcome you."

True to her courageous heart, the maiden never faltered as she made answer, "Captain Standish, Master Beaumont is worthy to stand with the best in New England, as well as in Old England."

There was a twinkle in his eye as he replied, "Lora, I fancy you are prejudiced as to Beaumont's qualities."

Though he was not speaking to me, I made answer for the maiden by taking up her hand, kissing it, and holding it tightly. At first, she made an effort to withdraw her hand, seeing that I held fast, she looked into my face lovingly, then came close to me, ready to face the world if needs be at my side.

The captain turned to go, but I asked him to stay wishing to confer with him, as to what manner was best for me to make known my presence to the colonists. This was such an important matter that we three sought a resting-place whilst we consulted together.

The captain and I agreed that it was best for Lora to go alone whilst he and I would follow later on. So with her face aglow, with a light heart and quick step she went down the hill, looking back from time to time, making sure that I was not vanishing in a column of vapor but was holding fast to the flesh instead.

Having agreed between ourselves as to my plans, the captain and I started towards the common-house. There were sly looks given me by the women and children from the door-yards as we passed. Lora was in her sweet lavender bed, making believe that the herbs needed her attention. I was, of course, seen long before we reached the common-house, where the men were congregated still dwelling over the excitement of the morning. My presence caused great surprise.

Making my way directly to the governor, I offered him my hand, saying, "Governor Carver, I have cast my lot with yours, to work in the fields or forests at your command."

Though somewhat taken back, he made answer promptly, "Master Beaumont, as I conceive our people, we make no difference as to who shall be freemen in this colony, so long as a man indicates his intention of living a fair life."

To which statement, I responded, "You know full well, Governor Carver, what kind of man I have been with you."

"Master Beaumont, so far as it concerns me, you are now a freeman of this colony." Saying which, he looked around to see if his subjects were in accord. All I could discern was their troubled faces and kindly astonishment.

Master Isaac Allerton, coming forward from the crowd, shook me by the hand saying in his big voice, "We welcome you, Master Beaumont, as one of us."

I saw Elder Brewster among the men as I came up. Now that I had been made a freeman, I wondered how he would receive me. Happening to glance around, I saw him going

rapidly towards his hut. This rather disconcerted me, but the others greeted me so warmly I had no fears.

My place having been fixed among the colonists, I at once entered into my labors by seeking my chests, carrying one side while the captain held the other. Together we came to the door of my lowly hut, giving it a push with my foot, I entered glad to be once more within the shelter of the rough logs. John Billington and Edward Dotey brought up my other chest, setting it down heavily upon the clay floor.

Big John could not contain himself longer and broke forth with, "Master Beaumont, why did you not send for me, that I might go to England in your stead?"

"Why, John?"

"This is a sorry place for a freeman to tarry. There is little food, with prospects of much less and no beer at all. To think that you could go to London and didn't, Master Beaumont, makes me think you a queer man."

Burly John was not the only one who was puzzled by my action, for I now became a great mystery to all except Standish, who knew full well what kept me to these shores.

Before noon, I met the elder face to face at the spring. He made no effort to shun me and as I offered him my hand, grasped it quite willingly. I said as we shook hands, "Elder Brewster, I hope you will no longer look upon me as an enemy."

"Master Beaumont," he replied, "I have no feeling toward you in person."

"Then shall we be friends?"

He did not answer me at once but stood looking across the brook as if he were thinking deeply, then quietly said, "Master Beaumont, it is quite clear to me that it is your love for Lora, and not your love for us, that has kept you from England."

"That is true," I replied firmly.

Then he went on, "I suspected it as soon as I saw you, and I want you to know, that I still feel it is my duty to keep you from Lora. I would not forbid you the house but for the present, I can not make you welcome."

Ere I could make reply, we were warned of the presence of a third person by heavy footsteps coming down the path and the

bulky form of John Billington came into view, bearing a bucket in each hand. As this intruder came to us, he said, "Elder, what think you Master Beaumont sees in this country, to keep him from England?"

"Ask him, John, since he is here himself to answer," gravely replied the elder.

"I have, but he says he loves the forests with the wild animals that inhabit them. Poor fun he would have with them, I am thinking. I once dwelt in such hopes before I left London, but now I work early and late, with never a shot at even a hare or fowl."

Not caring to be examined at length by John, I went off up the bank. Though Standish came and sat with me, I did not relish his company, as my brain was racked with thoughts of how to overcome the elder's opposition. My one great consolation was Lora, for I felt she would abide me though all the world was against it.

In the evening I stood upon my log door-step looking out over the clearing, with a different feeling than the night before from the deck of the vessel. Out of the forests there came the long wail of the wolves. With this wild note ringing in my ears, I turned to my rugs to make ready for the next day's labor.

"Rat-ta-ta-tap," rolled the getting-up drum at the common-house, long before sunup the next morning. This was the beginning of my first day's toil, so I sprang out of bed nimbly and hastened to dress again in my rough clothes. I had just washed down the last crumbs of my breakfast of oatmeal gruel, dried meat and hard biscuits, when the drum sounded again, calling the colonists to their hoes, hooks, and axes. With the other men and grown lads, I hurried down the path that I might not be called slothful. I was sent on my way cheerily for as I went by Lora's hut, she was up and abroad, sending me a morning's greeting with the wave of her hand. I sent a salute back to her, which she answered several times telling with whom her heart dwelt this April day.

Coming to the house where the tools were kept, I bade Master Allerton, the storekeeper, to give me what he thought that

I could make the best use of. He handed me a fork for gathering the small brush in heaps to burn, which the others dug up with hoe and mattock. I turned back my fork conceiving that I could work at heavy toil as well as others.

The diligent colonists were armed with tools quickly and stood around waiting for the slower ones to come from their huts. These sauntered down the path, no doubt glad to postpone beginning their labors even a few minutes. Though this was a community where all were to share alike, some worked willingly and others were slackers as the men were constituted. The gray haired governor was all impatience over the slowness, shouting a warning to the loiterers, ordering them to hasten their steps.

When the morning prayer had been said, the drummer set his sticks flying and with this martial music in our ears, we mounted our tools to our shoulders like soldiers, following the governor across the path into a plain, where the growth of the three years' underbrush was the thickest. The governor was master of labor. The ax men he set to chopping the saplings, the mattock men to digging up the spring growths, while the hoe men attacked the small shrubbery trash.

It was a warm day and my shirt was soon wet with perspiration. The captain, who was a hoe man and was better seasoned to labor, wanted to exchange his lighter tool with me, but I would not listen to it. I had expected myself to be completely worn with fatigue by my unusual exertions, but the song that was in me was one of joy that I was ashore and not lying in idleness on the vessel, somewhere out on the great ocean.

So the hours hurried by with me following closely on the footsteps of the sturdiest workers. When the sun was in midheaven and our day's work half done, there came the relishing sound of the drum announcing that it was time to rest and eat. There was no such order in the going as in the coming, for a man's empty stomach calls loudly and brooks no formalities in its filling. Some of the men had the knack of watching the sun as well as their work, so they were well on their way to their tables before the drum ceased beating. I happened to be on the other side of the field, and had a scrub oak brush half

out when the call came. With half a dozen more strokes, I pulled the stubborn roots from the ground and went to my hut.

Called from my noon repast by the drum beat, I went forth to the field with no thoughts of my drudgery. The same men who tarried in the morning came slowly to their work in the afternoon, seemingly willing for others to toil for them. During the afternoon, the sun was industrious; but for the breeze from the sea to cheer us, our tasks would have been uncomfortably warm. When the night drum beat its toll, I fell in line with Master Edward Winslow, marching with the others to the storehouse where we deposited our tools. There were only about fifteen men and lads that were fit to work, so that Master Allerton soon had the axes, hoes, and mattocks stored away.

I went up the path with the sweetness of the new turned earth in my nostrils and the sense of a day's work well done. My disappointment was keen, as I did not see Lora as I passed her hut, but this was all forgotten when I came to my own and found a cluster of mayflowers lying on my door-step. My heart leaped within me, as I picked up the flowers. Again I said a blessing for the maiden, and again I was glad, that I was laboring within the great clearing, instead of being on my way to England.

I stood on my door-step before retiring and looked across the harbor where the ship had lain at anchor so many months, feeling glad that it was gone. There was no regret in my heart as I turned to my own fireside, with a sense of keen pleasure I had never known before.

As night came on I fancied I saw a slender figure in the door of the Brewster hut, standing within its shadow. This fancy turned into reality when I saw Lora come out into the yard, looking my way. This I took as a signal for me to seize my bucket, and though it was nearly full, I emptied the water on the ground, and started down the path to the spring. As I came to the brow of the hill leading down to the brook, the maiden saw me and with a cheery voice called, "Good even." This, of course, compelled me to stop, advancing a few steps, while she came the rest of the way.

I said to her, "Lora, the mayflowers cheered me and I should have come to thank you, but your father bade me, I should not be welcome."

"Not welcome! Father still holds you unfriendly?" she asked in great surprise.

"Yes," I replied. He can not forget my ancestors, though he finds no fault in me, he still holds me aloof."

Coming closer and laying her hand on my arm, she said gently, "You must leave this to me. Father surely does not understand."

Halting for a minute, she continued, "I saw you going forth to the fields this morning as a common laborer, and hung my head feeling unworthy of your bringing yourself to this drudgery for me. I slipped to the door from time to time during the day and saw you at your task, and felt proud of you. I feel that my sacrifices are few and simple compared with yours." Then she gave me her hand saying, "Father does not understand all this, but we must make him do so."

Then I gave her dainty hand a little squeeze saying, "Lora, so long as you understand, I am content to wait." Though our meeting was but for a moment, it was a happy ending of the day and with the voice of the maiden still in my ears, I went back to my hut, forgetting its lowliness.

As I came up to my door, I saw Captain Standish nourishing his lilac bush with a bucket of water which he had brought from the brook, giving ample proof of his devotion to Mistress Rose. He hailed me and we sat on his log step until the stars came twinkling into the sky, talking of our past lives in England and Holland and our future prospects in this new country.

A few days' labor found our little plain cleared of the growth of rubbish ready for the Indian maize seeding. This was brought forth and made ready for the planting. The savage Squanto, who was ever forward with information on all subjects concerning the growth of things in this country, informed the governor that the ground in the clearing was poor and would not produce corn, unless three alewives, or oldwives as some people call this herring, were thrown in the hole with the seed. We had cleared about one and twenty acres for the

corn-field, so that for a time the men were disheartened at the size of their task of catching so many fish.

From the field, I went to the brook up which the oldwives were running in great numbers from the sea. As I looked down into the water boiling with the darting fish, I thought our troubles were of our own making, for all that was necessary to catch a bucket full, was to stand in the brook with a hand net and dip it once down firmly among them. Standing in the water up to my knees, with a strong net I dipped the oldwives into the shore, as fast as the girls and boys could pack them in strong Dutch baskets, woven from willow withes. The ablest of the men carried the fish up to the fields, where they were dropped in the corn holes by the feebler ones.

The oak leaves were now the size of a mouse's ear, which was the proper time according to Squanto, who was living with us, to plant corn. There was much to do and few to do it, those of us who could labor strove in the field from early till late.

Some were inclined to complain of this excessive toil, but the governor quieted them by saying, "If you would eat, you must plant. Unless the harvest is ample to sustain us, we shall all starve ere another winter." This put an end to the outward opposition, but there was still some discontent.

Lora had turned gardener as well as myself. The warm April days encouraged her to bring forth the yellow and red sticks of corn which I had given her at Cape Cod. Coming to the spring one evening, I saw her in the garden plot with the stain of the earth upon her hands. I could not bear to see her at such lowly tasks, so I made haste to go to her relief.

When I bade her give me her hoe, she blushed freely saying, "But, Francis, you asked me many times to plant your corn with my own hands, urging me not to forget that you gave it me."

"True, Lora," I replied, "but that was when I thought I would be in England. Now that I am here, it is not meet that you should so bemean yourself."

Taking her hoe, I dug the holes for the corn. Desiring to have it grow to good size and quality, I scooped up fish to

plant with the seed. When I threw the wriggling oldwives into the rows, she would know what I was going to do. Picking up the hoe without making answer, I essayed to cover the fish with the earth.

She gave a little scream, then ran along the row and one by one, rescued the fish, saying as she threw them into the brook, "Would you murder the little things?"

She followed after me as I drew the soft earth over the seed and I went on with my labor with gladness. Of course, I stopped many times ere the last grain had disappeared to exchange confidences with her and now and then to admire her.

When I had finished my planting and was resting with both hands on the handle of the hoe and my chin upon my hands, while the maiden stood pushing about the soft earth lightly with her shoe, she asked, "Francis dear, have you ever wished you were back on the ship sailing to London Town?"

"Lora, what makes you ask such a question?"

"Well, you work in the fields in the hot sun as a laborer, then at night you go wearily to your log house to partake of coarse food, and—"

"To be thankful that I am ever near you, Lora." I made answer before she could finish her sentence.

"Though I am glad," she replied, "and I sing all hours of the day, still I am ever mindful of your sacrifice, of your giving up England with its titles, its ease and pleasure, and all the honors you might have won in the courts of the king. When I remember all these things and see you bemeaning yourself constantly, I feel humble in your presence."

"Lora, the only honors that I aspire to attain are in your keeping. Every day of toil brings me closer to you. My labors are a pleasure so long as I find favor in your eyes. The ship has no charm for me so long as you stay on land, and England would be poor indeed without you."

Then she stepped forward and placing her hands on mine said, "Francis, dear, you are worthy of a queen."

As she fled from me, I called, "I have won one."

At the top of the bank, she stopped and waved her hand at me; I waved in return and went on covering the corn.

THE FIRST DEMOCRATIC COURT

THE twenty acres of maize were now all but planted. I had surrendered my place in the brook, to take up the more arduous labor of carrying the baskets of fish to the fields. The gray haired governor persisted in doing this heavy work in spite of the protests of his friends, who were doubtful of his strength. As the sun arose one morning, it grew relentless in its heat, causing me to make many trips to the spring to quench my thirst and refresh my body under the shade of the willows. I found the governor seated beneath the tree near the spring on one of my journeys, and made liberty to say, that the sun was too hot for one of his age to be working in the fields.

He heard me through, then rising said, "Master Beaumont, I am the leader and must be the foremost in all things."

"True, Governor, but you must let the younger men do the heaviest tasks, saving your strength for other days."

But he would not hear of saving himself, though I could see that he was not equal to the labor in the intense heat. We went back to where the children were filling our wicker baskets with the fish, there I made another effort to have the governor desist; but he would not hear me, bidding me impatiently to aid him in lifting the loaded basket to his shoulder.

As he staggered up the bank, one of the men asked, "What ails the governor?" I shook my head and swinging my own basket on my shoulder, went my way to the field. There I called the captain aside and asked him to warn the governor.

But the captain only replied, "Beaumont, it is of no use, he will bide no man's will but his own."

Having done all I could to caution the governor, I worked on until roll of the drum at noonday called us from work. Glad enough was I to make my escape from the beating sun and the hot fields, which were like a furnace. The governor went his way wearily, and I hoped for his own sake he would not come

back in the afternoon. The shades of my hut were welcomed for the first time, and I sat down glad of its protection. I thought that the colonists who were for going to Guiana, now had a taste of the heat that would satisfy them.

When the drum beat us back to the field, I was ready, though I can truthfully say I should like to have taken my thatched roof with me. The laggards were many, requiring a second beating of the drum to bring them from their huts. Much to my surprise, the governor was one of the missing men, likewise Master Allerton. It seemed to me that the men were dropping out fast. But there was no time for lagging with all the corn hills to be filled with fish, so taking my basket with the hot vapors rising from the dry earth, I went down to the brook for an extra burden.

When I was returning with the basket set between my shoulders, my breath coming fast, I met Master Allerton hurrying into the field. As he overtook me, he said, "Master Beaumont, I am fearful for the governor."

"What say you?" I exclaimed, setting my basket to the ground.

"The governor is grievously ill," he replied with agitation.

"What ails him, Master Allerton?"

"Doctor Fuller says that it is his labor in the hot sun, for when he came from work, he would not eat. Complaining of his head, he lay down, since when he can not be aroused."

He went his way to tell the elder and Standish, while I picked up my basket and followed after. There was great agitation among the workers when it became known that the governor had given out under the sun. Once or twice during the afternoon, the elder stole from his labors to the bedside of his friend. Each time he came back with such sadness that it was not necessary to ask what message he bore. Though the breeze freshened from the sea making our toils bearable, the men no longer had heart for work. In the evening we marched from the fields to the storehouse without the music of the drum so fearful were we of disturbing the governor's rest. I stopped with the other anxious colonists at the door of his hut, and heard that he was past knowing anyone.

Lora was waiting for me on the path as I came from work, and was full of this new disaster which was about to befall the colonists. She was all tenderness in her sympathy and advised with me whether she should send some of my delicacies to tempt the governor's appetite.

For two days we worked and hoped for the governor. The colonists grew grave and anxious as the time went by as he showed no inclination of coming back to consciousness. There was no longer the sound of the drum beat in the early morning or late at night, words were spoken softly and the heavy tread upon the beaten path was muffled by the soft grass, as the men turned upon it, while passing the governor's hut.

The men who found fault with Master Carver's rule, now had only gentle words for him and wished that he might recover. From every hut came the women with simples to join with the doctor in an effort to administer to the aged leader. Morning, noon, and night, there was but one thought and one hope, that stirred the breasts of all: and that was that their governor might be spared.

At noon the third day as we were coming from the field hot and tired, the word came that Governor Carver was no more. The message was greeted in silence. Somehow I felt the loss of the kindly governor as if he were bound to me by blood ties. Though the toll of death had been heavy causing men's hearts to be dulled by the departure of so many of their own, the sorrow for him was universal.

Though the colonists' grief was sore, they were driven by necessity to strive in the fields all the afternoon. But the grave faces and solemn words showed that their hearts were deeply touched. In the cool of the evening, we went by the hut where the governor lay, a silent people in the presence of their dead.

Shortly I went down to the governor's hut to see what I could do. Lora and her mother were there when I arrived, giving what solace they could to Mistress Carver. There was the lack of mourning that I was accustomed to. Instead of having the hut in darkness, the candles and lamps were lighted as usual, and the interior was much the same as when its master sat in his own big chair in the chimney-corner.

Waiting until Lora came from the hut, I walked home with her, thence down to the spring under the willows. The maiden was not in her joyous mood, but clung to me as if fearing a mishap would befall me. She made me promise that I would not carry too heavy loads, would not work in the sun unnecessarily, and such a lot of other things, that in the end I kissed her and made her forget her fearsome mind.

There was no dread now of the savages knowing of the dead, so they made ready to lay the governor away in daylight. By the rising of the next day's sun there was the tread of marching feet upon the path leading to the governor's hut. Every man, woman, and child who was able to be abroad, was at the cabin as we came marching with our guns, to act as escort. There was not a word spoken, not even a prayer said, as four men picked up the rugs in which the governor lay and bore him out in the dooryard, where we were waiting with arms reversed, as a guard would at the funeral of a king.

When all was ready, the captain gave the order of "forward" in a low voice; and with muffled drum, we marched to the Little-field-that-overlooked-the-sea. As the people crowded around and the sun was coming up out of the eastern waters, the governor was lowered in his rugs, silently and reverently. Then we fired a salute across the unfilled grave, being the only demonstration made in his memory.

While the smoke was still curling from the end of my musket, I saw Lora come forth from the crowd. I wondered what she was going to do and watched her closely. As she came to the head of the grave, she dropped a spray of mayflowers down onto the rugs, paying the last tender tribute to Governor Carver. Though it was a small thing in itself, it moved me greatly, showing the fullness of her maidenly sympathy.

In silence we stood, until the time for our last farewell salute; this being given, we led the people quietly and solemnly back to the clearing.

There was no time for grief and within an hour all were busy in the fields, not unmindful of the dead, but hard driven by the necessity of the living. On this very day, we finished the planting of the maize in the great clearing of one and twenty

acres. Then began the preparation of six acres more for wheat, rye, barley, and peas.

With horses and plows the planting would have been done quickly and with ease, but relying on our hands it was a slow and irksome task, completed by patient labor. However, there was no alternative for we all knew that unless we plied our selves diligently and had full granaries to carry us through the lean months of winter, we would starve.

All the day of the burial of the governor, the minds of the commoners were disturbed over who should succeed Master Carver. I could have told them Master William Bradford, had I wished to repeat the conversation which I had had with Captain Standish on his doorstep the evening before. The elder, Masters Winslow, Allerton, Hopkins, and the captain were busy while at labor, leading the commonality their way so that by evening, I was told with great secrecy by one of the men, that Master William Bradford was to mount the governor's chair, while Master Allerton was to be his assistant.

So it proved to be. On the morrow instead of going from the storeroom to the field, the colonists moved to the common-house for a conference to supply a ruler. There was no contention or spirit shown in the matter, for with one accord Master Bradford was named, though he was then lying in the shadow of death. That there be no period when they might be without a governor, Master Allerton was made assistant with powers to take on the immediate administration of the colonists' affairs.

I sat in amazement watching the shifting of kingship from one to another, until the rule was lodged in Master Allerton, the London tailor. Though I still had my doubts of this popular form of government, I maintained my silence, since it seemed to be working smoothly enough. Master Allerton ordered the drum to be beaten again and without loss of time led his hosts to their work, seemingly finding much satisfaction with himself in his new position.

This was early in the month of May, but before the month came to an end, Master Bradford was well mended in health. When he fully recovered, there came a new order of affairs,

quite different from the mild leadership of Governor Carver; for the new governor proved to be a masterful man, full of cleverness and vigor, brooking no interference with his kingly power. As soon as he was able, he organized all the men and boys into military divisions, making Standish commander-in-chief, while I was one of his assistants. Master Bradford was never in full accord with the mildness of Governor Carver nor did he have the same confidence in the honesty of the savages, feeling that our best protection was in keeping our guns clean and armor burnished. Following out this plan, all those who were able to fight were separated into bands.

Among the men of my band was John Billington, who was a stalwart soldier, when he chose to be. Though we were in perfect harmony with our savage neighbors, it was decided to set a constant watch around the clearing. This doing duty without cause of alarm was aggravating to some of the men, who did not hesitate to express aloud their opinion. One rainy night, John Billington failing to appear for guard duty, a man was sent to his cabin. John was in a surly mood and drove the man from his hut with threats and curses. It so happened that Captain Standish was passing the Billington house and, overhearing the high words, entered the hut to remonstrate.

I heard John shouting at the top of his voice, "I've been ordered and commanded about ever since I joined the colony, first it is one person and then another. I march to work and march from work like a galley-slave, and now you want me to walk all night in the rain. There is no danger, and I won't go for you, Captain Standish, or any other man."

The captain having the mutineer in hand, I held back from entering. Then I heard the captain quickly say, "John Billington, others are doing all that you are and more. You are only asked to do your duty."

To this he surlily answered, "I did not come to this country to work but to hunt."

"Nay, John, you mistook your purpose, since you must do as the rest of us."

At this Billington grew furious, threatening to mishandle

the captain if he did not leave his hut at once. This only made the captain sit down in the nearest chair, saying, "John, if you had asked me to go without threatening, I should have departed; but now it pleases me to stay just to see you lay the weight of your big hand upon me."

With a roar, Billington ordered the captain to go. Thinking that I might be needed, I opened the door, stepped in and said, "Captain, need you assistance?"

"Nay, not with John Billington," he replied in his masterful way, causing John to calm down from his frantic tirade.

Then the captain turned to the revolter, saying, "John Billington, I will give you one more chance to go to your duty."

Defiantly he stood his ground, exclaiming, "Never, Never!"

It was Standish's way not to command twice and without another word, he left the hut. Once out in the open I said, "Billington will not go free."

"Not so, Beaumont, for he shall face all the people for this failure of his duties." We both went back to the platform and set our watch, Billington keeping to his word that he would not stand guard.

During the night as I wandered around the clearing, I wondered what turn affairs would take the next day, when the men who were in sympathy with the mutineer were called upon to condemn him.

There was no loss of time, however, in bringing Billington before the bar of justice, for when the men were given their work tools, they were asked to go to the common-house, Governor Bradford bidding them enter the log council chamber for a conference. I saw John Billington hesitate as he came to the door, then with a sneer step inside. The men seated with their axes and hoes resting at their sides, made an ideal picture of rustics playing at ruling. I thought if King James of England or any of his councillors could have stepped into this log hut, they would have surely set these homely men about their business, not fancying their presumption.

Once silence was obtained, the governor called Captain Standish, then he asked John Billington to come and stand at his other side. The accused man sat still, making no motion to

conform with the governor's request. There was a scraping of axes and hoe handles on the rough forms as the colonists turned to look at him. The governor, who was not the least agitated, spoke a second time. Then with his head thrown back, Billington stamped down the aisle and in an insolent manner took his place, the first prisoner at the bar of justice. When all was in silence, Captain Standish made his accusation, telling in detail what had occurred the night before.

The governor, hearing the matter through, turned to the prisoner saying, "John Billington, you have heard. What say you in answer to this charge of mutiny?"

"I say that I have done all the military duty that I am going to do," he shouted impudently.

"Is that your reply to the charge?" calmly asked the governor.

With a sneer, Billington replied, "There are others here who are tired of standing guard too, had they the courage to speak."

Again the governor asked, "Have you aught to say?"

By this time Billington's anger began to cool as he saw he was fast being brought to a place where he could not escape, furthermore, that Governor Bradford was of a more determined mind than was Governor Carver.

Seeing his plight, he rudely answered, "I am not a free man here, I am a slave."

Governor Bradford did not deign to reply but addressing the people, asked, "Find you John Billington guilty of sedition or not?"

"Guilty!" came from the throats of every man.

I stood in amazement at this quick justice that was being administered to the culprit. There was no hesitancy of the colonists to grasp the point of wrong-doing nor did they follow the tortuous windings of English courts in finding the verdict. At the word "guilty," I saw Billington wince as if his courage were oozing from him, but this court of stern faced men was relentless.

There was an awkward silence after the verdict of the people had been given during which John stood looking for mercy in the faces of the men about him. Governor Bradford broke

this silence by saying, "Shall John Billington have his hands and feet bound together and let lie for an hour in front of this house?"

"Aye, Aye," came from all sides.

Big John grew red in the face and then pale as he heard the penalty and the determination to execute the punishment without delay.

The governor gave him no opportunity to escape or even argue, but forthwith called for a hempen rope to bind his feet. The braggadocio air had gone from Billington, instead he began to plead piteously. But the governor would not be moved from his purpose, taking the rope and with his own hands drew it taut about the prisoner's legs. I was sorry for Billington; but Governor Bradford was of another mind, pulling and hauling at the rope until he had the prisoner's feet so that he could not move them. He was then made to sit down on the clay floor and bend forward his body until his head was over his knees, while his friends looked on in silence, feeling sorry for him, but not daring to speak one word in his behalf.

The loose end of the rope that bound the culprit's legs was thrown around his neck and was in readiness to be pulled taut, thus forcing the prisoner's head down to his knees, when there came a halt in the proceedings. Billington renewed his pleadings promising to do military duty in the future were he but released.

The governor, his assistant, and the captain then held a conference. By this time, John Billington was thoroughly tamed, pleading for his release even tearfully, while the colonists sat in silence. The governor came from the conference with his associates saying, "John Billington, will you promise to stand your guard and fulfill all duties in the future, if you are let off?"

"Yes," moaned John.

"Will you promise to work faithfully in the fields?"

"Yes," came the answer in meekness.

"Then you are released."

While the governor untied the prisoner's feet, the colonists picked up their axes and hoes and went forth from passing their first judgment.

While upon the subject of trials and meting out justice, I shall narrate here an incident which took place some time after this Billington affair which forever put an end to dueling in this New England country. Edward Dotey and Edward Leister, both belonging to Master Stephen Hopkins's household, became enraged at each other over some trifle and concluded to fight a duel, which was in keeping with my own ideas in settling such differences. The two men stole away in the woods without seconds or witnesses. There with sword and dagger they proceeded to hack away at each other fiercely. Dotey came from the fray with a wounded hand and Leister was stuck in the thigh. Conducting their affair in a rude manner without a surgeon they came back to the clearing, weak from loss of blood and calling loudly for Doctor Fuller.

Before sundown the two duelists were standing by the governor's side, facing all the men who had come from the fields to again sit as a court of justice. Governor Bradford had his own mind on the subjects of duels, which he proceeded to express to the satisfaction of every one present except myself and the prisoners. There was no time lost on formalities or proceedings. Though dueling was contrary to the written laws of England, it was in such common practice that little attention was given the laws. It was plainly evident that English practice would not hold here as the governor and his people lost no time in going straight to the point. The wounded hand of Dotey and the limp of Leister was all the evidence that was submitted.

The governor was ill minded over the affair and spoke abruptly to Dotey, the elder of the two, saying, "Edward Dotey fought you a duel with Edward Leister?"

The youthful Dotey looked towards Master Stephen Hopkins for encouragement but found so little favor in that quarter, he stood in silence until the governor spoke again. Upon the second appeal, Dotey acknowledged his part in the fight.

Turning to Leister, the governor gravely asked the same question. The prisoner seemed disconcerted by the unexpected turmoil over the affair, but finally mustered up voice to admit his participation in the encounter.

Instantly the governor turned from the two men to the court of colonists, saying to them, "Guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty," was the sentence that came back from all the people except myself. I was silent for I could not condemn this reasonable practice.

But there was no further consideration of the penalty, for the governor was as a hunter on the track of his game as he said, "What say you to binding their heads and heels together and so lie without food or water for twenty-four hours?"

"Aye, Aye," came the response.

Again I stood aghast at such quick trials, sparing evidence, and severe penalties, seeming like Turkish practice more than that meted out to Englishmen. The two men did not quail, however, standing in stolid indifference.

Governor Bradford called for a rope and with a sailor's knot, he bound the legs of the men together, then with a turn around their necks brought their heads between their knees. When this task was done, the living bundles were carried forth and laid upon the path in front of the common-house.

The two men lay in a heap upon the hard path, while the other colonists gathered around them. There were no scurrilous jokes or gibes hurled at the prisoners, as was the custom of the people in England to chasten culprits bound in stocks. An unthinking urchin taunted Dotey but he had a clap on the side of his head and was sent off in a hurry. One by one the men left without as much as speaking a word to the prisoners, until only the captain, Master Hopkins, and myself were left.

The strained position beginning to tell on Leister and Dotey, they begged of us to ease the ropes. My inclination was to grant this relief. I think Master Stephen felt for his two men, but we were confronted by this new form of government which had us all under its control, causing us to hold back. Both men complaining of their wounds, besought us so piteously to relieve them that the captain went off to the governor's house to ask for mercy. Governor Bradford came quickly and. feeling that the men had been punished sufficiently as an example, unloosed the neck ropes and as they lay helpless on the ground warned them against dueling. Both foreswore such encoun-

ters in the future, then they were released and Master Stephen took them off to his hut.

This put an end to the use of the sword as a means of settling differences in this plantation, the colonists conceiving that a court of justice was ample to settle matters of honor as well as of property. The shifting of dueling from one country to another was thus early nipped in the bud and so far as I know, this was the first and last duel fought in the colony.

There was no question now as to the sterling metal of Governor Bradford, and that a new form of government was to be looked for under him, as compared with the mild and paternal administration of the aged and kindly Governor Carver.

THE AVENGING OF HOBOMOK

THIS was an enticing country now that the forests had taken on their leaves and the hills were covered with a matting of grass, thickly sprinkled with blossoming flowers. The sun, filling the air with a softness, making me grateful that I was alive. The scars of winter were covered, so that the whole landscape took on a cast of mildness, weaning me away from my ancient conceit of the greatness of England's countryside over this.

Lora and I watched the coming of the summer days with great interest and pleasure. Her row of corn under the nursing sun had brought forth two tiny green leaves bending gracefully towards the ground. I had abandoned my mattock for a hoe, which was a new tool in my hands and one which I set about in earnest to learn; and for several days I had been hard at work with my hoe, endeavoring to smooth the ground around the corn, with the same nicety as Governor Bradford, who was a skilled farmer. He had a gentle yet fine stroke with his blade, setting the earth smooth and nourishing for the tender plants. Both the captain and I were awkward with the hoe, our corn standing in the midst of lumps and clods, until we were both ashamed of it. Though I went back and endeavored to dress the earth down, my tool still refused to do its work neatly. Then I set about industriously to overcome my difficulty, with one eye on the governor and the other on my work. I soon saw that there was a certain trick in the handling of the implement. Through several days I strove diligently. With what skill I could command, I dragged the loose earth forward letting it play from the blade, until it nursed the corn as nicely as the governor's. As I gave the last stroke finishing my work, I stood at the head of the row comparing my corn with his. There were no lumps in my hills, ample earth drawn evenly, until the green stalks stood in their beds straight and comfortable. With

pride I turned away from my day's task, content now that I had mastered the blade of the hoe as completely as I had the blade of the sword.

As the season progressed, the great clearing also changed. Instead of the three years' brush growing irregularly, there was the field of corn and other grain showing on the hillside. The undergrowth on both sides of the path had been cleared, giving some form to the broad way between the houses. The huts also were being improved by the cutting of windows in which were set frames of oiled linen, thereby lighting the dark interiors. There was also much pride shown in the dooryards, where the tall spires of the hollyhock were half-way to the thatched roofs with unfolding buds. The roses too had set forth their green tendrils and were creeping along the pine logs, hiding the clay daubing with their glossy leaves. Altogether it was fast becoming a pleasant countryside through the great labor of all the people.

When the planting and the hoeing were completed, there was little rest at hand for the colonists, for the governor was a thrifty man and now that he was ruler of a large family, he conceived it was his duty to keep all at labor. On rainy days when we could not delve in the soil, he would order Master Allerton to give out axes, wedges, and two-handed rip-saws. With these the whole colony would trudge to the forests to strive and to saw clapboards and wainscoting for the merchants in England.

In the midst of these labors, Governor Bradford did not lose sight of the outside interests of the colonists, for early in June he sent Master Edward Winslow on a visit to the court of Massassoit. Before their going, happening into the storehouse, I saw Master Allerton drag forth from a box a horseman's red cotton coat with gold fringe around the bottom, which was to be one of the presents to his savage majesty. With a few more trinkets and some sweets and suckets in a bundle, the two ambassadors started off through the forests with Squanto leading the way. I thought it a risky piece of business to send two men fifty miles into the wilderness, even though Squanto was to guide them across the maze of narrow

paths, which cut through the unknown forest in every direction.

A sorry time the two diplomats had. They thought they were going to a land of plenty, instead of which they found a land of want. Though they found the king at home, he was poorly provided with food, being compelled to go abroad and shoot fish himself with bow and arrow, that his visitors might not starve. They were gone three days, two of which they were without food except what they could find themselves. They were so weak from want of food, that they sent Squanto back for a supply. Saturday evening the two men returned, wet through by rain which had fallen without ceasing for four and twenty hours. At first I regretted that I did not go with them, but when I saw their sad plight, I was thankful enough that I had tarried in my log hut, where there was at least ample salt meat and plenty of fish.

This visit of the two diplomats almost caused a tragedy for one of the underlings of King Massassoit, named Corbitant, held a generous hatred towards the colonists and from the first was in favor of attacking them. Shortly after this visit, he began his conniving, finally inducing the Narragansets to seize and carry off King Massassoit. Our friendly savages, Squanto and Hobomok, hearing of the deed, at once went forth to find the whereabouts of their king whom they really loved. Corbitant, hearing of the presence of the two savages in his village, and knowing their mission, suddenly appeared in the hut in which they were stopping with knife in hand swearing vengeance against them for being friends of the colonists, saying that the white men were weak and dared not interfere with him, even though he killed them both. These and other disdainful remarks against the colonists he continued, all the while threatening Squanto and Hobomok. At length Hobomok fled from the hut and ran all the way to the clearing, telling Governor Bradford that Squanto had been killed.

This was about sundown on a Monday in August. Governor Bradford lost no time in calling the men together at the common-house, considering it a serious matter that a savage be killed for being friendly to the colonists. Once the men were assembled, the governor told of the action of the savage

Corbitant ending his address by saying, "Now, what shall be done?"

I must confess I thought that we were in a perilous position, furthermore there was but little to be done but wait for the outbreak of the savages. But Captain Standish and the governor had different ideas.

After all had spoken, the governor, who had listened intently, arose saying, "The time has come for action. Our savage foes have driven away King Massassoit and killed Squanto for their friendliness to us. We must not abandon the king nor must we neglect to avenge Squanto. Our future, yea, our lives depend upon our keeping the savages in fear of us. Now that our power has been challenged, we must fight, if needs be to death. What say you, Captain Standish?"

"Governor Bradford," answered Standish, "I am prepared to obey your commands and to lead any force you give me into the Narraganset country."

"Not so far, captain," said the governor, "since it is only the head of this Corbitant we wish, and he is near by."

While the candles were burning low in their sockets, the colonists planned to go boldly into the enemies' country. It was furthermore planned that if Corbitant had really killed Squanto, he was to be executed in the presence of his people, his head cut off, bringing it back to the plantation, thus giving notice of the lot that would befall their enemies.

With this arrangement, the men went to their huts to await the call of the drum Tuesday afternoon when the expedition was to start. I had made my plans to go, Captain Standish being only too willing to have me in the party.

Tuesday afternoon we started for the savage village. Lora was in tears, fearful of a mishap, but I assured her there was no danger and that we would be back safely by noon the following day. Her voice of caution was still ringing in my ears, when I mounted the log and crossed the brook in full armor, with loaded gun across my shoulder. Every man, woman, and child was at the brookside, and with doleful faces saw us take up our march, single file along the deer path. Ere we were out of sight, the captain halted us and we gave three loud

cheers as we swung our caps above our heads, that those whom we left behind might know of our courage.

When the night was full black, Hobomok essayed to lead us to the village, but the darkness so confused him we were plunged into strange places. Then the captain halted us. It was so dark, we could see neither face nor figure of anyone about us, though we could distinguish the presence of each other by the glowing sparks of the match-locks. When all was in confusion with the prospect of failure, one of the men volunteered, if he could locate a certain brook, he could lead the way to the village of Corbitant. So we stumbled over fallen logs and scrambled through the briars and brush, until we were heartily sorry we had trusted ourselves to Hobomok.

Finally coming to the brook, our man found his landmark, leading us across the country whither we knew not, but we walked on faith. What possessed the captain to do it, I do not know; but before we came to the village, he ordered us to open our bundles and eat. It was a solemn meal. I am free to confess that I was not in a cheerful mood myself as I sat on the ground fumbling through my sack for a bit of stale meat and bread. While I was brooding over our position, an owl hooted sending us to our feet, so nervous were we at our prospect. Having eaten, we piled our bundles in a heap so that we would not be burdened with unnecessary baggage. Tightening my belt, I pulled my dagger half way out of the case to make sure it was ready.

In light array we moved stealthily through the forests toward the village. As we entered the clearing, the thought of Lora came to me causing me to lag back for an instant, but the little figure in front of me pushed on so that I had no time for other thoughts. We moved stealthily through the darkness until we could make out the rude huts, which seemed like huge hayricks in the gloom.

Quietly we tiptoed until our savage Hobomok pointed out the house where Corbitant dwelt. Without a sound, the men scattered and spread themselves around it. The captain and I stopped at the front, holding fast until we saw the sparks of the guns here and there, indicating the whereabouts of the

guards. When the last glow had completed the circle, Standish, stooping, pulled aside the wicker mat that closed the entrance, disappearing through the opening. As he entered, his sword knocked loudly on the ground; instantly there was a rumble of savage voices.

I made no effort to conceal my presence, but rushed in boldly striking my head in the middle of a man's back. "Slowly, Beaumont, slowly," came the voice of the captain out of the darkness.

"Is Corbitant here? We seek Corbitant," now shouted the captain in a loud voice.

The voices ceased and complete silence reigned in the hut. Whether fear or treachery had bereft the savages of speech we did not know. The captain seeing that English was unknown, shouted to Hobomok to tell the people not to move; that we were after Corbitant for the killing of our friend, Squanto, and that the women and children would not be disturbed.

While our savage was howling this message in his horrible language, I was at the captain's side. As we stood anxiously awaiting a reply, we heard the rustling of the mats near us, followed by the shouting of the guards, mingled with sundry sword thrusts and cuts.

The captain shouted, "Need aid?"

One of the men outside answered, "Some of the people are escaping. Our swords are to stay them."

He answered back, "Fire two muskets."

The roar filled the savages with such fear that there was no further effort to slip away. Again and again the captain made our savage repeat in his tongue, that Corbitant alone was to suffer for the death of Squanto, before one of the scared savages would answer. Then a trembling voice said, that Squanto was alive and unharmed, and that Corbitant and his followers had left the village.

The captain would not believe this, but made Hobomok mount to the roof of the hut and shout the name of Squanto. Squanto answered the call and came running to where we were. He said that though Corbitant threatened to kill him if he did

not foreswear his relations with the colonists, he finally left him unharmed, and went off with his family to the south.

Standish bade Squanto to come into the hut and stir up the fire that was smouldering in the center of the floor. Crawling through the darkness, Squanto found and threw on the fire a few pieces of wood filling the place with light, showing a motley crowd of men, women, and children, standing together at the opposite end of the cabin.

Both Squanto and Hobomok suddenly became great men, as the Indian women hung about them, calling them "towams," that is friend. In this hurly-burly, the search went on until all the men had been examined and it was surely found that Corbitant had fled. The bows and arrows were taken away, and the savages were made to sit around the fire until morning.

With the coming of the day, the whole force went forth among the huts where Squanto lived, showing our friendliness for him by eating all he had for breakfast. While we dined, the savages who were friendly gathered about us, while those who sympathized with Corbitant, made haste to get away. Captain Standish made a speech to the natives. He said that Massassoit was the colonists' friend and Corbitant was an enemy; furthermore that unless Corbitant stopped stirring up strife, he would return and seize him, even though he fled to the forests.

Then Standish selected a lusty savage and looking at him squarely said, "You go tell Corbitant that unless King Massassoit, our friend, returns in safety from the Narragansets, that we will take revenge on him and his friends."

Turning to Squanto he said further, "Tell this man what I have said, and send him off at once."

Squanto had no sooner gotten the words out of his mouth, than the savage leaped to his feet, fleeing through the brush like a deer, glad enough to make his escape.

Having given this evidence of the steadfastness of our friendship and hatred of our enemies, Captain Standish showed his humanity by having a man and a woman, who were wounded by the guards the night before, brought to him. The poor wretches were trembling with fright. But he soon

quieted their fears and made Squanto explain that if they would go back to the great clearing with him, Doctor Fuller would heal their wounds. With a farewell warning to our enemies and a hand-shake for our friends, we departed from the village amid the shouts of the savages and a salute from a couple of guns, so that we left them in kindly humor.

Coming in sight of the great clearing, the captain fired his snap chance announcing our return. We could see the men coming from the field, while the women hurried from the huts. I could see the maiden at the top of the bank, with one hand shading her eyes, looking across the brook. As we followed along the deer path, she came down the hill, mingling with the others who were shouting us a welcome.

There was much calling across the brook as we crowded at the other end of the log, taking our turn of crossing, wanting to know if all was well. One blood-thirsty lad shouted, "Where's Corbitant's head?"

The maiden stood with the rest of the people, but I caught her eye and smiled at her. One by one we crossed the stream and leaped down among the happy colonists, who now wanted to know all about our journey. But the captain was a stickler for discipline and would not let us disperse in such an irregular manner, marching us down to the common-house from whence we started.

THE FIRST HARVEST THANKSGIVING

FROM two green leaves in early spring, Lora's corn plants took on proper size as the summer went by. As it passed through its various stages of development, she was delighted by its surprises, for its manner of growing was new, being the first we had ever seen. When the green blades were up to her waist, she wondered if it would reach her shoulder. As the sun raised it higher and higher, until the leaves towered above her head, she went amongst the growing grain in astonishment. One evening when the plants were almost full grown, Lora waited for me at the spring. Without permitting me to stop for a drink, she led me into her garden and with pride showed me a soft tassel like silk, that was unfolding itself from the topmost point of a stalk of corn.

"See," she said, "our corn is taking on decorations."

Reaching out to bend its head toward me to see this new novelty, she stayed my hand for fear my roughness might do it injury, "What think you?" she asked expectantly.

I shook my head responding, "I do not know whether the maize hangs down from the tassels like plums or whence it comes. We must wait and see."

This satisfied her, until in the fullness of the time green tufts came from the sides of the stalks. This was another period of astonishment and again I was compelled to visit the garden to see the new wonder. By this time the tassels were standing straight and stiff, so that we knew that the sticks of corn did not grow as pendants from the topmost spikes. While Lora pointed out the new development in the life of the plant, I examined it closely, but I was compelled to admit that I was an ignorant fellow on matters concerning yeomanry. For several days she watched the tufts grow into form without so much as fingering it, then testing its character between her fingers and thumb, and finding a certain hardness, she would have me examine it again.

When I declared, "It is coming on quite well, thank you," she asked, "What is coming?"

"The sticks of corn."

Then she took the soft bunch of husks and squeezed it tenderly as she said, "Truly, Francis, you are right. This is our corn."

Then during September while the corn was green, its tassels crowning its head, the soft husks gave way to great round sticks, thickly studded with grain; and she declared it was beautiful beyond expectation. When October touched its tasseled crown, changing it into a yellow with white pendants swinging in the wind and the tender green blades became bleached and seered; the maiden grew sorrowful at the change, wishing it might be tall and straight and green always.

So she went through the whole lifetime of the corn plant, watching and wondering, until one October day she came to me smiling with both hands behind her back, saying as she approached, "Now, which hand would you choose?"

"Yours, Lora, forever," I replied.

"Nay, not that kind of a hand, but a guessing one," she made answer, blushing deeply.

"Well, Mistress Lora, if I can not get what I wish, I suppose I must be content with what you choose to give me."

Very proudly she brought forth two sticks of corn, saying as she gave them to me, "In the springtime you gave me a stick of corn, I am now repaying you a hundredfold."

Before I could reply, she said, "Come and see our harvest."

Then she led me down to where a little pile of yellow, red, and white sticks lay upon the ground freed of their husks. Proudly she stood in the presence of her harvest, as if it were of precious value. Having surveyed this increase of the land, I noticed a dozen or more beautiful sticks lying to one side as if designed for a special purpose. Pointing to them, I asked, "Lora, is this seed for our own garden, or for the next planting time?"

With a merry twinkle in her eyes, she answered, "What a wise man you are to guess so well. 'Tis true, it is seed corn."

"For our own planting," I insisted; then in the next breath, "Your father has given his consent?"

Her gayety changed to graveness as she replied, "No, he does not consent; but if he should, we can start life together with our own seed corn."

"Lora, if it were not for creating a scandal, I would hug you for your steadfastness."

In perfect astonishment she said as she looked at me, "After your devotion, could you think me so weak as not to be constant with you?"

"Then, Lora, let me speak to your father again, mayhap he will give his consent."

To this, she shook her head, answering in a tone of voice, the meaning of which I did not quite grasp, "Master Allerton comes every evening now to see father, and you know, he thinks well of Master Allerton."

"Perhaps Master Isaac thinks well of you, also."

With a flash of fire in her eye, she turned upon me saying, "If he were a thousand Master Allertons, he could not gain a look from me, let alone a smile. Nay, not for the world would I countenance him, when I have you."

I had no desire to cast suspicion on her love nor could I conceive her otherwise than constant to her heart's desire, which I flattered myself was in my keeping. This she knew full well, so that she soon was smiling at me. Though I persisted in my desire to speak to her father, she would not permit me to do so. From the garden where lay her harvest, we climbed the bank together coming to the door of her hut, where I bade her farewell for the moment, carrying my two sticks of corn off to my own hut, to be stored away.

As Lora's corn progressed to the time of harvest, so did the one and twenty acres planted by the colonists. From the very first, the fields were watched with anxiety and interest, for upon its progress depended their lives. As Squanto said, the fish thrown in with the seed nourished the plants to strength and sturdiness.

Some of the lads grew a taste for the tender grain when it was soft and creamy. As a matter of fact, Squanto taught the youngsters a trick which got them into trouble. This was the covering the green juicy grain with a coating of clay, then

throwing it into a bed of hot embers, where it would steam in its juice and come to a sweetness which proved to be a tempting delicacy. It soon came to be a source of wonderment to the colonists, how daily the lads carried live coals to the forests and built fires. This mystery was solved by the discovery of missing corn from its stalks. Then the fires were investigated and the sticks of corn lying around stripped of its grain, showed full well who were the depredators of the field. This taste of green corn ended in the severe punishment of several lads, but one of them assured me, it was well worth it.

When the harvest time approached and the size of the reaping was evident, it became necessary to build a granary to hold the increase. It was surprising now with what ease the trees were cut, the logs hauled, and put in place. As I saw the thatching spread quickly over the rafters of the new house, I could not help but think of the terrible struggle of the colonists in the cold and wet of the first house building, and felt thankful, that I was not called upon to endure such labor and hardships.

When the granary was under roof and the corn was ripe, we went among the stalks plucking from them their burden of grain. This we threw in willow baskets of good Dutch making, carrying them full to overflowing down to the new grain house. With what pride I threw my first basket of corn in one corner of the log house, no one can imagine, unless he has seen the corn tumbling forth, spreading itself upon the straw covered floor. Then when the pile grew higher and higher until it reached the thatching, we felt as if the wealth of Spain was at our feet. Through these harvest days we toiled with light hearts and contented minds, each one glad to do his part, so that it seemed as if Utopia was here with us in New England, and our house of grain was a temple of gold.

This spirit of peace and contentment prompted Governor Bradford to declare that it was meet that a season of thanksgiving should be enjoyed by those who labored, and that praise be given to Him who had watched over them, bringing plenty to their doors. So on the next Sabbath Day, Elder Brewster solemnly proclaimed that beginning with the following Tues-

day, there would be several days of grace and feasting in accordance with the old English custom of harvest festivals, such as they were accustomed to in the North Country, from whence most of them came. I could see the faces of the men lighten, while the women and children smiled openly at the prospects of the gala days.

In the afternoon of this same golden Sabbath Day early in November, I wandered alone to the top of the mount looking over the great clearing and its humble log cottages. There were now eleven thatch-roofed houses, with piles of fire-wood reaching almost to the eaves, giving ample promise that there would be no suffering from the cold of winter. Where formerly the sides of the huts showed straight pine logs, square yellow windows of linen were set in, letting the sunlight within the gloomy rooms. New additions too had been built, converting the one narrow room into two of goodly size, where the women could have some privacy, and the whole household could be comfortable. Even the chimneys were covered with a new coating of clay showing forth in their yellow attire. Then down at the common-house ready for shipping back to England, were great piles of wainscoting and clapboards, all sawn by hand and borne from the forests on the backs of the men.

There was not one sick or feeble colonist, but every one was restored in health, with his heart beating loud in praise of the wholesomeness of the air, that brought him back to full vigor. This was a different scene on which I was looking, from that which greeted my eyes less than a year ago, when I stood in this same spot overlooking the great clearing, then filled with growing rubbish, bleak and deserted. Then we were but a handful of men in full armor, looking for somewhere to rest, and a landing-place for the sick and lonely colonists, who lay in the ship at Cape Cod. Across this clearing we moved fearful of the forests, fearful of the savages, fearful of the frosts. Sick at heart and in body, we sailed out through the narrow gate of the harbor and back to the ship at Cape Cod, and brought it hither through gales, and the chill of winter, with its burden of distressed and feeble people.

The memory of those days sunk into my very flesh, making me shiver with their horrors. It hardly seemed possible, that order and plenty could come out of such misery in such a short time. As I saw the smoke rising from every chimney, the great clearing bathed in the golden light of the setting sun, and caught a glimpse of the yellow corn in the storehouse, I felt my blood stir within me, as I thought, that I had done my part in bringing forth this season of plenty.

While I was dreaming and looking, I saw a figure in gray and white in the dooryard of the Brewsters. Then my heart grew thankful for the maiden that she was no longer in the throes of sickness, that the dread of the savages no longer hung over her head, that she would not want for food when the snow came again, and, that, with patience, I would in time have her as queen of my own hut.

Even as I looked, the last rays of the setting sun gilded the thatched roofs of the huts with its shining light. The woodland haze of autumn hung low with purple tints around the clearing, on the hilltops the oaks were turning brown, while the maples flung aloft their radiant hues of red and yellow in great profusion. Again my heart turned warm and thankful, that I could see the beauties of this woodland scene, furthermore, that I had tasted of the toil of this land and had not gone back to England to lose myself in indolence and pleasure.

As I held communion with myself, I felt a pang of sorrow for my gallant friend, the Earl of Devonshire, to think that he never knew such pleasures as I was now enjoying; and I vowed that I would not exchange my lot for his with his ideas of life, were a castle in every shire of England to be added to his estates.

There was great excitement on Monday morning as the colonists arose to make ready for the harvest festival and season of thanksgiving, which the elder had proclaimed from the pulpit the previous day. It was allotted to the captain and me with two others to secure the game and fowl, so that we were abroad before the sun in search of deer, turkeys, pigeons, and partridges. By noon we had made such carnage, we were compelled to send for help to bring in the store of game. In the afternoon we went deeper into the forests killing two bucks, fat

and in good condition; one we strung up, the other we brought in with us. I must say that for once I had my fill of shooting, for the four of us killed sufficient to last fifty Englishmen for three days of wasteful eating.

While the men were searching the forests and the sea, the women folks were busy in the huts over their bake pans and ash ovens, and wrought many delicacies out of wheat and rye flour and the golden corn. Such pleasant odors had never blessed the air of this clearing, as came forth from every hut, as the women vied with each other in their chimney-corners.

As I came home from hunting this Monday evening, worn and tired, I was surprised to see the light leaking through the cracks of my door. Throwing it open with haste, there on my hearthstones was a fire bidding me a warm welcome. Advancing to the center of the hut, I found on my table a great round cake with here and there a rasin and a piece of citron showing from its well-browned sides. Tired as I was, I drew up my chair and with my head on my two hands and my elbows on the table, I sat and looked at my good fortune. Shortly I awoke to the fact, that there was a slip of paper on the table along side of the dainty, and in Lora's hand was written, "Francis Beaumont, his harvest cake."

It seemed that while I was out in the woods, Lora took possession of the hut, cleaning it and setting a fire going. The cake I knew full well was from Lora, and I suspected, that she was the chief conspirator in perpetrating this scene of order.

Weary as I was, I had Standish come and view my hut under a woman's touch and see the cake as it stood with glowing enticement in the center of the table under the firelight. After he had stood on the heartstones with his back to the fire, looking around the well-cleaned room the while, I made bold to say, "What think you of Lora?"

With sadness in his voice, he answered, "She had but one equal, and she is no more."

So we stood together before the blazing fire and blessed the works of one woman and the name of another, until our weariness overcoming us, we were finally driven to our sleeping-rugs.

The haze of a November morning set a softness upon the

hills and mellowed the bright colors of the falling leaves, as it called every man, woman, and child out into their dooryards with the joy of living high within them. Governor Bradford, being a yeoman, had no such high notions of dress as did Governor Carver; and was content upon this gala day with a black cloak thrown over a doublet of brown, primly buttoned to his chin with new trousers and stockings of the same coloring. But not since King Massassoit came to the clearing, however, had the people taken on such colors in their dress as they did this morning, so that the goodness that was within them broke forth not only in song, but in raiment as well.

Since others were bedecking themselves, I betook myself to a few of my possessions, which were stored away in my chests. My selection of doublet, cloak, trousers, and stockings were orderly enough, however, not to offend those who did not have them in such goodly quality. Besides I was to join in the festivities of the day as a freeman, so I did not wish to flount myself in an unseemly manner.

With the sound of the rolling drum, I hurriedly threw on my cloak and hastened to the door. The captain had preceded me and was well on his way to the common-house. I was in no great hurry, hanging back so that I might, if possible go with the maiden. This pleasure I missed, for as I was walking along the path leisurely, I saw her come forth from a hut with Priscilla Mullins, with whom she was chatting.

She was wearing this day a new French hood, showing her brown hair upon her forehead. There was a bit of lace about the edge of her white neckcloth, both ends of which were tucked in the folds of her new lavender colored dress, so that she was white and lavender this morning, instead of gray and white which she had worn constantly since the landing. She had grown tall and graceful, and the flush of her cheek told of the health that the soft air had brought her. With her head throw back and face lighted with the spirit of this new country, I thought Lora more beautiful than ever. She gave me a cheery "Good morrow" which I returned gladly. Then in a gracious manner she made a place by her side, where I tarried until the festivities began.

Most of the colonists having been farmers in the north of England, now betook themselves to the custom of that section of the country in celebrating the bringing in of the last harvest sheaf. First a wicker basket was carried to the common-house, from my own chest I brought many colored ribbons which I now handed to Lora and Priscilla. Quite fantastically they festooned the basket until it was as gay as the people in its attire. Whilst we stood around and made suggestions, the maidens finished their tasks with more than one youth looking with envious eyes upon them. Our two savages, Squanto and Hobomok, were no longer half savage and half English in their dress, but were clad from head to foot with woven stuff.

When the basket was in readiness the two maidens lifted it from the ground, holding it between them while the colonists fell in two by two behind them. For a moment we stood in silence, then arose in full song that stirring processional, "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein."

As we marched, we sang, filling the clearing with music. From the path, the procession turned into the corn-field. Coming to where the corn was on the stalk, the two maidens stopped, setting the basket upon the ground. Again there was silence and all stood still until the thankfulness of the people broke forth in singing.

As the notes of the psalm began, Lora and Priscilla each plucked a stick dropping it in the basket, then stood aside so that those who followed might pluck and deposit their corn. So we sang while each one, including Squanto and Hobomok, harvested his corn, dropping it in the wicker basket, until the last ear had been gathered. The burden of the full basket being past the strength of the maidens, Master Allerton and John Alden came forth and gravely raised the basket between them. With quickened step, we marched back through the field and down the path to the granary singing a song of thankfulness.

Having finished the marching psalm, the governor bade all kneel in a half circle around the front of the granary. The elder sent up a petition of thanksgiving for the riches of the

earth, forest, and sea which had been so bountifully poured on the people. While the elder prayed some of the men looked at the corn showing clean and yellow between the logs; the lads eyed the maidens, while others looked away into the forests; but most of them held their eyes devoutly to the earth, each one bearing a thankful heart for what he was then beholding.

When the elder ceased, Lora approached the granary, unfastening and throwing open its door. Governor Bradford promptly came forward and plucking a stick from the basket, threw it into the grain-house. So one by one we who had gathered the corn took up a stick and threw it into the granary until only two sticks were left. Priscilla, blushing sweetly, gently dropped one of these in the storehouse.

Lora now stood forth holding the last stick of corn, ere she did her part. With her head thrown back and singing the words of praise, she dropped the last sheaf of the harvest into the granary, closed the door, locked it and carried the key to the governor.

When this simple ceremony had been completed, all stood with bowed heads as again they sang, "The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, from this time forth and even forever more." So was garnered the first harvest from the field of the great clearing, and safely housed, amidst the songs of praise of the people.

While the women hurried to their chimney-corners where the ash pans, baking pans, and spits were bearing burdens of cakes and fowls, the men and boys made haste to carry the tables to the common-house where we were all to feast together. It was the rule of harvest festivals that every one was upon equal footing, so that the quality, commonality, and servants were all alike this day in scurrying around to get tables and pewter platters together. Two tables were erected across the common-house in preparation for the coming feast, while from every hut came steaming dishes, hot with the juice of fowl and venison.

Standing in front of the common-house, I saw Lora coming down the path with a great burden of good things so I made

haste to go to her relief. She was out of breath when I reached her, saying, "Lora, that is a heavy load."

"You should see what there is to come," she answered.

She would have gone back for more but I wanted to walk with her, so I persuaded her to go to the common-house with me, where we came amidst the confusion of the arrival of other dainties from other huts at the same time. On our way back we met her father burdened with a roast turkey. Coming to her door, I hesitated to enter. Lora noticed my hesitancy, coming quickly to me, she pleaded, "Please, come in."

I could not withstand her voice. As the door was open, I entered to be confronted by the mother. The matron was gracious enough, but I thought not over-encouraging.

Receiving my burden, I came forth with a cake of corn on one arm and a wheat cake on the other, followed by Lora and her mother carrying platters of carrots, turnips, and green vegetables of their own raising. We arrived at our destination in the midst of a babble of tongues. The two tables were filled with pewter and wooden platters, on which were ducks, turkeys, venison, and fish of several varieties. Such profusion of meats I had never seen except at great feasts in English halls. Squanto and Hobomok stood against the walls with their hands behind their backs, no doubt to keep from snatching a morsel from a platter, wondering how long they would be confronted by such temptations before falling.

Such hungriness this new or the old country rarely saw, as that which possessed the men and boys, as they stood around the entrance to the common-house, mocked by the heavily laden tables within. Governor Bradford was the master of ceremonies, going in and out much to the envy of some, who announced loudly, were they once within, they would never be routed out. In due time the last platter arrived and word was given to enter. There was some disorder as the hungry men and young lads endeavored to gain a seat near their favorite dishes. Following the tide of this onward current of hungriness, I came in last and was compelled to sit at the end of the table and see Master Allerton occupy a favored place next to Lora. I confess that I was greatly disappointed, since I had

hopes of somehow gaining her side. She was seated between her father and Master Allerton and I thought looked uncomfortable.

As the plates of the men were filled, there fell a lull over the feasting crowd. Each one being busy with satisfying his own particular appetite, I could not but notice Squanto and Hobomok who lay to the right and left, sparing neither fowl nor venison, until they had a wholesome platter in front of them ready for devouring.

Lora scanned the faces along the table; discovering me and seeing my glum face, she smiled. I mustered up sufficient spirit to return her greeting. Shortly she grew restless. Then I saw her arise as if she would serve the men nearest her. Extending her field of service from one to another, she finally came to me and asked, "Master Beaumont, what would you have?"

"Mistress Lora, turkey would please me."

She brought me the breast of a fowl at the same time gave me a gentle pressure of her hand. Then she went from one man to another, every one accepted something from her, feeling complimented by it. Once her father called her, but she made excuse that she must see the men all cared for, refusing to be seated again.

There was no staying of men's hands this day until their stomachs called quits, even our two savages showing signs of defeat, though they looked longingly at the food that had been left. Though the tables were filled with wrecks of fowls and roasts, when the last man arose (which was Squanto), there was left ample to feed them all again. One by one, the men made their escape. Once out in the open I saw the oldest Billington lad enticing Squanto behind the storehouse. I was a little curious as to what mischief was abroad, so shortly happening around that way, I found the lad with the savage's pipe between his lips drinking tobacco.

The lad did not see me at first, drawing in the smoke and blowing it from his mouth quite deftly. He jumped as I said, "Ho! Ho! my lad, trying savage tricks?"

Quite impudently he replied, "Well, I saw Father drinking tobacco only yesterday," and went on blowing smoke from him.

Now that we were like stuffed partridges, some one suggested stool ball. This brought forth stools from every hut, until we had at least a dozen in a circle on the smoothest part of the path with a man on each one and a chieftain in the center. As the chieftain tossed the ball towards a stool, it was the duty of its occupant to prevent it from striking his chair, at the same time sending it as far as he could with the palm of his hand. While the chieftain chased the ball, the men exchanged stools. If the chieftain struck a man with the ball or even crossed his path, the party so struck, resigned his stool taking his place in the center of the ring. While some played stool ball, others pitched the bar or tried their hands at quoits, so that the path was a scene of great activity.

The festivities of the day were carried into the night under the light of candles and betty lamps. As the captain and I went down to the elder's, we heard the people singing merrily in the hut. The Brewster house was well filled when we arrived, but Lora was looking for us and found us comfortable seats in the chimney-corner.

I wanted to stop in the shadows in the back of the room, but she would not have it, insisting that I come forth to the chosen corner. The father received me with some favor, though it was evident that he was not ready to take me into his fold. Governor Bradford and Master Edward Winslow coming shortly, I gave up my seat and went forth into the open air. Much to my surprise, Lora followed me.

Then I said, "Lora, you will be missed from your friends."

She replied, "I would rather be with you than in the house."

So we wandered down to the landing rock on the beach looking across the moonlit harbor. Lora was in a happy mood and I was equally thankful. Now that we had corn and good prospects of ample food, I wished to press our affairs to an early conclusion. As we were standing listening to the waves lapping with low sounds upon the beach, I said, "Lora, how long, fancy you, must I wait to gain your father's consent?

"Francis, dear," she answered, "know you how long Jacob toiled for his love?"

"Nay, Lora, I vow I am not learned in that matter."

"Fourteen years," she replied.

"Fourteen years!" I exclaimed. "Lora, you would not punish me like that."

"Nay, Francis, I would have Father mend his feelings toward you, if he would."

"If he does not?"

She replied, "Then I shall have done my duty in waiting a reasonable time. After that I shall come to you. But, Francis, you must be patient, for it will break father's heart for me to go against his will."

"Lora, I will be patient enough; but you must hasten the time."

When we walked back to the hut, the people were still singing their song of thanksgiving. Coming opposite the Billington house, I saw a faint glow in the dooryard which came and went in a puzzling manner; then the thought came to me, that Father John was stealing a drink at the tobacco plant through Squanto's pipe.

Early the next morning, King Massassoit and ninety of his people came stalking down the path through the great clearing on their way to the common-house. The governor would not keep all the good things for the colonists, but generously offered to divide with his poorer neighbors. Accordingly a messenger had been dispatched the day before to the camp of the king, who was not far away, inviting him and his people to be guests at the harvest festival. They lost no time, but came quickly, lest the provisions were all eaten.

The colonists having become undeceived by the fiction of royalty which they bestowed upon Massassoit at the first meeting with him, now knew that he was a poor savage with uncertain power even over his own people. So there was no show of greeting him as he led his people down to the common-house. The savages being without provisions, the remains of the first feast were set before them. They made haste to juggle with the meat, until only the bones were left, whetting their teeth upon them ere they left off.

Governor Bradford ordered a midday feast for the savages, which the women began to prepare while the men continued

their sports and pastimes. All morning long we played at stool ball, the Indians standing around unmoved by such foolings. Then we tested them at the game, but they liked the stools so well they refused to move from them, sitting like statues when the ball was struck out of the circle. Then we drilled for the savages, showing the marches and the counter marches of the soldiers of Europe, which they watched with interest. But when we came charging and yelling down the hill, firing a volley, they scattered in every direction; some taking refuge behind the huts, while others ran across the clearing, darting into the woods as though we were in hot pursuit. The fleeing savages cut such ridiculous figures, our men were wont to laugh, but it was too serious a matter for light treatment on our part. It required all the persuasive power of the captain to get King Massassoit from behind Winslow's hut, where he had fled for safety. When he understood through Squanto, that we were but making a spectacle in his honor, he came into the path quickly, calling his followers back with him.

At noontime we came from the plays to the common-house where the tables were filled with a double burden of meats and breads. Our own larder was now so well filled that this assortment was no strain upon it; indeed we were glad to have some one's aid in consuming what we had gathered since there was not a market for the surplus. After the scare in the morning, we had trouble in getting the savages to follow us, so fearful were they of treachery. But the king and a few of his underlings came with us to the tables, taking their places in an orderly manner. Massassoit, arrayed in his horseman's red cotton coat, sat next to Governor Bradford.

Being curious to see the savage ruler at his meals, I watched him closely. As a matter of fact, he was bewildered by the use of platters and knives, looking upon both as novelties, which to his mind were unnecessary tools in the task of eating. At first he simply looked at them, then endeavored to follow the governor, grasping his knife to strip the meat from the breast bone of a turkey. He made a cut or two quite decently, so that I had hopes that all was well with his majesty; but the results evidently were not satisfying to his kingship. Look-

ing around and seeing the colonists were wielding their knives, he made another try with his own. Failing again his savage appetite arose above his manners; dropping the knife he seized the bone with both hands. Though he was soon shining with grease from ear to ear, he had a smile of contentment, which told of his satisfaction with his own way of eating, likewise, of English cooking.

While his majesty dined at the table, his subjects ate sitting cross legged on the ground or upon the logs. Knives they refused, while the platters they considered of little value; plucking the meat and bread from them, then casting them aside. There was such ravishing of the provisions by the savage friends, the governor made a sign for his subjects to withhold themselves for fear of the supply running out. There was a scowl on the faces of some, who feign would stop their attack; but the governor quieted them by saying that those who would be denied to-day would be filled to-morrow.

With this offer of an extra feast, the colonists quit the table to make way for the savage guests; who, having finished their first helping, now stood around for more. Seeing that their king was satified with his safety after much coaxing the whole party crowded around the tables. There was one swoop by the savage horde and only the boards were left. The lusty ones, taking whole turkeys and by dint of much twisting and breaking across their knees, performed the dissection of the fowls in a neat and urgent manner.

The women who stopped to serve the savages stood in amazement at this sudden clearing of the tables. There was a broad smile on Lora's face, for she saw the humor of the scene and could not conceal her mirth. As there was nothing left for the women to do, they quietly slipped away leaving the savages, who were too deeply engaged to notice their departure.

Governor Bradford would not trust our savage friends with the brandy, as he was well aware of their taste for it. To gratify this whim somewhat, he ordered the Winslow silver pitcher filled with half water and half spirits. King Massassoit was granted the first mug, then each of his subjects followed, until the whole ninety were filled with food and strong

waters. Having given of our sports and hospitality, the sav ages were moved to return the compliment by dancing, as they did the Sabbath day in April, when first they came into the clearing.

As they sat in a circle giving forth their cries and shouts, whilst the dancers grimaced and stamped the ground, I thought they had not improved in their gracefulness or harmony, since the last time I saw and heard them. As the strong waters began to work, the music grew into a fierce chant, and the dance into a tumult.

While Lora was watching this scene of savagery, I made my way to her saying, "Lora, what think you of this dancing?"

She replied, "I do not fancy their dancing-master, do you?" We stood and watched their wild gesticulations and leapings until we tired of the noise, then I went with her to the common-house to aid in gathering together the family pewter.

Our harvest festival lasted all the rest of the week. The savages scattered through the woods, hunting with such diligence as to bring in five fat deer. Standish was now a big man in their eyes. I was in his house one morning, when a lusty savage with a deer on his shoulder stepped inside and threw the buck on the floor. Without waiting for as much as a "thank you,"he turned and left us. I laughed and said, "Standish, they are propitiating the war god."

He good naturedly replied, "These savages think I eat deer as well as gun powder."

When Saturday morning broke clear and cool, every one was glad that the last day of feasting was to be a bright one. We were at stool ball, quoits, and other games all the morning, while the women labored over the farewell feast. When the noon approached, there was the same hungry crowd of white men and savages looking in the door at the goodies on the table. Our savage guests by this time had no fear, these days of entertainment having won their confidence completely. When the crowd of Englishmen and savages pushed its way into the common-house, there was barely room to stand. But we were in a gay mood and helped ourselves bountifully.

When the feast was finished and the last bone had been pick-

ed, the governor took Massassoit by the hand bidding him, "Adieu." Very sorrowfully his majesty and his subjects left the great clearing, for they had never had such eating and drinking in all their lives. For a time open rebellion was threatened in the ranks of the king, some of the savages wishing to linger, making faces about the command to depart, but the king after much talk gathered all his ninety subjects about him. We escorted them down to the brookside. As they crossed the log bridge and fell into straggling procession along the deer path we gave a mighty shout followed by a volley of our guns. Through the rising smoke, we could see them hurrying along and we stopped long enough to see the last of the dusky forms disappear among the trees.

As the sun drew near the treetops on the western hills, we put away the stools and balls. The common-house which had been the scene of such activities was closed and deserted. There was still a joke and a jest on the lips of a few of the sturdiest, but most of the people were satiated and were glad to seek the seclusion of their huts. The gravity of the leaders was once more upon them, and they were no longer in humor to speak lightly. Twilight was descending upon the great clearing. When the shadows of the night shut in the forests, the captain stopped in to give me my colored ribbons which had festooned the harvest basket. I threw them carelessly upon my sleeping-rugs.

Walking to my door, I looked down the path and could see the smoke curling up gracefully from the chimneys. Peace and plenty were in every abode; the Spirit of the Universe now stole into the heart of the great clearing, wrapping it in its folds of contentment and the creeping silence of the night. So ended the first harvest festival.

IN the midst of the festivities of the previous week, I had been thrown in contact with the elder many times, and he seeming kindly disposed, I determined to speak to him about Lora. My opportunity came sooner than I had expected, for, as I was at the spring early Monday morning after the festival, I met him face to face. He seemed unusally cordial.

At all events I was firm in my convictions that I had proven my worthiness of Lora's love, so that I had no hesitancy in saying, "Elder Brewster, I have no desire to be disagreeable, but I love Lora as you know full well, and I wish to make her my wife."

"Master Beaumont," he replied, "you have truly denied yourself all things, and I know better than Lora or anyone else what your sacrifices have been. I am not unkindly to you but only fair to my daughter, when I say, I can not give her to you willingly."

"But I have given up all for Lora, I have abandoned my friends, my opportunities of advancement, even my family. Could a man do more?"

"True, Master Beaumont, you have done all these for the present; but once you and Lora are one, perhaps then you will tire of this country and its lowliness, and will return to England and its pleasures. I have seen the shallowness of English life, and I say to you, that I would rather see Lora in her grave than send her back to such an ungodly life through tenderness of heart on my part."

Somehow I felt the father was in the right and I knew full well that if I had such a prize in my household, I would keep it as long as I could. But I could not abandon my hope of conquest of him so easily, so I opened my attack at another point by saying, "Lora's love is in my keeping and she will never, never place it in another's."

The elder did not answer me, but sat looking up into the willows, as if he were hesitating about delivering his mind. Having settled this point, he turned to me saying, "Master Beaumont, I wish to be frank with you. As you know, you are not my choice of a husband for Lora. I would choose some one of our own church and faith – some one of our own people."

Then of a sudden it came to me that Master Isaac Allerton was his choice and, like a schoolboy, I said, "Some one like Master Allerton?"

"Master Allerton, if Lora would choose him, would meet my consent."

"If she did not?" I asked.

"Then she would always find a place at home."

I could see that he was determined against me, so I said, "Elder Brewster, what would you have me do to gain your goodwill?"

Then he spoke to me gently but firmly, "Master Beaumont, the ancient traditions of your family are still strong within you. For the moment you have suppressed and restrained them, but like a tide they will rise sooner or later and make you sorry that you had ever taken a lowly maiden as a wife. It is to protect you from such a time, and protect Lora from such a sorrow, that I am not content that you should take her. You have shown yourself a man, and it gives me pleasure to know that you see such charms in a daughter of mine. You ask me aught that you can do to gain my consent, I must say to you that it is not in your power to wipe out the past, for it is in your blood, and greater than your life."

"But, Elder Brewster, look at me," I was in earnest, bringing my clinched fist against my breast that he might see my own personality.

Without an unkind note in his voice, he said, "You are a man, better than your ancestors but still a part of them."

Though the bitterness of defeat surged up within me, and I was moved to turn from him, my love for Lora prompted me to offer him my hand. He took it in the spirit that I offered it. I was tempted greatly to press my suit, but I held my tongue. The elder went his way, while I sat down on the

curbing of the spring to think over my prospects. Lora, who had seen us talking, came for water as quickly as she dared without attracting attention.

In an instant she saw that I was under restraint with her. As she looked up into my face, I could not steel myself against her if I would, so I said, "Lora, I have seen your father."

"Oh, Francis, why did you? Why did you?" at the same time grasping my arm as if in great excitement.

"Lora, I thought perhaps his heart was softened towards me, so that he would listen to me."

"It is, Francis, but he has fancies of my loving some of our people. When once he finds I will not give you up, perhaps he will give his consent."

"But, Lora, I am not willing to be played with for all time. He has just told me if you would not have one of your people, you could stay at home. Lora! Sweetheart! It is unfair."

"Listen, Francis dear, I would go to the ends of the earth for you, with or without the consent of Father. Please do not drive me to it. Abide with me awhile, until some goodly time arises." She was pleading so earnestly, I could not help but swallow my bitterness.

"Lora, dear, I do not want to take you from this new country. I am content with you here."

"Francis, even though I would marry you, whom would we get to perform the ceremony in this clearing without Father's consent?"

This had not occurred to me. Though the marriage services were performed by magistrates and not ministers, still Governor Bradford was the only magistrate. He would never go contrary to the wishes of his friend, the elder; and it was weeks of sailing across the ocean to England to the next nearest magistrate. She saw my play of thought and again pleaded with me to be patient, assuring me when the time came, she would act with me quickly. The bitterness melted away under her smiles and I went back to my hut ready to love and wait for her, as patiently as I could.

Coming in from the forests at noonday on the Wednesday following the harvest festival, I was surprised to see a crowd

in front of the common-house. Hailing the captain, he told me there was a French ship at anchorage at Cape Cod. A friendly savage, who had seen the vessel, had run all the way to tell of its arrival. The colonists not expecting assistance from England after the quarrel with Master Weston at Southampton, Governor Bradford was fearful that it was a French expedition from Canada, to dispute their entrance into this northern country.

The captain bade me get my snap chance and bullets in order, likewise to have an ear for signals in case I should be away from the clearing I was very much disturbed and waited around most of the afternoon. I had urged Lora that if we were attacked, she was to retreat up the deer path to the Governor's Rock near Billington's Sea. To this she would not consent, but said that her duty was in the clearing where she could see what was happening, and, if needs be, render aid.

On the morrow, I laid my gun, bandolier, sword, and dagger on the bed in the hut and went off in the forests. I was hardly in the harness, when I was startled by the sound of the signal cannon. Coming up to my hut, I flung my powder and bullet belt across my shoulder and buckled on my sword as I went on my way. I could see the white sails of the Frenchman off in the distance, as it made its way towards the harbor.

Lora was waiting for me and with pale face said, she would be near me in case of danger. Though I would have her away, she would not go back to her hut but followed me bareheaded down to the common-house. There I found every man and boy who could carry a gun or sword. Though there was some confusion and nervousness, it soon gave way to a spirit of confidence. After a conference with the governor, Captain Standish decided to move us into the Little-field-that-overlooked-the-sea where we had a free outlook. With the drum beating its martial music, the little company took up its march. The captain drew up his soldiers in line and bade them load their guns and keep their matches burning brightly. Back of us were the frightened women. Though they could not fight, they were too brave to stay in their huts in safety.

There was no difficulty in seeing the ship, as it came straight

on with well filled sails. Having seen service, the captain asked me to go down to the beach with him to select the first stand to dispute the enemy's landing. Shouldering my snap chance, I walked with him along the shore. From time to time, we stopped and looked at the ship endeavoring to tell by its gear whether it was English or French; but neither of us was of the sea, so we found little information in our looking. As there was not a tree or stump along the shore back of which our men could lie, we decided to stop where we were.

Having planned our campaign, we went back to where our thin and ragged line of soldiers stood. The women with blanched faces were mingling with them. Then the captain and I did a heartless thing, for we sent the women from the men, for who can run the perils of warfare with wife and sweetheart in his mind.

Lora, deeming danger near, cast aside all effort of concealing her affection for me, clung to my arm, and begged me to be careful. Tenderly I pushed her aside and went back to my duty. By this time the vessel had come so close to the land that we could see the topmost spars above the tops of the trees on the outer beach. There was a speck of a flag flying, and we longed that we might tell whether it was the cross of England, or the lilies of France.

As the vessel emerged from behind the long beach and came into the clear water within the harbor, our men took up their guns and made ready for the encounter. Our suspense would soon be over for the sails fluttered down from their fastenings, leaving the mast tall and bare, as the anchors plunged into the sea. Again and again we endeavored to pick out the color of the flag, but the distance was too great. As the tide was in, the strangers lost no time in getting a boat into the sea, this movement causing the men again to blow their matches.

The women refused to stay behind the men, but moved off to the left, and stood on the bank looking with anxious eyes at the ship's boat, which was now well across the harbor. The captain gave his last instructions. As the boat drew nearer and nearer, our soldiers became weary and nervous, shifting their

guns from side to side and blowing hurriedly at their matches. The captain spoke to them in his commanding way. We could see the sailors in the boat but failed to distinguish their arms. I called the attention of Captain Standish to this, but he said they could hide their guns in the bottom of the boat.

Standish full of uncertainty, left the command with me, while he and the governor made their way down to the rock. All the time, the boat came on boldly. As it approached dangerously near for an enemy, I heard the captain hail, "What ship is that?"

"The Fortune of London," was the answer.

Instantly my command became unmanageable and went hurrying down the bank wild with joy. The women rushed forward waving shawls and kerchiefs, while the men shouted themselves hoarse. Being deserted by my soldiers, I hastened to the beach."

As the boat came up to the rock, I heard Lora exclaim, "Jonathan, Jonathan."

Clasping my arm, she exclaimed excitedly, "See, there is my brother Jonathan."

The charges, pounded down the muzzles of the guns for an enemy, were now let loose. Through the cloud of smoke, the boat dashed up to the rock, its occupants scrambling over the side into the arms of their friends. Such a welcome, no long lost relatives ever received, as was showered upon the new arrivals. Lora was tearful in her joy, while Edward Winslow greeted his brother John with deep affection. Governor Bradford welcomed a grave dignified man with such fervor, I asked one of the men who it was.

He replied, "Master Robert Cushman, who quit us at Plymouth and went back to London in the smaller vessel."

With their hearts filled with joy, the old colonists escorted their friends up the pathway carrying their chests between them. Lora soon espied me and made haste to bring her brother Jonathan to greet me. I could see that he had his suspicions of our relations, so that he was even forward with his notice of me. Like a maiden from school, she showed him the thatched roofs of the huts.

I could see the brother's face fall, as he said, "You live in such mean huts!"

"Truly, and with joy in our living," was her reply.

Falling behind, I heard others of the newcomers find fault with the houses, until I became indignant. There was no thought of work in the minds of the colonists, the rest of the day being given over to the gossip of the new and old country.

I took my gun and strolled off through the woods. As I came across the clearing at dusk, I saw the lights of the vessel off in the distance, and thought that once more I was in touch with England. The candles and betty lamps were lighted and the mirth of the harvest festival was once more abroad in the great clearing. When I pulled my sleeping-rugs up close to my chin, my last recollections were the songs of welcome to the newcomers.

These songs were soon changed to graver notes when the colonists heard that the thirty-five colonists of the "Fortune," not only did not have supplies to carry them through the winter, but did not have so much as a frying pan. Most of them were young lads who sold their extra clothes at Plymouth, that they might enjoy its pleasures. They were a poor lot without clothing or food. But this did not dampen the ardor of the colonists, who took them into their homes and hearts, dividing their corn and comforts with them.

The newcomers fell foul of Governor Bradford early in their career, for on the morrow when the old colonists went off early to their labors, some of them essayed to go along and sit in idleness. The governor soon put an end to the dreamers, causing tools to be given them so that they could join in the labor.

The captain of the Fortune had no mind of stopping with us during the winter. As soon as the chests of the passengers were ashore, he made haste to put on board the planks, wainscoting, and other woods that had been prepared. Though the timber cargo was large, the stock of furs was small.

I went aboard once while the ship lay in the harbor just to see what it looked like in the roundhouse. Instantly it was bruited about that "Master Beaumont was for England."

Though I went to my labors as usual, I could see that the colonists expected me to lose my interest in the clearing.

On the eve of December twenty-third, I looked across the harbor at the distant ship's lights. On the morrow it was to take its flight for England. Though I could have gone and been welcomed on board, I had no idea in that direction. My sacrifices and toils made me see life through different eyes, than the ones which saw such pleasures in the dissipations and life in England. Then my love for Lora brought me gladness, which I knew awaited me, nowhere else in this world except in her presence. I was glad to see the lights; I was glad to know that we were not forgotten; but I turned away from the ship and looked into my blazing fire with a pleasure that bound me to it in its simple lowliness.

On the morrow I went with the people to the beach and saw the ship go forth from the harbor on its way to my old home. Some of the people looked at me seriously, as if they were surprised at my presence. Lora made bold to come and stand as near to me as she could. She was in good spirits and had the laughing humor in her eyes.

There was no following of this vessel with tearful eyes and sad hearts as at the first sailing. Though the cannon exchanged salutes and the people waved a distant farewell, it was a pastime compared with the tragedy of the first departure. From the beach the people turned to a full storehouse and houses made comfortable by a year's labor and toil.

I walked with Lora up the path. So long as other people were around, she was quiet and demure. When we had fallen back and were the last of the procession, she seized my arm and affectionately said, "Francis, dear, I am glad that you did not go."

"Go? Where?"

"Back to England."

"Back to England?" I repeated stopping suddenly and facing her.

"Forgive me, Francis, for speaking of it, for I never thought it for a moment, I knew you would not leave me here alone."

"What ails you, Lora? What makes you speak so?"

Then she faltered, saying, "Father thought and, I suspect, hoped, that you would not tarry longer. Though he did not speak to me, I saw him eyeing you curiously after you returned from the ship. He fancied, so did others, that your heart was set on England; but I knew, Francis dear, that your heart was strong and full of courage. Had you come to me, though it would have broken my heart, I could not have bid you tarry."

Then coming closer and looking up into my face, she said, "Your love for me is past my understanding, but it is of unsurpassing sweetness."

If you could have seen her at that moment, you would have agreed with me that no sacrifices were too great to enjoy the privilege of living in her presence. As we came to her house, I was not content to let her go from me, so together we went down to the spring and there stood among the willows.

Christmas season was now upon me, for the colonists did not permit its merriments to burden them. I fancied that the elder was right when he said the ancient manners were in my blood and would assert themselves. For as I sat at my fireside on Christmas eve, for the first time in many months, did I give myself up to dreaming of home and friends. All day long I had been peevish and restless. Once alone I built a fire, and sat down in my armchair. There was little solace in its blaze. Crossing the floor, I opened the door hoping a view of the clearing and forests would cool my brain. This failing me, I went back to the fire, rife with discontent.

As I sat poking into the embers, the thought came to me that it was Christmas Eve, then my mind gave way to the scenes of that season. I could see the Lord of Misrule surrounded by his merry court take possession of Beaumont Hall. Now the laughter and shouts of this crew of pleasure seekers filled the feasting chamber. Then the faces of many damsels came out of the past, some of whom I had long since forgotten; but I saw them now in long array, as we swung down the ball-room floor. Once more, I was in my velvets – the gayest beau of them all. I could hear the sweet strains of music as we danced away the night.

Then on the morrow, when the Christmas feast was upon the

boards, the lords and ladies were happy in their cheer, I could see the boar's head steaming within its crown of holly and the flavor of many scented dishes filling the room with pleasing odors and ourselves with contentment; then after hours of eating and drinking, the great plum pudding would be brought in running thick with sweetness. There was gayety in my life and heart and I saw the world in blithesome colors, for Christmas cheer was abroad gilding all things with its touch.

Listlessly I sat now in my lowly hut with the fire burning dimly on my hearthstones. My heart was heavy, and England was far away. Again I crossed the room and went out into the night with my head in a whirl. There was no purpose in my mind as I strode down the path towards the foot log across the brook. I merely wanted to walk and walk in the night air.

Through the stillness of the forests, I hastened along the deer path. Following it under the towering pine trees, along the running waters, and across the yellow marshes, I came to Governor's Rock. There standing in the loneliness of the night hour, I saw the stars in the heavens, I heard the winds playing through the branches of the trees and felt the peacefulness of the wilderness. Then I had a vision of Lora, standing on this same rock in the golden hours of that April day, when she kissed me.

With this song in my heart, I went back down the path, once more contented. The fight of the ancient traditions was over in me, and I felt from that moment, that England would never draw me back to its court and halls. The fullness of life, I now knew, was within this new country and its simple ways.

As I came up to my hut, I saw something white upon the log step. Taking it up, I hastened to the fire with it. From the folds of a sheet of paper, there came forth a sampler with these words worked in red woolen yarn, "Francis, Merry Christmas, Lora; 1621."

I bowed my head with remorse and hugged this bit of thing to my heart, as though it were a crown of jewels. After all I thought, Lora has some of the ancient traditions in her blood and I went again to sit in my chair and dream when we could

be together at our own fireside and wish each other a "Merry Christmas."

On this Christmas morning the drum beat was earlier than usual, the governor evidently fearing the people might forget themselves and make merry. I had a ball of ribbon in my pocket for Lora. My choice of gifts was a diamond buckle which I had among the ribbons, but this I knew she could not use, while the ribbons were of useful value.

As I went down the path with the frost tingling my fingers, I saw Lora coming to meet me. I whispered "Merry Christmas," to her which brought back, "A merry Christmas, Francis," in a subdued voice.

"Lora," I said, "this is the happiest Christmas of my life."

"And you going to toil all day?"

"Yes, and I am going to toil through the day. Can you guess what gives me such pleasure?"

Blushing, she replied, "I hope I have added to it."

"You, and your sampler."

Then the drum beat again and giving her my ball of ribbon, I went on. Arriving at the common-house, I learned that some of the men had been detailed to hunt deer. The captain, knowing my proclivities and no doubt feeling that I would be more content in the woods than at labor, had selected me as his companion.

There was no great rush of the new comers to secure their tools. I saw them hanging back and talking among themselves as if planning mutiny.

Governor Bradford noticed the delay of the men and in his blunt way cried to them, "Hasten, men, to your tools."

One of the leaders, advancing said, "Governor Bradford, it is against our consciences to work on Christmas Day."

It was a neat speech since the governor came all the way from Holland for a matter of conscience. Master Bradford knit his brow as if in anger, then came into good humor as he replied, "Since it is a matter of conscience, we shall not ask you to go contrary to it now, but trust you will soon see things differently."

Then turning to his old colonists, he bade them to follow him

to the woods, leaving the conscience men standing in the path.

At noonday when the governor and the men came from their labors, the new arrivals were playing at stool ball, pitching the bar, and other sports. Then the governor strode up and taking their ball and bar away from them said, "Since it is against your conscience to work, it is likewise against my conscience to have you play." With this speech, he sent them to their huts where they stayed in anger, all the rest of Christmas Day.

The captain and I had our Christmas dinner on a fallen log in the midst of a pine forest with two fat deer lying at our feet. Instead of steaming boar's head, we had half frozen fowl, for plum pudding we had corn bread, and a drink of cool spring water for spiced wines.

As we finished our meal, the captain said, "Beaumont, that was a goodly repast."

I responded, "Fit for a king."

WANT, FAMINE, AND DESPAIR

THE ship Fortune had hardly passed into the deep sea, before we were thrust into trouble with distant savage neighbors. This dread was not of Massassoit but of the Narragansets whose abode was in the wilderness to the south of us. Word had come from time to time that the Narragansets were our sworn enemies, as we stood between them and the lands of Massassoit which they fancied. Unbeknownst to Governor Carver, he had seriously taken on the protection of Massassoit and his people in his smoke signed treaty with that king, so that the Narragansets considered not only drivng our savage allies away but the colonists as well.

Though vague rumors had come, as I have said before, of the activities of these enemies, the first announcement came in an unexpected manner. Master Edward Winslow and I were in the forest after red deer, when we met two savages bearing a bundle wrapped in birch bark. We hailed the savage we knew, who came directly to us, bringing the other man with him. The stranger endeavored to give his bundle to Winslow but he refused to accept it, telling him that he must deliver his gift to the governor in the clearing. I suggested that it might be wise for us to look at the contents, which we did, finding a bundle of arrows trussed together with a skin of some sort. Winslow asked the significance of this strange gift but both savages shook their heads as if ignorant of its meaning. This so disturbed us we decided to escort the two men to the common-house.

Coming into the clearing, we found the governor shriving clapboards. As soon as he saw the two savages under guard, he surmised something was wrong and came hurriedly to us. When we related our story to him, he sent word for the captain to come to his house at once, while he led the way thence.

There the strange savage asked for Squanto and being told

that he was absent seemed pleased. Suddenly thrusting the bundle into the governor's hands, he made haste for the door. Ere he could reach it, the governor blocked the way. This caused the savage to recoil with terror showing upon his face. While we were standing looking at the stranger, the captain came in. In a word the governor explained to him what had happened, forcing the savage back to his chair.

By this time we were seated, the savage was in a tremble for he knew full well the character of his gift, and wished to be well rid of the clearing before it was known to us. Our friendly savage was in no good humor either, looking as if he would like to flee as well.

The governor turned upon him saying, "What means this gift, and from whence does it come?"

Our interpreter said that the bundle came from Canonicus, a sachem of the Narragansets. Then he hesitated and refused to go on until the governor impatiently repeated, "What does it mean?"

In great confusion, the friendly savage said he did not know exactly but he thought it might be a sign of war. We all felt that he knew that it was a hostile meaning but he was afraid to say so. Though we plied the savages with searching questions, we could make no more of them. As Squanto would not be back until the next day, it was decided to keep the savages under guard until his return.

My hut being at hand, the two prisoners were moved to it where Winslow and I watched over them during the night. As the day went out, there came a storm of sleet and cold so that we hesitated to even go out for wood to replenish our fire.

The two savages sat in front of the chimney in stolid indifference. Winslow, who was a kindly spoken man, began in his easy manner to gain their confidence. Sitting and watching the flames, he would speak to one and then the other, until they fell under his diplomacy.

It was after the middle of the night that he began to win his way. Then the friendly savage had quite a talk with the Narraganset messenger, resulting in his giving up his entire

story, which was to the effect that a sachem from the Narragansets, sent to the colonists during the past summer, had betrayed them; for instead of delivering the presents sent by Governor Bradford to Canonicus, this treacherous underling kept the best, giving the meanest to his chieftain, at the same time advising him to open war upon the colony. Ever since then preparations had been going on and the bundle was now the declaration of war.

Winslow was all impatience to tell his story to the governor and could hardly wait until he came, which he did about daylight; Winslow then told him of the coming battle with the Narragansets and the meaning of the bundle of arrows. Shortly Master Allerton and the captain came in and sat with grave faces, while listening to the defiance of the savages.

At the consultation over which Standish presided, it was decided that according to the code of war of Europe, the savage was merely a messenger so that violent hands could not be laid upon him. The two savages sat through this conference anxiously watching the faces of the colonists; though they could not understand, they knew full well that their fate was at issue. When it was over, the governor instructed the friendly savage to say to his companion that no harm would be done him, furthermore, that he was to carry word back to Canonicus a message of peace; which, if that king would not accept, we would take up arms and never lay them down until the Naragansets, themselves, were driven out of the country.

I thought these strong words for people in our feeble condition, but Governor Bradford never minced matters, always going firmly to the point. The messenger did not understand all this talk, looking as if a sentence of death had been passed on him. Then the governor ordered meat to be set before the savage to show his kindly disposition, but the man was too badly frightened to partake of it. Seeing he would not eat, and not desiring to send the half naked savage off in the cold, the governor told him that he was at liberty to go or stay.

While the friendly savage interpreted, the Narraganset man sat as stiff as a statue, but when the truth finally came to him, he sprang from his bench and ran out into the ice and cold

without stopping to see if his companion were following. Once at large, he tarried long enough to call to the friendly savage asking him to go back with him; but his companion was too warmly housed, replying that he would abide with us until the extremity of the weather had passed, advising him to do likewise. Thinking that I might win the man back to the hut, I went to the door but as soon as the messenger saw me, he made off in haste dodging through the ice covered trees.

Squanto came in this same day and, after looking at the bundle of arrows bound by the skin of a rattlesnake, said at once that Canonicus had challenged the colonists to battle.

Though we lacked defences of all kinds, barring the platform on which were mounted the cannon, Governor Bradford was of the opinion that this challenge should not go unnoticed. There was no waiting to call the people together, but with kingly power, the governor called in several of the head men. They sat in judgment as to what was to be done in the matter most of the day. First the governor was for a pacific message, then again a warlike one. The captain and the others had several minds as to what was best to be done.

It was Standish who finally decided the matter, for as the day was closing and some one was playing around the candles preparing to light them, the captain said, "We must send these savages a defiant answer to their challenge. Let us fill the snakeskin with powder and shot, and winding it around the arrows will indicate that it is our coil made fast for them."

Winslow was for caution, but the governor was for Standish's treatment of the case and so it was willed. On the morrow the captain and I went down to the governor's house for the snakeskin. I held it while he poured the loose black grains of gunpowder in, now and then putting in a bullet. When we had bound the arrows with this challenge, it was given to the friendly savage.

The governor was not satisfied to let him go without a word to Canonicus, so as he gave the snakeskin to him, he said, "Tell Canonicus, that if he means war, he will not have to come to us, that we will go to him. Had we but shipping, we would not wait, but would go at once. Say further, that we have no

fear of him nor what he can do. Though he were twice as strong as he is, and we again as weak as we are, still we would beat him, and send him to die in the wilderness."

Though the governor was brave in his talk, we were trembling in our weakness. For on all sides were the forests offering protection to the creeping savages. There was no rest or sleep after sending this challenge, the captain calling on every man who could bear arms. Though the weather was stinging cold and the ice coated the ground, we were daily slipped through our drills. Then the company was divided into four guards, one of which I had command.

A consultation was also held at which it was decided that palisades be built around the huts including the mount – the captain and I going over the frozen ground, marking the line of the barricade and fixing on the flankers and the bastions, in which were to be placed the gates. Though the new arrivals felt the cold, they worked cheerfully having nightly visions of dancing savages around the burning huts.

My principal fear was for Lora. Though she was under her father's roof, still I think she felt that I was guarding over her by night as well as by day. I enjoined her from going to the spring except in the daytime and then not to tarry by the willows. She too was mindful of my comfort and knit me gloves to replace those she had given to me in the spring, which I had given to one of the single men.

There was no rest even in the snow. Every day found me in the woods with ax in hand, or else hitched to a sled, dragging beams and timbers across the clearing for the palisades. Though the work was heavy and I went wearily to my bed, still I was striving for Lora's safety. There was no thought of the labor being menial or unworthy, for my love built a bridge over all shallow places. While some of the men tarried by their firesides for many reasons, sick and otherwise, it was my privilege to be out in the frost and cold, never missing a day during the great striving to put the huts within a barricade of logs.

By the end of February, we had planted a row of stout pine timbers about eight feet high, running from the shore of the

sea to the high mount, which we proposed to include in our works to prevent the savages from taking possession of it, from whence they could shoot down on the huts. The granary which at the harvest festival seemed to be stored with ample grain, began to show signs of giving out, owing to the extra mouths to be fed that came in the Fortune. The old stock was ever mindful of the supplies, but the newcomers who absolutely brought nothing with them to live on, proved wasteful and improvident. But Governor Bradford knew well what lean days meant, so that he established short allowances in order to make the grain last until harvest.

This reduction in food caused the work of the palisade to lag during the whole month of March, but before planting time, the huts and gardens were all enclosed by a wall of logs, with three gates leading into the big field and the forests. When the last timber was in place, I made a complete inspection of the barricade and I must say, that I felt that we could hold the stronghold against many times our number.

Through the days of toil of fortifying the colony, I saw Lora constantly. There was no effort to conceal our affection for each other, nor could we have done so if we desired in such a small community. So we were boldly together whenever the opportunity presented itself, or we could devise reasons for doing so. During my night watches, I saw her many times under the cold sky and its myriads of twinkling stars. When I was not engaged, I would spend an evening at her father's fireside, swallowing my pride and reasoning myself into the belief that he found no fault in me, though he could not bring himself to the point of commending me. At such times, when I would arise to say "Good night," Lora would accompany me to the door, then slip out in her barehead just long enough to say a real, "Good night."

She watched the growth of the palisades during the frosts of January, February, into the more comfortable days of March, and when the last work was done in April, she was as greatly pleased as either Standish or myself.

During these months of construction, we kept a constant lookout, fearing an attack from the Narragansets; but we were

never molested. Nor did we hear more of the snakeskin of powder and shot, further than that King Canonicus was fearful of our device and would not permit it to stop in his house, nay, not even in his village. The captain prided himself that his conceit of sulphur and lead had worked a charm on the Narragansets, keeping them away from us. Whether they came or not was of little consequence now that we were living within the fort, having ample water and some food to support us.

As a matter of fact the thirty-five men of the Fortune had so devastated the stock of grain that we began to feel seriously the pangs of want. Though the governor put us on short rations as far back as February, it became evident that even these scant provisions must be reduced still further. The short food began to tell upon the colonists, their faces becoming drawn and haggard. We were constantly grateful that only thirty-five men came on the Fortune, for if there had been more, the distress would have been greater even in the early days.

Having a mind for Lora, I sent her more than one hare that I had stolen away to shoot. I could see the color fading from her cheeks daily, that her eyes lacked life and her buoyant carriage was gone. This grieved me sorely. I was tempted to give her my seed corn, but I knew full well that unless we planted we could not harvest, and a slack harvest meant starvation.

During the months of April and May, the oldwives in the brook gave us a stock of fish for our tables as well as for the cornfield. This year we were bothered by the wolves coming down the path, setting terror in the hearts of the children and even of the grown folks. These animals overran our cornfields at night, digging up the fish which we had planted with so much labor during the day. The wolves caused us so much trouble that we were compelled to guard the field in addition to our other labors.

While I was watching the corn one moonlight night, Lora crossed the path and came out through the gate of the barricade to where I was standing. In a merry sort of way I asked, "Lora, what think you of our prospects of eating?"

"Well, Father says our family taxes him to keep food upon the table."

"Tell him for me, Lora, that I know who will take away one from it."

Then quite seriously she made answer, "Nay, Francis, you will have ample trouble to keep your strength ere the summer passes."

"What say you, Lora? Think you I would not find food for you, if you were mine? If you but give me the chance, I would show you how well you would fare in Beaumont Hall."

My calling the hut "Beaumont Hall" made her laugh heartily, so I thought she was not weak as yet from lack of food. She was quiet for a moment as if in thought, then asked me, "Francis, if the turkeys and other fowls are in such plenty, I do not see why we should starve." I did not care to increase her agitation by telling her that these all departed in June and did not come back until October, so I quieted her fears by telling her that even if the fowls should abandon us, we would still have the mullet, bass, and codfish that swarm in profusion.

Still she was in doubt about the future and left me saying, "Watch well the corn, for if it fails we will surely perish."

All that night and many others we watched over the growing crops, until the wolves could no longer disturb them.

Besides I had my own little garden sending forth its shoots of green things, but best of all plants from the seed corn which Lora had given me. The pleasure of digging in and around my own growing seeds was a delight to me as well as to Lora who called me a farmer.

The winds from the sea were just as cooling as the year before and the stir of the forest leaves, no doubt, just as enchanting; but these charms were lost upon the colonists in the struggle for food. Though there was a note of despondency in the voices of a few, still the rest despaired not, laboring on, hoping that a vessel would arrive with provisions before ours were gone.

This hope seemed about to be realized in the latter part of May by the appearance of a shallop coming into the harbor from the sea. At the time we were all in the common-house

greatly excited over the fate of our poor Squanto who had been condemned to die by his king, Massassoit, for a piece of deceit practiced upon him by our friend. Governor Bradford had been appealed to once before to give up Squanto, but refused to do so, knowing that he was to be killed in their barbarous fashion. A second embassy had arrived this morning bringing the knife of the king with which to cut off Squanto's head. Governor Bradford had twisted, squirmed, and connived in every imaginable way to find a loophole through which he could interfere with the execution of our ally. The sachems heard of the governor's plea for leniency with indifference, refusing to listen, however, to anything less than death sentence. All hope seemed to be gone and Squanto stood doomed to the knife, when of a sudden a man shouted through the open door, "A ship! a ship!"

This gave the governor an excuse to dismiss the savages by saying, "We must see if the ship is French or English." This fortunate diversion saved the life of Squanto.

The sachems left the house in high dudgeon at thus leaving Squanto's head on his shoulders, while the rest of us ran down to the beach hoping that at last a ship was in the offing with provisions. From the landing rock we could see a shallop coming across the harbor, which we took to be the boat of a ship lying farther off shore. You can imagine what excitement there was as the boat came closer and closer to us. At first some of the colonists thought they recognized friends, but they were mistaken, for as the boat came up to the landing-place, they proved to be total strangers. They were made welcome just the same by three loud hurrahs, so pleased were the colonists to see anyone from home, be they strangers or friends.

The shallop brought seven men who had come across the ocean in a fishing-vessel, landing near the island of Monhegan, from whence they had sailed in four days. They were the forerunners of a colony soon to be sent out from England by Master Weston, the merchant who had so wantonly abandoned the Pilgrims at Southampton, when they refused to sign a contract of his own making. Master Weston having severed his connections with the London merchants, was now starting

a colony on his own account. Though he was an enemy of the colonists, Governor Bradford and the rest of the people took the strangers into their huts, sharing their corn with them, being compelled to go on shorter allowances than ever.

By the first week in June the corn was exhausted and famine stared us in the face. The thirty-five men of the Fortune and the seven in the shallop made forty-two more than we had expected to live off our harvest, when we gathered the corn the previous autumn. The ducks, turkeys, and all the fowls were gone, so that one could range the shore and forests without hearing a chatter.

Our position had now become so desperate that the governor decided to send Master Winslow to the fishing-vessels to the north and see what food he could barter from them. Though I could have gone on the voyage, I decided to stay with Lora fearing she might need me. It was almost like the second sailing of the first ship, as the colonists stood on the sands watching and praying as the little shallop went out to sea, that it would be back quickly with relief.

It pained me greatly to see Lora growing thinner and weaker each day. Her cheeks were sunken and I could see the skin drawing tight and dry across her forehead. Though I had been fighting for her, even denying myself, it was evident that my efforts were in vain. One afternoon when I felt that something must be done, I took my musket and made a complete circuit of Billington's Sea, not seeing a living thing in all this distance. As I was coming home faint from the lack of food and disheartened by my failure, along the brook near the Governor's Rock, I was startled by the rustling of the bushes on the opposite bank. Silently stealing along the path, I saw a deer feeding near a tall rock standing like a pulpit near the water's edge. Knowing that I was not strong enough to give it chase, and not daring to take chances on its getting away, I tremblingly raised my gun and fired.

Without waiting, I dashed into the brook sending the water in every direction. Through the flying water I saw the deer go limping up the bank, which gave me heart that I had given it a death wound. I took up the trail, feeling sure that my

chase would be a short one. My weakness made me short of breath so that I must stop now and then to rest. Across the hills I followed the trail of blood, until I came upon my red deer.

It was a fat buck with spreading antlers, which I knew would bring great consolation to the starving colonists. My one thought now was to get it to Lora regardless of my condition. After resting, I tried to lift the deer but found my strength was not equal to it. Then I dressed it with my cutlass. This gave me some easement so that I started back with the whole deer.

For a time I made good headway then my breath came short and my legs began to tremble so that I was compelled to cast the deer from me. While I rested, I cast longing eyes at my burden; then again I took it up and struggled on over the rough ground, hoping I could get it as far as the brook; but I was not equal to the task.

Defeat was in my heart, when the thought came to me that if I could not take a whole deer, I would take a half of one; so quickly cutting it in twain, I hung one half in the fork of a tree while I trudged off with the other. I walked on through the brush until I found that I was fatigued. Even this half deer was a relief when off my shoulder. As it lay on the ground, I knew that it was only a trifle to bear when in my strength; but I was far from being in it this day which I soon found to my sorrow, for as I was going down the bank of a sluice way, I stumbled and fell forward on my face. For a time I lay stunned. When I finally gained my feet and attempted to lift my burden, I found my tired arms were not equal to it.

There was naught for me to do but to lighten my load, so I again took out my knife cutting off a quarter. With the quarter of venison, I started off with the same ease as I had with the whole and afterwards the half of the buck.

Through exhaustion and the stun of my fall, I had become so confused by my wanderings, I soon found that I had lost my bearings completely. From the top of each declivity I hoped to see the familiar brook and the deer path beyond, but each time I was doomed to disappointment. At length even

the quarter grew a heavy burden, compelling me to sit down and rest, to nourish my fast waning strength. Gaining my feet, I wandered on through the forests with the brush tearing my clothes and the briars bruising my flesh, until the labor of lifting my tired feet was almost beyond me. Still I struggled on. So far as I was concerned, I would have thrown this burden, which was crushing me like a weight of lead from my shoulders, and lain down among the leaves for a sweet rest; but the maiden was uppermost in the turmoil of my mind and I staggered on with the roar of a thousand guns in my ears and my eyes blinded by myriads of flying specks, so that I only knew that I was breathing, that I was being crushed, that I must keep moving. Of a sudden the brush grew thicker hindering my progress. I pushed it aside as long as I could, then I fell forward still clinging to the venison. My face struck water. For the moment I was blinded. Gaining my sight, I looked across the brook and saw the deer path leading down to the clearing.

Though I endeavored to rise, I found that it was too much for me. Dropping the venison on the brush, I pushed myself to my knees and with great effort finally to my feet.

As I feared, I found the quarter beyond my strength. Determined to get the venison across the brook, I plunged in drawing it after me and up the opposite bank. Then I fell, completely exhausted. Rolling over on the grass, I closed my eyes hoping to nurse back sufficient strength to reach my goal. The vapors of the evening arising from the cool water dampened my face. This encouraged me to make my way down and drink of the brook. With this mite of renewed strength, I stood over my burden, then with great effort I succeeded in getting it to my shoulder.

Now that I was on my way again, I took courage and went on hopefully. The deer path was familiar to me and I thought that I knew its many windings; but as I staggered on wearily, I found many strange roots and stones rising at every turn to baffle me. Impervious to all worldly things, all I could think of was to go on and on, an interminable distance. My instincts led me down to the brookside opposite the clearing,

likewise told me not to trust myself to the foot log, but wade through the stream. Covered with blood of the deer and dripping with water, I finally stood at the door of the Brewster home.

Knocking feebly, I heard Lora exclaim, "Welcome, enter."

Opening the door with one hand, my foot struck the doorstep, and I fell forward on the floor. Lora seeing the blood upon my face thought I was injured. With a scream of anguish, she rushed to my rescue, crying, "Francis! Francis!"

But I would not lie on the floor like a beaten man, saying as I pushed myself to my knees, "Lora, I have brought you a quarter of deer."

She threw my precious quarter aside, exclaiming, "What of you?"

With a forced smile, I said in answer, "Why, I am quite myself, or will be, when I get my breath."

By this time the elder and the rest of the family had gathered about us, and between the elder and Lora, I was aided to a big chair. When I was comfortably seated, the elder exclaimed, "Master Beaumont, are you hurt? What ails you?"

Lora, who had been watching my face, saw the deep rings around my eyes and my trembling hands and knew better than her father what beset me. Swinging the crane over the blaze, she said, "Father, see you not that it is hunger that ails Master Beaumont?"

"A rest and a drink from the spring are my only needs, Lora," I replied, not wishing to admit my weakness.

She was a wise maiden and penetrated my mask of bravery, putting aside my answer with, "Master Beaumont, you will tarry with us, and partake of venison broth."

The elder could do no less than invite me to stay, which he did promptly and so kindly, I accepted the invitation, being too weak to go forth alone.

I watched Lora hurrying the fire with bellows and going from one thing to another in preparing for the feast, until I almost forgot my hunger. There was nothing that she was not doing for my comfort. First I must have a fresh drink of spring water, then she would have my chair moved to one

side of the chimney; still thoughtful of me, she would know whether I fancied broth with much or little salt as seasoning.

When at length the savor of the broth stole forth in little puffs of steam giving me a taste of what was to come, Lora bade her brother put it from the crane to the hearthstones. With a great spoon, she lifted the steaming soup into the pewter bowl. The first she gave to me, though she saw the others looked longingly at it.

I pushed it from me saying, "Nay, Lora; give this to some one else."

"Master Beaumont, it is so hot that ere your dish cools, I will have served all, so that really no one will be favored over the other."

I made no further effort to adjust this preference of the maiden, but sat looking down into the steaming soup with a longing to devour it, even though it was as hot as moulten lead. When Lora had served all, she stood back of me ready to wait upon my further wishes.

Seeing that she was denying herself, I turned around and asked, "Lora, what of your platter?"

"That awaits me, after you have finished."

I knew she was in hunger and weak from starvation but would now even deny herself. Laying my spoon aside, I said emphatically, "Nay, not one drop will I eat, until you are beside me with your own plate."

Though she made many excuses, I would not listen to them and insisted that she join with the rest in rescuing her body from low nourishment. I was not content until she sat beside me.

Ere we had finished, Lora insisted that we take a portion of our feast to the captain, that he might not suffer longer now that we were in plenty. With a restored body and steady step, Lora and I went up to the Standish hut.

The captain was seated on his door-step with Governor Bradford. Lora was forward with the remark, "We have brought you a portion of Master Beaumont's deer, which he killed and brought to us. Since we had more than our present need, father sends this to you."

So in the soft moonlight of this summer's night the governor and the captain sat and ate of my deer and Lora's cooking, vowing that its sweetness had never been equalled. Before we left, I arranged to go with the captain the next morning to bring in my red deer.

Another incident of this famine I must now narrate. During the spring planting, Lora had added a bed of radishes to her row of corn, so that she had two growing things to watch over. The corn was already up to her shoulders, the long leaves bending gracefully towards the ground, but no signs yet of the sticks. The radishes were partially grown and a fit morsel they would have been at any time, but now that we were famine stricken, they were precious indeed. Daily Lora met me at the spring with a few for my refreshment.

Though I persisted in her joining with me, she always put me aside with, "I do not care for them," or "There are plenty more," or some such saying. In the meantime my throat called for green things, so that I could not resist the longing and ate them tops and all ravenously.

This pleased Lora so much, she would say after my feast, "You shall have more on the morrow."

One day going into her garden, I noticed that her bed of radishes was well gone. As she was by my side, I asked, "Lora, you are eating all your growing things now. What will you do later?"

"Never fear!"

As I warned her, so there was an end to these growing things, likewise an end of my selfishness: for as I was hoeing in her corn one day, I was astonished to see only three radish plants standing straight and green in the bed. On this very day, Lora came to me with her daily offering bearing three radishes.

Looking at her pale face, I said, "Lora, from whence came these?"

"These are the last of your radishes," I went on as she did not answer me.

Still she made no reply, merely shaking her head.

"You offer the last ones to me."

"Surely, Francis, are you not worthy of them?"

"Not until you have answered my question."

"What would you know of me?" she asked sweetly.

"Have you plucked your bed of radishes and fed them daily to me?"

Her face began to flush as she hesitated in her reply.

"Answer me, Lora; have I been nourished on these green things, while you went hungry for them? Have I, Lora?" I was in earnest now and was for the first time harsh in my tones.

She looked around as if guilty of some crime, preparing to flee from me as she said, "But, Francis dear, you needed them and I did not."

"Do you mean to say, Lora, that I ate these delicacies while you were starving? Oh, Lora! Lora! why did you make me such a monster? Such blindness! such selfishness! to think that I could not see that you were denying yourself everything, that I might have all. You sacrificed yourself for me, a man, who should have gone forth and fought for you, instead of taking the last morsel from your lips."

She would not let me say more, but stopped me saying, as she put her hand on my arm, "Francis dear, it is true that what little I had I gave to you, to you who had turned his back on his people and his country; for whom? for me. I wanted to show you that I too could be self-denying. I wanted to make some little sacrifice to repay you for your great unselfishness. It was only a little thing; I wished it were bigger and grander, but it was all I could do, and I did it so gladly."

Then the tears dulled her eyes. That was the sign of surrender for me. As I folded her in my arms, she put her head on my shoulder and wept. Making her sit down on the curbing of the spring, I made a cup of birch bark from which we both drank. The three green plants were lying on the ground where she had dropped them. Handing them to her I bade her eat them. This she refused to do, until I joined with her. While we each ate one, the third was in dispute. I would have her eat it and she considered it to be mine, in the end my desire prevailed.

While Lora's radish bed was being devastated, the summer

days came on apace, growing hotter and hotter, until the flame-like heat overshadowed us with another calamity. The corn-field was a sandy dry soil, not of deep mould moist like our Leicestershire lowlands. It was also on a hillside where the sun reveled in its heat from early morning until its going down. For weeks the corn had not been nourished by rain and the middle of July saw it growing yellow and seared. The field had turned into a sand bank in its dryness, moving with crackling sound beneath our feet. The dampness from the fish in the hills held the roots of the growing corn for a time, but as the sun drank up the moisture from the ground, leaving it as a powder, we knew that our destiny was fast being shapened into hard ways.

When first the drouth began everyone hoped that it was but a passing thing; but when the second week went into the third and the third into the fourth, and the sky took on a sullen hardness, even our Indian allies began to prophesy coming evils. But the governor and the people stood up bravely and went forth with what courage they could muster in their starved bodies to carry water from the brook. But their strength was too wasted to stand the strain. Besides the dry ground drank up the water so ravenously, that within a short time the moisture had disappeared, leaving the sand hot and dry as before, so that the corn seemed to suffer, rather than improve under this treatment.

One day Lora and I on our way to the forest to seek ground nuts and acorns happened to pass through the field. The corn was above my waist, the hot sun had already driven it to tasseling and earing. Though this might have been endured, the worst of it was to see the plants shriveling before their time. Instead of the green and flowing leaves, they were yellow and hard as paper with the semblance of life fast being burned out of them. The beans, too, which were planted with the maize had wound themselves around the stalks, were no longer fresh but hanging as dried strings. If the earth was dry and lifeless, the sky was even more forbidding. Looking up into its hollowness, there was not a fleck of a cloud to be seen, just blue space without feeling or sympathy.

Plucking a leaf of the corn Lora broke it in twain with a crackling dryness. Holding up a piece still in her hand, she said, in a tone of despair, "Look, the life has gone from it. What shall we do? Unless we get relief from England soon, we will be forced to leave the clearing, and live in the forests like savages."

I tried to quiet her mind, but she knew too well our position to deceive her. Still hopeful in my speech, I said, "Perhaps, a ship will arrive in time with supplies."

"Most likely with more people than provisions."

"Nay, Lora, I am still hopeful we will be aided."

"Unless we are —"

"Well, you will never live to starve," I said desperately.

She looked at me in a way that I knew she had guessed what was in my mind and clung close to me, as we went on breaking the shriveled leaves from the stalks, sending the dry dust in little clouds from beneath our feet.

A handful of hickory nuts and a half pocketful of acorns was all that we could find after much searching in the forests. Coming back through the barren cornfield in the evening we found that even the night dew had been driven from the heavens, withdrawing even that slender moisture from the earth.

Going from the corn out into the path, we met others who were coming home with slender prospects of eating this night. With despair written upon their countenances, they looked up into the great blue sky, then into each other's faces, and without a word turned and sought the shelter of their huts. They knew full well that with the corn dry and parched, ere another winter came, they would have to abandon their homes in the clearing going forth to Virginia or else to England, to live in the forests with the savages being impossible.

Now that the earth had abandoned the colonists, they turned their faces toward the sea. The only boat was the shallop which had been so buffeted by the winter's waves and ice, that we must be at it all the while to keep it seaworthy. The fish like the fowl had gone their way; though ample enough in the spring and autumn months, they were not to be found in the summer, so that we had to go to the deep sea for our scant

supply. The weakness of the colonists becoming great, they divided into crews of six or seven men. While one party was at sea for bass, cod, or seal, the rest would range the woods and beach for food. Sometimes the boat would be gone for several days, even daring to go out of sight of land in search of food. When the shallop returned, the watch on the platform fired his gun; then the people would hasten down to the landing rock, and crowding together would eagerly watch the approaching boat.

Patiently they would wait and hope that the shallop was burdened with food. As it drew near so that they could see the few fish in the bottom, the women would wring their hands while the grave faces of the men would become even graver. Then the men in the boat would throw their catch on the beach, giving their places to the next crew which put forth to sea without delay.

IN the midst of this misery of drought and famine, it fell to my lot to go to sea in the shallop. Suffering drove Lora and me together, so that I happened to be at her side when the signal gun was fired that the fishing-boat was in the harbor. I bade her farewell, cautioning her to take good care of herself during my absence, promising not to come back until we had found ample food. While the people bent over the few fish just brought in, we pushed away from the rock on our voyage. Lora, pale and wan, waved her hand at me. I felt as if my time for serving her was nigh, so sinking my oar deep into the water, I pulled with a will.

As I bent back and forth under the motion of the oar, I could see the tall form of my Pilgrim maiden at the rock, and the last object I could discern was one in gray and white, standing like a statue with her eyes set seaward. I could see the great clearing with its thatched-roofed huts in the field of yellowing corn. The dryness of the earth seemed as of a piece of flint – fixed, unyielding.

When we were off where the wind would fill the sail, hoisting the canvas, we went out of the harbor straight into the ocean. Our fishing tool was a net which had been repaired so often that we were warned that it would not hold a full draught of fish. There were also hooks and lines but these were so large, they could only be used for cod which were not to be had at this season. As I have related, though the fish of all kinds were plentiful enough in the spring and autumn months, it so happened that when we needed them most, they were not to be found.

With our hearts fixed on our task, we set our faces towards Cape Cod. A keen eyed youth was put in the bow to keep a lookout for signs of a breaking sea and to watch the birds if they hovered screaming over the shoals of sardines or mullets.

Now and then we tried with hand lines and cast the net, but late in the afternoon found us well over towards the cape without so much as a fingerling.

The master of the shallop decided to stay at sea so that we would be on the fishing-ground early. More than once during the night, I was haunted by the pale face of the maiden as she waved a farewell, so that I was all keenness to begin the morning's task.

When the dry night with its twinkling stars and soft shadows gave way to the parched sky of early morning, we in the shallop were up and ready. A handful of clams and a drink of water was our breakfast. With keen eyes and hopeful hearts, we scanned the sea as it was illumined by the rising sun, until the lookout with bated breath pointed off where the shimmering waters were breaking in a strange, but to us glorious manner.

The master changed the course of the boat instantly, so that we were soon full abreast of a school of sardines darting hither and thither, to escape from larger fish that were in pursuit. With fervor and thanksgiving, we untangled the seine dropping it overboard. Slowly but surely we surrounded the small fish which escaped through the large meshes of the net with ease while we kept close watch for the bigger game.

Our hopes were soon realized for as we slowly swung the net in semicircle behind us, the men declared they felt the weight growing heavier, likewise, the numerous jerks assured a heavy catch. We pulled at the oars with a will, feeling that there was in the net a supply of food such as had not blessed the colony for weeks.

Slowly the men began to haul in the net, while we took in our oars and stood looking down into the foaming sea. Closer and closer came our prey, until I could see the great sea bass, shaking themselves in the water. In a tremble I reached over the side of the boat with a hook to drag the precious fish from the sea. Slowly, slowly the net came aboard. I stooped over and plunged the hook into the side of a large bass, and with a sweep dragged it over the side of the boat, leaving it to flounder on the bottom. Then reaching for another, I sent it

flying through the air, landing safely at the stern. How the song of gladness swelled up within me. All the while the men were pulling in the net, until we could see fish of all sizes and kinds, floundering and pushing against the meshes in their frantic effort to break through.

Now I was sure that Lora would not want for food, and reached down to pluck another one from the sea, when of a sudden the waters became calm, my bass escaped. We gazed blankly into the sea hardly believing our eyes, then as the truth dawned upon us, we looked at each other in dismay. But a moment before we were laughing at our good fortune, now we were in sorrow over our disaster. Quickly the net was drawn aboard, showing a great ragged hole in its center.

The two fish lay in the bottom of the boat. For a moment our misfortune took the heart out of us and we sat with bowed heads and low spirits but our courage did not droop long. As there was naught to do but mend the net, we turned the prow of the boat towards the beach, where we soon had it spread upon the sands. While some of the men went to find soft bark to make into twine for mending purposes, the others roamed the shore looking for a stray mullet or anything that might be thrown up by the waves. Though we worked industriously, it was near the middle of the afternoon before we were ready to go to sea again with the patched net. We rowed and watched, but the sun went down without our seeing any signs that would encourage us to cast, the two fish being all we had to show for our first day's labor.

Our poor catch caused us to fish all night with hand lines, for we knew we must take something to the starving people. Now and then we would drag up an occasional bass or a stray cod, but our stock was scant for ninety mouths. As the second day's sun came up from the sea, once more setting aflame the white sands of the cape, a cry from our lookout, as he pointed to a stir in the sea off to our right, set our faces in a smile as we fancied we were once more to be blessed with a great draught of fish. This time we let the net slip carefully over the side of the boat, the sardines as before glided through the large meshes, though we begrudged the little silver sides their

liberty. Our rounding net drew the big fish within its tightening circle, until we again looked down into the sea at the lashing of the frenzied fish. This time the men drew in the net even more slowly than before. Again we worked with a will dragging in a few of the largest fish. Then a shark or a seal dashed through our crazy net, setting the rest at liberty. Again we lost heart; then again we regained it, rowing ashore a second time, wasting precious hours in its mending, when we should have been flying towards home.

Though it was disheartening, we once more put off to sea spending the rest of the day sailing and fishing without success, coming to a third night which we spent in the shallop. But the morning brought little fortune, though we worked at our hand lines and sought signs in every direction for using our nets, none came. There was an odor from our first caught fish giving us warning that if we were to make use of even the few we had, we must return without delay. Looking at the trifling cargo of fish in the bottom of the shallop, we pitied the hungry people whom we knew would crowd around the boat at our landing.

With heavy hearts, we turned our boat homeward, all the while hoping and longing that we might add to our low store on our inward voyage, but our wishes were not realized. When we turned into the harbor and heard the boom of the guard's gun telling the people we were coming, every man stopped rowing and hung his head.

As we pulled with slow stroke, delaying the disappointment of the hungry people which we could see at the rock, I looked only for Lora, pitying her from the bottom of my heart. Not seeing her, I looked around with fear of some mishap, until I discovered her seated on an upturned wicker basket. She was even thinner and paler than when I left. The people were waiting anxiously. I could see the smile of hopefulness upon their faces, and I felt like a thief. We never said a word as we came on, how could we we have the heart to speak, or expect a welcome, when so much was expected of us, and we had failed them in this hour of starvation?

Holding our course straight for the rock, I could not resist

"Nay, Elder," I said, "hunger bides no man's time. I must have her now, that we may go find our food together."

Standing with one arm around the maiden's waist, he said as he looked down in her upturned face, "What say you, Lora?"

"I am ready to follow Francis, where he wills."

"Then, Lora, let it be at once," I urged.

She looked pleadingly at her mother who was at her side. Much to my astonishment, the matron bowed her head in consent.

Then she turned to her father. I held my breath as he hesitated in his reply, for I knew him to be a man who was slow to change his mind. While I was watching him, I saw a kindly smile come over his face and the hard lines soften. Taking Lora's hand, he came and placed it in mine, as I did once before in his, saying, "Francis, you are worthy of her."

Unwilling to brook any delay, I went at once in search of Governor Bradford. As I reached the door of the hut, I happened on Standish to whom I told my good fortune.

I found the governor ready and willing to do my wishes, going back with me to the Brewster hut. The captain was all in smiles and was at my side at the right, while the others of the family stood in front of us. There were no decorations, no music, no feasting nor lighted candles to lend their charms to our ceremony; but the light of love in Lora's eyes more than made up for the lacking of these gaudy things.

When the governor as magistrate had pronounced his last words, I folded her in my arms saying, "Lora, we shall now live or starve together."

With a hand-shake from the governor, a pat on the back from the captain, and a "God-speed," from the elder and his wife, Lora and I went forth to seek our wedding feast. There was not a bite of food in my hut, nor a morsel in the elder's.

I turned from the forests and the marshes to the seashore. Once upon the beach I bade Lora sit down, thinking she did not have the strength to follow me while I searched. She would not tarry long at one spot, but was near me as I stopped to turn over each bunch of seaweeds in search of anything that could swim, creep, or crawl.

For an hour, I followed the tide as it receded across the marshes with Lora at my side encouraging me that we should surely find a fish or shrimp. Then we came to where there were bubbles coming up from the soft ooze, markings which I fancied came from clams. Instantly I was on my knees in the mud, digging with my hands in the soft earth, while Lora stood looking anxiously over my shoulder. A streak of yellow showed in the sand, and then the shell of a clam appeared. I seized upon it and held it up as a prize. Her eyes sparkled as she held her apron to receive the shell fish.

With renewed vigor, I threw aside the sand until I found another and another, making a handful in all. Though I ranged along the sunken ground I failed to find more.

With our hearts beating a song of gratitude, we turned from the beach, making our way up the path to our own log house. For a moment I hesitated, then glancing down, I saw the few clams in Lora's apron. Taking her hand I stood looking about me. I saw the great God in the sky, the Spirit of the Universe in the wide sea, and the sun shining upon the everlasting hills. By my side was Lora smiling. I pushed open the door and together we entered our lowly hut, happy and content.

AFTERMATH

TO the reader who would know of the famine from one who saw it, I quote the words of Master Edwin Winslow in his book called *Good Newes from New England.* Master Winslow says:

In the midst of April we began to set, the weather being then seasonable, which much encouraged us, giving us good hopes of after plenty. The setting season is good till the latter end of May. But it pleased God, for our further chastisement, to send a great drought; insomuch as in six weeks after the latter setting there scarce fell any rain; so that the stalk of that was first set began to set forth the ear, before it came to half growth, and that which was later not like to yield at all, both blade and stalk hanging the head and changing the color in such a manner as we judged it utterly dead. Our beans also ran not up according to their wonted manner, but stood at stay, many of them being parched away as though they had been scorched before the fire. Now were our hopes overthrown, and we discouraged, our joy being turned into mourning.

Of the fortunate ending of the impending disaster of want and famine I quote from Governor William Bradford's *History of the Plimoth Plantation.* Governor Bradford's words are:

Upon which they sett a parte a solemne day of humilliation, to seek the Lord by humble and fervente prayer, in this great distrese. And he was pleased to give them a gracious and speedy answer, both to their owne, and the Indians admiration, that lived amongest them. For all the morning and the greatest part of this day, it was clear weather and very hotte, and not a cloud or any signe of raine to be seen, yet toward evening it begane to overcast and shortly after to raine, with suche sweete and gentle showers, as gave them cause of rejoyceing, and blessing God. It came without either wind, or thunder, or any violence, and by degreese in that, it lasted all that night in suche abundance, as that the earth was thoroughly wete and soked therwith, and the next day was a faire sunshine againe. Which did so revive and quicken the decayed corne and other fruits, as was wonderfull to see, and made the Indians astonished to behold; and afterwards the Lord

set them such seasonable showers, and raine till harvest as was necessarie, with enterchange of faire, warme weather, as, through his blessing, caused a fruitfull and liberall harvest, to their no small comforts and rejoycing. For which mercie they also sett aparte a day of Thanksgiveing. By this time harvest was come, and instead of famine, now God gave them plentie, and the face of things was changed, to the rejoycing of the hearts of many for which they blessed God. And the effect of their particular planting was well seene, for all had, one way and the other, pretty well to bring the year aboute, and some of the abler sort and more industrious had to spare, and sell to others, so as any generall wante or famine hath not been amongst them since to this day.

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